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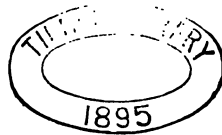
*THE*  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS HOOD.  
WITH SOME  
*ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.*  
VOL. IV.



BOSTON:  
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.  
1866  
MCM

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by  
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CAMBRIDGE.



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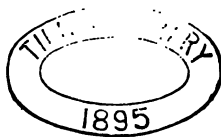
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## LOVE AND LUNACY.

THE Moon — who does not love the silver moon,  
In all her phantasies and all her phases?  
Whether full-orbed in the nocturnal noon,  
Shining in all the dewdrops on the daisies,  
To light the tripping Fairies in their mazes,  
Whilst stars are winking at the pranks of Puck:  
Or huge and red, as on brown sheaves she  
gazes;  
Or new and thin, when coin is turned for luck; —  
Who will not say that Dian is a Duck?

But, oh! how tender, beautiful, and sweet,  
When in her silent round, serene, and clear,  
By assignation loving fancies meet,  
To recompense the pangs of absence drear!  
So Ellen, dreaming of Lorenzo, dear,  
But distant from the city mapped by Mogg,  
Still saw his image in that silver sphere,  
Plain as the Man with lantern, bush, and dog,  
That used to set our ancestors a-gog.

And so she told him in a pretty letter,  
That came to hand exactly as Saint Meg's  
Was striking ten — eleven had been better;  
For then he might have eaten six more eggs,  
VOL. IV. 1

And both of the bedevilled turkey-legs,  
With relishes from East, West, North, and South ;  
Draining, beside, the teapot to the dregs ;  
Whereas a man, whose heart is in his mouth,  
Is rather spoil for hunger and for drouth.

And so the kidneys, broiling hot, were wasted ;  
The brawn — it never entered in his thought ;  
The grated Parmesan remained untasted ;  
The potted shrimps were left as they were  
bought,  
The capelings stood as merely good for nought,  
The German sausage did not tempt him better,  
Whilst Juno, licking her poor lips, was taught  
There's neither bone nor skin about a letter,  
Gristle, nor scalp, that one can give a setter.

Heaven bless the man who first devised a mail !  
 Heaven bless that public pile which stands concealing  
 The Goldsmiths' front with such a solid veil !  
 Heaven bless the Master, and Sir Francis Freeling,  
 [ing,  
 The drags, the nags, the leading or the wheel-  
 The whips, the guards, the horns, the coats of scarlet,  
 The boxes, bags, those evening bells a-pealing !  
 Heaven bless, in short, each posting thing, and varlet,  
 That helps a Werter to a sigh from Charlotte.

So felt Lorenzo as he oped the sheet,  
Where, first, the darling signature he kissed,  
And then, recurring to its contents sweet  
With thirsty eyes, a phrase I must enlist,  
He *gulped* the words to hasten to their gist;  
In mortal ecstasy his soul was bound —  
When, lo! with features all at once a-twist,  
He gave a whistle, wild enough in sound  
To summon Faustus's Infernal Hound!

Alas! what little miffs and tiffs in love,  
A snubbish word, or pouting look mistaken,  
Will loosen screws with sweethearts hand and  
glove,  
O! love, rock firm when chimney-pots were  
shaken,  
A pettish breath will into huffs awaken,  
To spit like hump-backed cats, and snarling Tow-  
zers!  
Till hearts are wrecked and foundered, and  
forsaken,  
As ships go to Old Davy, Lord knows how, sirs,  
While heaven is blue enough for Dutchman's  
trousers!

"The moon's at full, love, and I think of you" —  
Who would have thought that such a kind P. S.  
Could make a man turn white, then red, then blue,  
Then black, and knit his eyebrows and com-  
press

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 Could make a man turn white, then red, then blue,  
 Then black, and knit his eyebrows and com-  
 press

His teeth, as if about to effervesce  
 Like certain people when they lose at whist !  
 So looked the chafed Lorenzo, ne'ertheless,  
 And, in a trice, the paper he had kissed  
 Was crumpled like a snowball in his fist !

Ah ! had he been less versed in scientifics,  
 More ignorant, in short, of what is what :  
 He ne'er had flared up in such calorifics ;  
 But he *would* seek societies, and trot  
 To Clubs — Mechanics' Institutes — and got  
 With Birkbeck — Bartley — Combe — George  
 Robins — Rennie,  
 And other lecturing men. And had he not  
 That work, of weekly parts, which sells so many,  
 The Copper-bottomed Magazine — or " Penny ? "

But, of all learned pools whereon, or in,  
 Men dive like dabchicks, or like swallows  
 skim,  
 Some hardly damped, some wetted to the skin,  
 Some drowned like pigs when they attempt to  
 swim,  
 Astronomy was most Lorenzo's whim,  
 ('Tis studied by a Prince amongst the Burmans ;)  
 He loved those heavenly bodies which, the  
 Hymn  
 Of Addison declares, preach solemn sermons,  
 While waltzing on their pivots like young Ger-  
 mans.

Night after night, with telescope in hand,  
 Supposing that the night was fair and clear,  
 Aloft, on the house-top, he took his stand,  
 Till he obtained to know each twinkling sphere  
 Better, I doubt, than Milton's "Starry Vere;"  
 Thus, reading thro' poor Ellen's fond epistle,  
 He soon espied the flaw — the lapse so sheer  
 That made him raise his hair in such a bristle,  
 And like the Boatswain of the Storm-Ship whistle.

"The moon's at full, love, and I think of thee,"—  
 "Indeed! I'm very much her humble debtor,  
 But not the moon-calf she would have me be,  
 Zounds! does she fancy that I know no better?"  
 Herewith, at either corner of the letter  
 He gave a most ferocious, rending pull;—  
 "O woman! woman! that no vows can fetter,  
 A moon to stay for three weeks at the full!  
 By Jove; a very pretty cock-and-bull!

"The moon at full! 'twas very finely reckoned!  
 Why so she wrote me word upon the first—  
 The twelfth, and now upon the twenty-second—  
 Full!—yes—it must be full enough to burst!  
 But let her go—of all vile jilts the worst"—  
 Here with his thumbs he gave contemptuous  
 snaps,  
 Anon he blubbered like the child that's nursed  
 And then he hit the table frightful raps,  
 And stamped till he had broken both his straps.

"The moon's at full — and I am in her thought —  
No doubt: I do believe it in my soul!"

Here he threw up his head, and gave a snort

Like a young horse first harnessed to a pole:

"The moon is full — ay, so is this d—d bowl!"

And, grinning like the sourest of curmudgeons,

Globe — water — fishes — he dashed down the  
whole,

Strewing the carpet with the gasping gudgeons;

Men do the strangest things in such love-dudgeons.

"I fill her thoughts — her memory's vice-gerent?

No, no,— some paltry puppy — three weeks  
old —

And round as Norval's shield" — thus incoherent

His fancies grew as he went on to scold;

So stormy waves are into breakers rolled,

Worked up at last to mere chaotic wroth —

This — that — heads — tails — thoughts jum-  
bled uncontrolled

As onions, turnips, meat, in boiling broth,

By turns bob up, and splutter in the froth.

"Fool that I was to let a baby face —

A full one — like a hunter's — round and  
red —

Ass that I am, to give her more a place

Within this heart" — and here he struck his  
head.

"'Sdeath, are the Almanac-compilers dead?

But no — 'tis all an artifice — a trick,  
 Some newer face — some dandy under-bred —  
 Well — be it so — of all the sex I'm sick !"  
 Here Juno wondered why she got a kick.

" 'The moon is full' — where's her infernal  
 scrawl ?

'And you are in my thought : that silver ray  
 Will ever your dear image thus recall' —  
 My image ? Mine ! She'd barter it away  
 For Pretty Poll's on an Italian's tray !  
 Three weeks, full weeks, — it is too plain — too  
 bad —

Too gross and palpable ! Oh cursed day !  
 My senses have not crazed — but if they had —  
 Such moons would worry a Mad Doctor mad !

"O Nature ! Wherefore did you frame a lip  
 So fair for falsehood ? Wherefore have you  
 drest

Deceit so angel-like ?" With sudden rip  
 He tore six new buff buttons from his vest,  
 And groped with hand impetuous at his breast,  
 As if some flea from Juno's fleecy curls  
 Had skipped to batten on a human chest,  
 But no — the hand comes forth, and down it hurls  
 A lady's miniature beset with pearls.

Yet long upon the floor it did not tarry,  
 Before another outrage could be planned :

Poor Juno, who had learned to fetch and carry,  
Picked up and brought it to her master's hand,  
Who seized it, and the mimic feature scanned ;  
Yet not with the old loving ardent drouth,  
He only saw in that fair face, so bland,  
Look how he would at it, east, west, north, south,  
A moon, a full one, with eyes, nose, and mouth.

"I'll go to her,"—herewith his hat he touched,  
And gave his arm a most heroic brandish ;  
"But no—I'll write"—and here a spoon he  
clutched,  
And rammed it with such fury in the standish,  
A sable flood, like Niger the outlandish,  
Came rushing forth—O Antics and Buffoons !  
Ye never danced a caper so ran-dan-dish ;  
He jumped, thumped—tore—swore, more than  
ten dragoons  
At all nights, noons, moons, spoons, and panta-  
loons !

But soon ashamed, or weary, of such dancing,  
Without a Collinet's or Weippert's band,  
His rampant arms and legs left off their prancing,  
And down he sat again, with pen in hand,  
Not fiddle-headed, or King's-pattern grand,  
But one of Bramah's patent Caligraphics ;  
And many a sheet it spoiled before he planned  
A likely letter. Used to pure seraphics,  
Philippics sounded strangely after Sapphics.

Long while he rocked like Yankee in his chair,  
Staring as he would stare the wainscot through,  
And then he thrust his fingers in his hair,  
And set his crest up like a cockatoo ;  
And trampled with his hoofs, a mere Yahoo :  
At last, with many a tragic frown and start,  
He penned a billet, very far from doux,  
'Twas sour, severe — but think of a man's smart  
Writing with lunar caustic on his heart !

The letter done and closed, he lit his taper,  
And sealing, as it were, his other mocks,  
He stamped a grave device upon the paper,  
No Cupid toying with his Psyche's locks,  
But some stern head of the old Stoic stocks —  
Then, fiercely striding through the staring streets,  
He dropt the bitter missive in a box,  
Beneath the cakes, and tarts, and sugared treats,  
In Mrs. Smelling's window-full of sweets.

Soon sped the letter — thanks to modern plans,  
Our English mails run little in the style  
Of those great German wild-beast caravans,  
*Eil-wagens* — tho' they do not "go like *ile*,"—  
But take a good twelve minutes to the mile —  
On Monday morning, just at ten o'clock,  
As Ellen hummed "The Young May Moon"  
the while,  
Her ear was startled by that double knock  
Which thrills the nerves like an electric shock !

Her right hand instantly forgot its cunning,  
And down into the street it dropt, or flung,  
Right on the hat and wig of Mr. Gunning,  
The jug that o'er her ten-week-stocks had hung;  
Then down the stairs by twos and threes she  
sprung,  
And through the passage like a burglar darted.  
Alas! how sanguine are the fond and young —  
She little thought, when with the coin she parted  
She paid a sixpence to be broken-hearted!

Too dear at any price — had she but paid  
Nothing and taken discount, it was dear;  
Yet, worthless as it was, the sweet-lipped maid  
Oft kissed the letter in her brief career  
Between the lower and the upper sphere,  
Where, seated in a study bistra-brown,  
She tried to pierce a mystery as clear  
As *that* I saw once puzzling a young clown —  
“Reading Made Easy,” but turned upside down.

Yet Ellen, like most misses in the land,  
Had sipped sky blue, through certain of her  
teens,  
At one of those establishments which stand  
In highways, byeways, squares, and village-  
greens;  
’Twas called “The Grove,” — a name that  
always means  
Two poplars stand like sentries at the gate —  
Each window had its close Venetian screens

And Holland blind, to keep in a cool state  
The twenty-four Young Ladies of Miss Bate.

But when the screens were left unclosed by  
chance,

The blinds not down, as if Miss B. were dead,  
Each upper window to a passing glance  
Revealed a little dimity white bed ;

Each lower one a cropped or curly head ;  
And thrice a week, for soul's and health's econo-  
mies,

Along the road the twenty-four were led,  
Like coupled hounds, whipped in by two she-  
dominies

With faces rather graver than Melpomene's.

And thus their studies they pursued : — On Sun-  
day,

Beef, collects, batter, texts from Dr. Price ;  
Mutton, French, pancakes, grammar — of a Mon-  
day ;

Tuesday — hard dumplings, globes, Chapone's  
Advice ;

Wednesday — fancy-work, rice-milk (no spice) ;  
Thursday — pork, dancing, currant-bolsters, read-  
ing ;

Friday — beef, Mr. Butler, and plain rice ;  
Saturday — scraps, short lessons and short feeding,  
Stocks, back-boards, hash, steel-collars, and good  
breeding.

From this repertory of female learning,  
Came Ellen once a quarter, always fatter !  
To gratify the eyes of parents yearning.  
'Twas evident in bolsters, beef, and batter,  
Hard dumplings, and rice-milk, she did not  
smatter,  
But heartily, as Jenkins says, "demollidge ;"  
But as for any learning, not to flatter,  
As often happens when girls leave their college,  
She had done nothing but grow out of knowledge.

At Long Division sums she had no chance,  
And History was quite as bad a balk ;  
Her French it was too small for Petty France,  
And Priscian suffered in her English talk :  
Her drawing might be done with cheese or  
chalk ;  
As for the globes — the use of the terrestrial  
She knew when she went out to take a walk,  
Or take a ride ; but, touching the celestial,  
Her knowledge hardly soared above the bestial.

Nothing she learned of Juno, Pallas, Mars ;  
Georgium, for what she knew, might stand for  
Burgo,  
Sidus, for Master : then, for northern stars,  
The Bear she fancied did in sable fur go,  
The Bull was Farmer Giles's bull, and, ergo,  
The ram the same that butted at her brother ;  
As for the Twins, she only guessed that Virgo,

From coming after them, must be their mother ;  
The Scales weighed soap, tea, figs, like any other.

As ignorant as donkeys in Galicia,  
She thought that Saturn, with his Belt, was but  
A private, may be, in the Kent Militia ;  
That Charles's Wain would stick in a deep rut,  
That Venus was a real West-End slut —  
O, Gods and Goddesses of Greek Theogony !  
That Berenice's Hair would curl and cut,  
That Cassiopëia's Chair was good Mahogany,  
Nicely french-polished,—such was her cosmogony!

Judge, then, how puzzled by the scientifics  
Lorenzo's letter came now to dispense ;  
A lizard, crawling over hieroglyphics,  
Knows quite as much of their Egyptian sense ;  
A sort of London fog, opaque and dense,  
Hung over verbs, nouns, genitives, and datives ;  
In vain she pored and pored, with eyes intense,  
As well is known to oyster-operatives,  
Mere looking at the shells won't open natives.

Yet mixed with the hard words, so called, she  
found  
Some easy ones that gave her heart the stag-  
gers ;  
Words giving tongue against her, like a hound  
At picking out a fault — words speaking dag-  
gers.

The very letters seemed, in hostile swaggers,  
To lash their tails, but not as horses do,  
Nor like the tails of spaniels, gentle waggers,  
But like a lion's, ere he tears in two  
A black, to see if he is black all through.

With open mouth, and eyeballs at full stretch,  
She gazed upon the paper sad and sorry,  
No sound—no stir—quite petrified, poor wretch !  
As when Apollo, in old allegory,  
Down-stooping like a falcon, made his quarry  
Of Niobe, just turned to Purbeck stone ;  
In fact, since Cupid grew into a worry,  
Judge if a suing lover, let alone  
A lawyer, ever wrote in such a tone.

“ Ellen, I will no longer call you mine,  
That time is past, and ne'er can come again ;  
However other lights undimmed may shine,  
And undiminishing, one truth is plain,  
Which I, alas ! have learned,—that love can  
wane.

The dream is passed away, the veil is rent,  
Your heart was not intended for my reign ;  
A sphere so full, I feel, was never meant  
With one poor man in it to be content.

“ It must, no doubt, be pleasant beyond measure,  
To wander underneath the whispering bough  
With Dian, a perpetual round of pleasure.

Nay, fear not,— I absolve of every vow,—  
Use,— use your own celestial pleasure now,  
Your apogee and perigee arrange.

Herschel might aptly stare and wonder how,  
To me that constant disk has nothing strange —  
A counterfeit is sometimes hard to change.

“ O Ellen ! I once little thought to write  
Such words unto you, with so hard a pen ;  
Yet outraged love will change its nature quite,  
And turn like tiger hunted to its den —  
How Falsehood trips in her deceits on men !  
And stands abashed, discovered, and forlorn !  
Had it been only cusped — but gibbous — then  
It had gone down, but Faith drew back in scorn,  
And would not swallow it — without a horn !

“ I am in occultation,— that is plain :  
My culmination 's past,— that 's quite as clear.  
But think not I will suffer your disdain  
To hang a lunar rainbow on a tear.  
Whate'er my pangs, they shall be buried here ;  
No murmur,— not a sigh,— shall thence exhale :  
Smile on,— and for your own peculiar sphere  
Choose some eccentric path,— you cannot fail,  
And pray stick on a most portentous tail !

“ Farewell ! I hope you are in health and gay ;  
For me, I never felt so well and merry —  
As for the bran-new idol of the day,

Monkey or man, I am indifferent — very !  
Nor e'en will ask who is the Happy Jerry ;  
My jealousy is dead, or gone to sleep,  
But let me hint that you will want a wherry,  
'Three weeks' spring-tide, and not a chance of neap,  
Your parlors will be flooded six feet deep !

" O Ellen ! how delicious was that light  
Wherein our plighted shadows used to blend,  
Meanwhile the melancholy bird of night —  
No more of that — the lover 's at an end.  
Yet if I may advise you, as a friend,  
Before you next pen sentiments so fond,  
Study your cycles — I would recommend  
Our Airy — and let South be duly conned,  
And take a dip, I beg, in the great Pond.

" Farewell again ! it is farewell forever !  
Before your lamp of night be lit up thrice,  
I shall be sailing, haply, for Swan River,  
Jamaica, or the Indian land of rice,  
Or Boothia Felix — happy clime of ice !  
For Trebizond, or distant Scanderoon,  
Ceylon, or Java redolent of spice,  
Or settling, neighbour of the Cape baboon,  
Or roaming o'er — The Mountains of the Moon !

" What matters where ? my world no longer owns  
That dear meridian spot from which I dated  
Degrees of distance, hemispheres, and zones,

A globe all blank and barren and belated :  
 What matters where my future life be fated ?  
 With Lapland hordes, or Koords or Afric peasant,

A squatter in the western woods located,  
 What matters where ? My bias, at the present,  
 Leans to the country that reveres the Crescent !

“ Farewell ! and if forever, fare thee well !

As wrote another of my fellow-martyrs :  
 I ask no sexton for his passing-bell,  
 I do not ask your tear-drops to be starters,  
 However I may die, transfixed by Tartars,  
 By Cobras poisoned, by Constrictors strangled,  
 By shark or cayman snapt above the garters,  
 By royal tiger or Cape lion mangled,  
 Or starved to death in the wild woods entangled,

“ Or tortured slowly at an Indian stake,  
 Or smothered in the sandy hot simoom,  
 Or crushed in Chili by earth's awful quake,  
 Or baked in lava, a Vesuvian tomb,  
 Or dirged by syrens and the billows' boom,  
 Or stiffened to a stock mid Alpine snows,  
 Or stricken by the plague with sudden doom,  
 Or sucked by Vampyres to a last repose,  
 Or self-destroyed, impatient of my woes.

“ Still fare you well, however I may fare,  
 A fare perchance to the Lethean shore,

Caught up by rushing whirlwinds in the air,  
Or dashed down cataracts with dreadful roar :  
Nay, this warm heart, once yours unto the  
core,  
This hand you should have claimed in church or  
minster,  
Some cannibal may gnaw"—she read no  
more —  
Prone on the carpet fell the senseless spinster,  
Losing herself, as 'twere, in Kidderminster !

Of course of such a fall the shock was great,  
In rushed the father, panting from the shop,  
In rushed the mother, without cap or tête,  
Pursued by Betty Housemaid with her mop ;  
The cook to change her apron did not stop,  
The charwoman next scrambled up the stair,—  
All help to lift, to haul, to seat, to prop,  
And then they stand and smother round the chair,  
Exclaiming in a chorus, " Give her air ! "

One sears her nostrils with a burning feather,  
Another rams a phial up her nose ;  
A third crooks all her finger-joints together,  
A fourth rips up her laces and her bows,  
While all by turns keep trampling on her toes,  
And, when she gasps for breath, they pour in  
plump  
A sudden drench that down her thorax goes,

As if in fetching her — some wits so jump —  
She must be fetched with water like a pump !

No wonder that thus drenched, and wrenched,  
and galled,

As soon as possible, from syncope's fetter  
Her senses had the sense to be recalled,

“ I 'm better — that will do — indeed I 'm  
better,”

She cried to each importunate besetter ;  
Meanwhile, escaping from the stir and smother,  
The prudent parent seized the lover's letter,  
(Daughters should have no secrets with a Mother)  
And read it thro' from one end to the other.

From first to last, she never skipped a word —

For young Lorenzo of all youths was one  
So wise, so good, so moral she averred,

So clever, quite above the common run —

She made him sit by her, and called him son ;  
No matrimonial suit, e'en Duke's or Earl's,

So flattered her maternal feelings — none !  
For mothers always think young men are pearls,  
Who come and throw themselves before their  
girls.

And now, at warning signal from her finger,  
The servants most reluctantly withdrew,  
But list'ning on the stairs contrived to linger ;

For Ellen, gazing round with eyes of blue,  
At last the features of her parent knew,  
And, summoning her breath and vocal powers,  
“O, mother!” she exclaimed — “O, is it  
true —  
Our dear Lorenzo” — the dear name drew  
showers —  
“Ours,” cried the mother, “pray don’t call him  
ours!

“I never liked him, never, in my days!”  
[“O yes — you did” — said Ellen with a  
sob,]  
“There always *was* a something in his ways —  
[“So sweet — so kind,” said Ellen, with a  
throb,]  
“His very face was what I call a snob,  
And, spite of West-end coats and pantaloons,  
He had a sort of air of the swell mob;  
I’m sure when he has come of afternoons  
To tea, I’ve often thought — I’ll watch my  
spoons!”

“The spoons!” cried Ellen, almost with a  
scream,  
“O cruel — false as cruel — and unjust!  
He that once stood so high in your esteem!”  
“He!” cried the dame, grimacing her dis-  
gust,  
“I like him? — yes — as anybody must

An infidel that scoffs at God and Devil :  
 Didn't he bring you Bonaparty's bust ?  
 Lord ! when he calls I hardly can be civil —  
*My* favourite was always Mr. Neville.

“ Lorenzo ? — I should like, of earthly things,  
 To see him hanging forty cubits high ;  
 Doesn't he write like Captain Rocks and Swings ?  
 Nay, in this very letter, bid you try  
 To make yourself particular, and tie  
 A tail on — a prodigious tail ! — O, daughter !  
 And don't he ask you down his area — fie !  
 And recommend to cut your being shorter,  
 With brickbats round your neck in ponds of  
 water ? ”

Alas ! to think how readers thus may vary  
 A writer's sense ! — What mortal would have  
 thought  
 Lorenzo's hint about Professors Airy  
 And Pond to such a likeness could be brought !  
 Who would have dreamt the simple way  
 he taught  
 To make a comet of poor Ellen's moon,  
 Could furnish forth an image so distraught,  
 As Ellen, walking Regent Street at noon,  
 Tailed — like a fat Cape sheep, or a raccoon ?

And yet, whate'er absurdity the brains [it ;  
 May hatch, it ne'er wants wet-nurses to suckle

Or dry ones, like a hen, to take the pains  
 To lead the nudity abroad, and chuckle it ;  
 No whim so stupid but some fool will buckle it  
 To jingle bell-like on his empty head,  
 No mental mud — but some will knead and  
     knuckle it,  
 And fancy they are making fancy-bread ; —  
 No ass has written, but some ass has read.

No dolts could lead if others did not follow 'em.  
 No Hahnemann could give decillionth drops,  
 If any man could not be got to swallow 'em ;  
 But folly never comes to such full stops.  
 As soon, then, as the Mother made such swaps  
 Of all Lorenzo's meanings, heads and tails,  
 The Father seized upon her malaprops —  
 " My girl down areas — of a night ! 'Ods nails !  
 I'll stick the scoundrel on his area-rails !

" I will ! — as sure as I was christened John !  
 A girl — well-born — and bred, — and schooled  
     at Ditton —  
 Accomplished — handsome — with a tail stuck on !  
 And chucked — Zounds ! — chucked in horse-  
     ponds like a kitten ;  
 I wish I had been by when that was written ! " —  
 And doubling to a fist each ample hand,  
 The empty air he boxed with, a-la-Bitton,  
 As if in training for a fight, long planned,  
 With Nobody — for love — at No Man's Land !

"I'll pond — I'll tail him!" — in a voice of  
thunder

He recommenced his fury and his fuss,  
Loud, open-mouthed, and wedded to his blunder,  
Like one of those great guns that end in buss.

"I'll teach him to write ponds and tails to us!"  
But while so menacing this-that-and-t'others,  
His wife broke in with certain truths, as thus :  
"Men are not women — fathers can't be moth-  
ers,—

Females are females" — and a few such others.

So saying, with rough nudges, willy-nilly,  
She hustled him outside the chamber-door,  
Looking, it must be owned, a little silly ;  
And then she did as the Carinthian boor  
Serves (Goldsmith says) the traveller that's  
poor :

*Id est*, she shut him in the outer space,  
With just as much apology — no more —  
As Boreas would present in such a case,  
For slamming the street door right in your face.

And now, the secrets of the sex thus kept,  
What passed in that important tête-à-tête  
"Twixt dam and daughter, nobody except  
Paul Pry, or his Twin Brother, could narrate —  
So turn we to Lorenzo, left of late,  
In front of Mrs. Snelling's sugared snacks,  
In such a very waspish stinging state —

But now at the Old Dragon, stretched on racks,  
Fretting, and biting down his nails to tacks ;

Because that new fast four-inside — the Comet,  
Instead of keeping its appointed time,  
Had deviated some few minutes from it,  
A thing with all astronomers a crime,  
And he had studied in that lore sublime ;  
Nor did his heat get any less or shorter  
For pouring upon passion's unslaked lime  
A well-grown glass of Cogniac and water,  
Mixed stiff as starch by the Old Dragon's daughter.

At length "Fair Ellen" sounding with a flourish,  
The Comet came all bright, bran new, and  
smart :

Meanwhile the melody conspired to nourish  
The hasty spirit in Lorenzo's heart,  
And soon upon the roof he "topped his part,"  
Which never had a more impatient man on,  
Wishing devoutly that the steeds would start  
Like lightning greased,— or, as at Ballyshannon  
Sublimed, "greased lightning shot out of a cannon !"

For, ever since the letter left his hand,  
His mind had been in vacillating motion,  
Dodge-dodging like a flustered crab on land,  
That cannot ask its way, and has no notion,

If right or left leads to the German Ocean —  
 Hatred and Love by turns enjoyed monopolies,  
 Till, like a Doctor following his own potion,  
 Before a learned pig could spell Acropolis,  
 He went and booked himself for our metropolis.

“O, for a horse,” or rather four,— “with wings!”

For so he put the wish into the plural —  
 No relish he retained for country things,  
 He could not join felicity with rural, [mural.  
 His thoughts were all with London and the  
 Where architects — not paupers — heap and  
*pile* stones ;

Or with the horses’ muscles, called the crural,  
 How fast they could macadamize the milestones  
 Which passed as tediously as gall or bile stones.

Blind to the picturesque, he ne’er perceived  
 \* In Nature one artistical fine stroke ;  
 For instance, how that purple hill relieved  
 The beggar-woman in the gipsy-poke,  
 And how the red cow carried off her cloak ;  
 Or how the aged horse, so gaunt and gray,  
 Threw off a noble mass of beech and oak !  
 Or, how the tinker’s ass, beside the way,  
 Came boldly out from a white cloud — to bray !

Such things have no delight for worried men,  
 That travel full of care and anxious smart ;  
 Coachmen and horses, are your artists then ;

Just try a team of draftsmen with the Dart,  
Take Shee, for instance, ETTY, Jones, and  
Hart,  
Let every neck be put into its noose,  
Then tip 'em on the flank to make 'em start,  
And see how they will draw ! — Four screws let  
loose  
Would make a difference — or I'm a goose !

Nor cared he more about the promised crops,  
If oats were looking up, or wheat was laid,  
For flies in turnips, or a blight in hops,  
Or how the barley prospered or decayed ;  
In short, no items of the farming trade,  
Peas, beans, tares, 'taters, could his mind be-  
guile ;  
Nor did he answer to the servant-maid,  
That always asked at every other mile,  
“ Where do we change, Sir ? ” with her sweetest  
smile.

Nor more he listened to the Politician,  
Who lectured on his left, a formal prig,  
Of Belgium's, Greece's, Turkey's sad condition,  
Not worth a cheese, an olive, or a fig ;  
Nor yet unto the critic, fierce and big,  
Who, holding forth, all lonely, in his glory,  
Called one a sad bad Poet — and a Whig,  
And one, a first-rate proser — and a Tory ;  
So critics judge, now, of a song or story.

Nay, when the coachman spoke about the 'Leger,  
Of Popsy, Mopsy, Bergamotte, and Civet,  
Of breeder, trainer, owner, backer, hedger,  
And nags as right, or righter than a trivet,  
The theme his cracked attention could not rivet;  
Though leaning forward to the man of whips,  
He seemed to give an ear,— but did not give it,  
For Ellen's moon (that saddest of her slips,  
Would not be hidden by a "new Eclipse

If any thought e'er flitted in his head  
Belonging to the sphere of Bland and Crocky,  
It was to wish the team all thorough-bred,  
And every buckle on their backs a jockey:  
When spinning down a steep descent, or rocky,  
He never watched the wheel, and longed to lock it;  
He liked the bolters that set off so cocky:  
Nor did it shake a single nerve, or shock it,  
Because the Comet raced against the Rocket.

Thanks to which rivalry, at last the journey  
Finished an hour and a quarter under time,  
Without a case for surgeon or attorney,  
Just as St. James's rang its seventh chime,  
And now, descending from his seat sublime,  
Behold Lorenzo, weariest of wights,  
In that great core of brick, and stone, and lime,  
Called England's heart—but which, as seen of  
    nights,  
Has rather more the appearance of its lights.

Away he scudded — elbowing, perforce,  
 Thro' cads, and lads, and many a Hebrew  
 worrier,  
 With fruit, knives, pencils,—all dirt cheap of  
 course,  
 Coachmen, and hawkers of the Globe and  
 “Currier;”

Away! — the cookmaid is not such a skurrier,  
 When, fit to split her gingham as she goes,  
 With six just striking on the clock to hurry her,  
 She strides along with one of her three beaux,  
 To get well placed at “Ashley’s” — now Ducrow’s.

“I wonder if her moon is full to-night!”  
 He muttered, jealous as a Spanish Don,  
 When, lo! — to aggravate that inward spite,  
 In glancing at a board he spied thereon  
 A playbill for dramatic folks to con,  
 In letters such as those may read, who run,  
 “‘KING JOHN’—O yes,—I recollect King  
 John!  
 ‘My Lord, they say five moons’—*five* moons!—  
 well done!  
 I wonder Ellen was content with one!

“Five moons—all full!—and all at once in heav’n  
 She should have lived in that prolific reign!”  
 Here he arrived in front of number seven,  
 Th’ abode of all his joy and all his pain;  
 A sudden tremor shot through every vein,

He wished he'd come up by the heavy wagon,  
And felt an impulse to turn back again,  
O, that he ne'er had quitted the Old Dragon!  
Then came a sort of longing for a flagon.

His tongue and palate seemed so parched with  
drouth,—

The very knocker filled his soul with dread,  
As if it had a living lion's mouth,  
With teeth so terrible, and tongue so red,  
In which he had engaged to put his head.  
The bell-pull turned his courage into vapor,  
As though 'twould cause a shower-bath to shed  
Its thousand shocks, to make him sigh and caper—  
He looked askance, and did not like the scraper.

“What business have I here? (he thought) a dunce,  
A hopeless passion thus to fan and foster,  
Instead of putting out its wick at once;  
She's gone—it's very evident I've lost her,—  
And to the wanton wind I should have tossed  
her—

Pish! I will leave her with her moon, at ease,  
To toast and eat it, like a single Gloster,  
Or cram some fool with it, as good green cheese,  
Or make a honey-moon, if so she please.

“Yes—here I leave her,” and as thus he spoke,  
He plied the knocker with such needless force,  
It almost split the pannel of sound oak;

And then he went as wildly through a course  
Of ringing, till he made abrupt divorce  
Between the bell and its dumbfounded handle,  
Whilst up ran Betty, out of breath and hoarse,  
And thrust into his face her blown-out candle,  
To recognize the author of such scandal.

Who, presto! cloak, and carpet-bag to boot,  
Went stumbling, rumbling, up the dark one  
pair,  
With other noise than his whose "very foot  
Had music in't as he came up the stair:"  
And then with no more manners than a bear,  
His hat upon his head, no matter how,  
No modest tap his presence to declare,  
He bolted in a room, without a bow,  
And there sat Ellen, with a marble brow!

Like fond Medora, watching at her window,  
Yet not of any Corsair bark in search,—  
The jutting lodging-house of Mrs. Lindo,  
"The Cheapest House in Town" of Todd and  
Sturch,  
The private house of Reverend Doctor Birch,  
The public-house, closed nightly at eleven,  
And then that house of prayer, the parish  
church,  
Some roofs, and chimneys, and a glimpse of  
heaven,  
Made up the whole look-out of Number Seven.

Yet something in the prospect so absorbed her,  
 She seemed quite drowned and dozing in a  
 dream ;  
 As if her own beloved full moon still orb'd her,  
 Lulling her fancy in some lunar scheme,  
 With lost Lorenzo, may be, for its theme —  
 Yet when Lorenzo touched her on the shoulder,  
 She started up with an abortive scream,  
 As if some midnight ghost, from regions colder,  
 Had come within his bony arms to fold her.

“ Lorenzo ! ” — “ Ellen ! ” — then came “ Sir ! ”  
 and “ Madam ! ”

They tried to speak, but hammered at each  
 word,  
 As if it were a flint for great Mac Adam ;  
 Such broken English never else was heard,  
 For like an aspen leaf each nerve was stirred,  
 A chilly tremor thrilled them through and through,  
 Their efforts to be stiff were quite absurd,  
 They shook like jellies made without a due  
 And proper share of common joiner's glue.

“ Ellen ! I 'm come — to bid you — fare — fare-  
 well,”

They thus began to fight their verbal duel ;  
 “ Since some more hap — hap — happy man must  
 dwell ” —

“ Alas — Loren — Lorenzo ! — cru — cru —  
 cruel ! ”

For so they split their words like grits for gruel.  
At last the Lover, as he long had planned,  
Drew out that once inestimable jewel,  
Her portrait, which was erst so fondly scanned,  
And thrust poor Ellen's face into her hand.

"There — take it, Madam — take it back I crave,  
The face of one — but I must now forget her,  
Bestow it on whatever hapless slave  
Your art has last enticed into your fetter —  
And there are your epistles — there ! each  
letter !  
I wish no record of your vow's infractions,  
Send them to South — or Children — you had  
better —  
They will be novelties — rare benefactions  
To shine in Philosophical Transactions !

"Take them — pray take them — I resign them  
quite !  
And there 's the glove you gave me leave to  
steal —  
And there 's the handkerchief, so pure and white  
Once sanctified by tears, when Miss O'Neill —  
But no — you did not — cannot — do not feel  
A Juliet's faith, that time could only harden !  
Fool that I was, in my mistaken zeal !  
I should have led you,— by your leave and  
pardon —  
To Bartley's Orrery, not Covent Garden !

"And here 's the birthday ring — nor man nor  
devil

Should once have torn it from my living hand,  
Perchance 'twill look as well on Mr. Neville ;

And that — and that is all — and now I stand  
Absolved of each dissevered tie and band —  
And so farewell, till Time's eternal sickle

Shall reap our lives ; in this, or foreign land  
Some other may be found for truth to stickle  
Almost as fair — and not so false and fickle !"

And there he ceased : as truly it was time,

For of the various themes that left his mouth,  
One half surpassed her intellectual climb :

She knew no more than the old Hill of Howth  
About that " Children of a larger growth,"

Who notes proceedings of the F. R. S.'s ;

Kit North, was just as strange to her as South,  
Except the south the weathercock expresses,  
Nay, Bartley's Orrery defied her guesses.

Howbeit some notion of his jealous drift

She gathered from the simple outward fact,  
That her own lap contained each slighted gift ;

Though quite unconscious of his cause to act  
So like Othello, with his face unblackened ;

" Alas !" she sobbed, " your cruel course I see,

These faded charms no longer can attract ;  
Your fancy palls, and you would wander free,  
And lay your own apostasy on me !

"*I*, false ! — unjust Lorenzo ! — and to *you* !  
O, all ye holy gospels that incline  
The soul to truth, bear witness I am true !  
By all that lives, of earthly or divine —  
So long as this poor throbbing heart is mine —  
*I* false ! — the world shall change its course as  
soon !

True as the streamlet to the stars that shine—  
True as the dial to the sun at noon,  
True as the tide to 'yonder blessed moon !' "

And as she spoke, she pointed through the  
window,

Somewhere above the houses' distant tops,  
Betwixt the chimney-pots of Mrs. Lindo,  
And Todd and Sturch's cheapest of all shops  
For ribbons, laces, muslins, silks, and fops ; —  
Meanwhile, as she upraised her face so Grecian,  
And eyes suffused with scintillating drops,  
Lorenzo looked, too, o'er the blinds venetian,  
To see the sphere so troubled with repletion.

" The Moon ! " he cried, and an electric spasm  
Seemed all at once his features to distort,  
And fixed his mouth, a dumb and gaping chasm —  
His faculties benumbed and all amort —  
At last his voice came, of most shrilly sort,  
Just like a sea-gull's wheeling round a rock —  
" Speak ! — Ellen ! — is your sight indeed so  
short !

The Moon! — Brute! savage that I am, and  
block!

The Moon! (O, ye Romantics, what a shock!)  
Why that 's the new Illuminated Clock!"

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

"I'D BE A PARODY."

THOSE Evening Bells, those Evening Bells,  
How many a tale their music tells,  
Of Yorkshire cakes and crumpets prime,  
And letters only just in time! —

The Muffin-boy has passed away,  
The Postman gone — and I must pay,  
For down below Deaf Mary dwells,  
And does not hear those Evening Bells.

And so 'twill be when she is gone,  
That tuneful peal will still ring on,  
And other maids with timely yells  
Forget to stay those Evening Bells.

## LINES

## TO A FRIEND AT COBHAM.

'Tis pleasant, when we've absent friends,  
 Sometimes to hob and nob 'em  
 With Memory's glass — at such a pass  
 Remember me at Cobham !

Have pigs you will, and sometimes kill,  
 But if you sigh and sob 'em,  
 And cannot eat your home-grown meat,  
 Remember me at Cobham !

Of hen and cock, you 'll have a stock,  
 And death will oft unthrob 'em,—  
 A country chick is good to pick —  
 Remember me at Cobham !

Some orchard trees of course you 'll lease,  
 And boys will sometimes rob 'em,  
 A friend (you know) before a foe —  
 Remember me at Cobham !

You 'll sometimes have wax-lighted rooms,  
 And friends of course to mob 'em,  
 Should you be short of such a sort,  
 Remember me at Cobham !

## LINES

ON THE CELEBRATION OF PEACE.

BY DORCAS DOVE.

AND is it thus ye welcome Peace !  
 From Mouths of forty-pounding Bores ?  
 O cease, exploding Cannons, cease !  
 Lest Peace, affrighted, shun our shores !

Not so the quiet Queen should come ;  
 But like a Nurse to still our Fears,  
 With Shoes of List, demurely dumb,  
 And Wool or Cotton in her Ears !

She asks for no triumphal Arch ;  
 No Steeples for their ropy Tongues ;  
 Down, Drumsticks, down, She needs no March,  
 Or blasted Trumps from brazen Lungs.

She wants no Noise of mobbing Throats  
 To tell that She is drawing nigh :  
 Why this Parade of scarlet Coats,  
 When War has closed his bloodshot Eye ?

Returning to Domestic Loves,  
When War has ceased with all its Ills,  
Captains should come like sucking Doves,  
With Olive Branches in their Bills.

No need there is of vulgar Shout,  
Bells, Cannons, Trumpets, Fife, and Drum,  
And Soldiers marching all about,  
To let Us know that Peace is come.

O mild should be the Signs and meek,  
Sweet Peace's Advent to proclaim !  
Silence her noiseless Foot should speak,  
And Echo should repeat the same.

Lo ! where the Soldier walks, alas !  
With Scars received on foreign Grounds ;  
Shall we consume in colored Glass  
The Oil that should be poured in Wounds ?

The bleeding Gaps of War to close,  
Will whizzing Rocket-Flight avail ?  
Will Squibs enliven Orphans' Woes ?  
Or Crackers cheer the Widow's Tale ?

## THE LAMENT OF TOBY,

## THE LEARNED PIG.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."—POPE.

O HEAVY day! O day of woe!  
 To misery a poster,  
 Why was I ever farrowed — why  
 Not spitted for a roaster?

In this world, pigs, as well as men,  
 Must dance to fortune's fiddlings,  
 But must I give the classics up,  
 For barley-meal and middlings?

Of what avail that I could spell  
 And read, just like my betters,  
 If I must come to this at last,  
 To litters, not to letters?

O, why are pigs made scholars of?  
 It baffles my discerning,  
 What griskins, fry, and chitterlings,  
 Can have to do with learning.

Alas ! my learning once drew cash,  
But public fame 's unstable,  
So I must turn a pig again,  
And fatten for the table.

To leave my literary line  
My eyes get red and leaky ;  
But Giblett doesn't want me *blue*,  
But red and white, and streaky.

Old Mullins used to cultivate  
My learning like a gard'ner ;  
But Giblett only thinks of lard,  
And not of Doctor Lardner !

He does not care about my brain  
The value of two coppers,  
All that he thinks about my head  
Is, how I'm off for choppers.

Of all my literary kin  
A farewell must be taken,  
Good-by to the poetic Hogg !  
The philosophic Bacon !

Day after day my lessons fade,  
My intellect gets muddy ;  
A trough I have, and not a desk,  
A sty — and not a study !

Another little month, and then  
My progress ends, like Bunyan's;  
The seven sages that I loved  
Will be chopped up with onions !

Then over head and ears in brine  
They 'll souse me, like a salmon,  
My mathematics turned to brawn,  
My logic into gammon.

My Hebrew will all retrograde,  
Now I 'm put up to fatten ;  
My Greek, it will all go to grease ;  
The Dogs will have my Latin !

Farewell to Oxford ! — and to Bliss !  
To Milman, Crowe, and Glossop,—  
I now must be content with chats,  
Instead of learned gossip !

Farewell to "Town !" farewell to "Gown !"  
I 've quite outgrown the latter,—  
Instead of Trencher-cap my head  
Will soon be in a platter !

O why did I at Brazen-Nose  
Rout up the roots of knowledge ?  
A butcher that can't read will kill  
A pig that 's been to college !

For sorrow I could stick myself,  
But conscience is a clasher ;  
A thing that would be rash in man,  
In me would be a rasher !

One thing I ask — when I am dead,  
And past the Stygian ditches—  
And that is, let my schoolmaster  
Have one of my two flitches :

'Twas he who taught my letters so  
I ne'er mistook or missed 'em,  
Simply by *ringing* at the nose,  
According to *Bell's* system.

## TO A BAD RIDER.

## I.

WHY, Mr. Rider, why  
Your nag so ill indorse, man ?  
To make observers cry,  
You're mounted, but no horseman ?

## II.

With elbows out so far,  
This thought you can't debar me —  
Though no Dragoon — Hussar —  
You're surely of the army !

III.

I hope to turn M. P.  
You have not any notion,  
So awkward you would be  
At "seconding a motion!"

MY SON AND HEIR.

I.

My mother bids me bind my heir,  
But not the trade where I should bind;  
To place a boy — the how and where —  
It is the plague of parent-kind!

II.

She does not hint the slightest plan,  
Nor what indentures to indorse;  
Whether to bind him to a man,  
Or, like Mazeppa, to a horse.

III.

What line to choose of likely rise,  
To something in the Stocks at last,—  
"Fast bind, fast find," the proverb cries,  
I find I cannot bind so fast!

## IV.

A Statesman James can never be ;  
A Tailor ? — there I only learn  
His chief concern is cloth, and he  
Is always cutting his concern.

## V.

A Seedsman ? — I 'd not have him so ;  
A Grocer's plum might disappoint ;  
A Butcher ? — no, not that — although  
I hear " the times are out of joint ! "

## VI.

Too many of all trades there be,  
Like Peddlers, each has such a pack ;  
A merchant selling coals ? — we see  
The buyer send to cellar back.

## VII.

A Hardware dealer ? — that might please,  
But if his trade's foundation leans  
On spikes and nails, he won't have ease  
When he retires upon his means.

## VIII.

A Soldier ? — there he has not nerves,  
A Sailor seldom lays up pelf :  
A Baker ? — no, a baker serves  
His customer before himself.

## IX.

Dresser of hair? — that 's not the sort ;  
A joiner jars with his desire —  
A Churchman? — James is very short,  
And cannot to a church aspire.

## X.

A Lawyer? — that 's a hardish term !  
A Publisher might give him ease,  
If he could into Longman's firm,  
Just plunge at once "in medias Rees."

## XI.

A shop for pot, and pan, and cup,  
Such brittle Stock I can't advise ;  
A Builder running houses up,  
Their gains are stories — may be lies !

## XII.

A Coppersmith I can't endure —  
Nor petty Usher A, B, C-ing ;  
A Publican no father sure,  
Would be the author of his being !

## XIII.

A Paper-maker? — come he must  
To rags before he sells a sheet —  
A Miller? — all his toil is just  
To make a meal he does not eat.

## XIV.

A Currier? — that by favor goes —  
A Chandler gives me great misgiving —  
An undertaker? — one of those  
That do not hope to get their living!

## XV.

Three Golden Balls? — I like them not;  
An Auctioneer I never did —  
The victim of a slavish lot,  
Obliged to do as he is bid!

## XVI.

A Broker, watching fall and rise  
Of stock? — I'd rather deal in stone: —  
A Printer? — there his toils comprise  
Another's work beside his own.

## XVII.

A Cooper? — neither I nor Jem  
Have any taste or turn for that, —  
A Fish retailer? — but with him,  
One part of trade is always flat.

## XVIII.

A Painter? — long he would not live, —  
An Artist's a precarious craft —  
In trade Apothecaries give,  
But very seldom take, a draught.

## XIX.

A Glazier? — what if he should smash!  
A Crispin he shall not be made —  
A Grazier may be losing cash,  
Although he drives “a roaring trade.”

## XX.

Well, something must be done! to look  
On all my little works around —  
James is too big a boy, like book,  
To leave upon the shelf unbound.

## XXI.

But what to do? — my temples ache  
From evening's dew till morning's pearl,  
What course to take my boy to make —  
O could I make my boy — a girl!

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THE POET'S FATE.

WHAT is a modern Poet's fate?  
To write his thoughts upon a slate; —  
The Critic spits on what is done, —  
Gives it a wipe, — and all is gone.

## DECEMBER AND MAY.

“ Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together.”  
SHAKESPEARE.

## I.

SAID Nestor, to his pretty wife, quite sorrowful  
one day,  
“ Why, dearest, will you shed in pearls those  
lovely eyes away ?  
You ought to be more fortified ; ” — “ Ah, brute,  
be quiet, do,  
I know I m not so fortyfied, nor fiftyfied, as you !

## II.

“ O, men are vile deceivers all, as I have ever  
heard,  
You ’d die for me, you swore, and I — I took you  
at your word.  
I was a tradesman’s widow then — a pretty change  
I ’ve made ;  
To live, and die, the wife of one, a widower by  
trade ! ”

## III.

“ Come, come, my dear, these flighty airs declare,  
in sober truth,

REFLECTIONS ON THE CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S. 49

You want as much in age, indeed, as I can want  
in youth ;  
Besides, you said you liked old men, though now  
at me you huff."  
" Why, yes," she said, " and so I do — but you're  
not old enough ! "

IV.

" Come, come, my dear, let's make it up, and have  
a quiet hive ;  
I'll be the best of men,— I mean — I'll be the  
best *alive* !  
Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the  
core." —  
" I thank ye, Sir, for telling me — for now I'll  
grieve the more ! "

MORAL REFLECTIONS ON THE CROSS OF  
ST. PAUL'S.

THE man that pays his pence, and goes  
Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,  
Looks over London's naked nose,  
Women and men :  
The world is all beneath his ken,  
He sits above the *Ball*.

He seems on Mount Olympus' top,  
 Among the Gods, by Jupiter! and lets drop  
 His eyes from the empyreal clouds  
 On mortal crowds.

Seen from these skies,  
 How small those emmets in our eyes!  
 Some carry little sticks — and one  
 His eggs — to warm them in the sun:  
 Dear! what a hustle,  
 And bustle!

And there's my aunt. I know her by her  
 waist,

So long and thin,  
 And so pinched in,  
 Just in the pismire taste.

O! what are men? — Beings so small,  
 That, should I fall

Upon their little heads, I must  
 Crush them by hundreds into dust!  
 And what is life? and all its ages —  
 There's seven stages!

Turnham Green! Chelsea! Putney! Ful-  
 ham!

Brentford! and Kew!

And Tooting, too!

And O! what very little nags to pull 'em.

Yet each would seem a horse indeed,  
 If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em;

Although, like Cinderella's breed,  
 They're mice at bottom.

Then let me not despise a horse,  
 Though he looks small from Paul's high-  
 cross !  
 Since he would be,— as near the sky,  
 — Fourteen hands high.  
 What is this world with London in its lap ?  
 Mogg's Map.  
 The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its  
 broad channel ?  
 A *tidy* kennel.  
 The bridges stretching from its banks ?  
 Stone planks.  
 O me ! hence could I read an admonition  
 To mad Ambition !  
 But that he would not listen to my call,  
 Though I should stand upon the cross, and  
*ball !*

## A VALENTINE.

O cruel heart ! ere these posthumous papers  
 Have met thine eyes, I shall be out of breath ;  
 Those cruel eyes, like two funereal tapers,  
 Have only lighted me the way to death.  
 Perchance, thou wilt extinguish them in vapors,  
 When I am gone, and green grass covereth  
 Thy lover, lost ; but it will be in vain —  
 It will not bring the vital spark again.

Ah ! when those eyes, like tapers, burned so blue,  
It seemed an omen that we must expect  
The sprites of lovers : and it boded true,  
For I am half a sprite — a ghost elect ;  
Wherefore I write to thee this last adieu,  
With my last pen — before that I effect  
My exit from the stage ; just stopped before  
The tombstone steps that lead us to death's door.

Full soon these living eyes, now liquid bright,  
Will turn dead dull, and wear no radiance, save  
They shed a dreary and inhuman light,  
Illumed within by glow-worms of the grave ;  
These ruddy cheeks, so pleasant to the sight,  
These lusty legs, and all the limbs I have,  
Will keep Death's carnival, and, foul or fresh,  
Must bid farewell, a long farewell to flesh !

Yea, and this very heart, that dies for thee,  
As broken victuals to the worms will go ;  
And all the world will dine again but me —  
For I shall have no stomach ; — and I know,  
When I am ghostly, thou wilt sprightly be  
As now thou art : but will not tears of woe  
Water thy spirits, with remorse adjunct,  
When thou dost pause, and think of the defunct ?

And when thy soul is buried in a sleep,  
In midnight solitude, and little dreaming  
Of such a spectre — what if I should creep

Within thy presence in such dismal seeming?  
Thine eyes will stare themselves awake, and weep,  
And thou wilt cross thyself with treble screaming,  
And pray with mingled penitence and dread  
That I were less alive — or not so dead.

Then will thy heart confess thee, and reprove  
This wilful homicide which thou hast done :  
And the sad epitaph of so much love  
Will eat into my heart, as if in stone :  
And all the lovers that around thee move,  
Will read my fate, and tremble for their own ;  
And strike upon their heartless breasts, and sigh,  
“ Man, born of woman, must of woman die ! ”

Mine eyes grow dropsical — I can no more —  
And what is written thou may'st scorn to read,  
Shutting thy tearless eyes.— 'Tis done — 'tis  
o'er —  
My hand is destined for another deed.  
But one last word wrung from its aching core,  
And my lone heart in silentness will bleed ;  
Alas ! it ought to take a life to tell  
That one last word — that fare — fare — fare thee  
well !

## A RECIPE — FOR CIVILIZATION.

THE following Poem — is from the pen of DOCTOR KIT-CHENER! — the most heterogeneous of authors, but at the same time — in the Sporting Latin of Mr. Egan — a real *Homogenius*, or a Genius of a Man! In the Poem, his CULINARY ENTHUSIASM, as usual — *boils over!* and makes it seem written, as he describes himself (see the Cook's Oracle) — with the Spit in one hand! — and the Frying Pan in the other, — while in the style of the rhymes it is Hudibrastic, — as if in the ingredients of Versification, he had been assisted by his BUTLER!

As a Head Cook, Optician — Physician, Music Master — Domestic Economist and Death-bed Attorney! — I have celebrated The Author elsewhere with approbation; — and cannot now place him upon the Table *as a Poet*, — without still being his LAUDER, a phrase which those persons whose course of classical reading recalls the INFAMOUS FORGERY on the *Immortal Bard of Avon!* — will find easy to understand.

SURELY, those sages err who teach  
That man is known from brutes by speech,  
Which hardly severs man from woman,  
But not th' inhuman from the human —  
Or else might parrots claim affinity,  
And dogs be doctors by Latinity, —  
Not t' insist, (as might be shown,) —  
That beasts have gibberish of their own,  
Which once was no dead tongue, tho' we  
Since Esop's days have lost the key;

Nor yet to hint dumb men,— and, still, not  
 Beasts that could gossip though they will not,  
 But play at dummy like the monkeys,  
 For fear mankind should make them flunkies.  
 Neither can man be known by feature  
 Or form, because so like a creature,  
 That some grave men could never shape  
 Which is the aped and which the ape ;  
 Nor by his gait, nor by his height,  
 Nor yet because he 's black or white,  
 But *rational*,— for so we call  
 The only COOKING ANIMAL !  
 The only one who brings his bit  
 Of dinner to the pot or spit,  
 For where 's the lion e'er was hasty,  
 To put his ven'son in a pasty ?  
 Ergo, by logic, we repute,  
 That he who cooks is not a brute,—  
 But *Equus brutum est*, which means,  
 If a horse had sense he 'd boil his beans.  
 Nay, no one but a horse would forage  
 On naked oats instead of porridge ;  
 Which proves, if brutes and Scotchmen vary,  
 The difference is culinary.  
 Further, as man is known by feeding  
 From brutes,— so men from men, in breeding  
 Are still distinguished as they eat,  
 And raw in manners, raw in meat,—  
 Look at the polished nations, hight  
 The civilized — the most polite

Is that which bears the praise of nations  
For dressing eggs two hundred fashions ;  
Whereas, at savage feeders look,—  
The less refined the less they cook ;  
From Tartar grooms that merely straddle  
Across a steak and warm their saddle,  
Down to the Abyssinian squaw,  
That bolts her chops and collops raw,  
And, like a wild beast, cares as little  
To dress her person as her victual,—  
For gowns, and gloves, and caps, and tippets,  
Are beauty's sauces, spice, and sippets,  
And not by shamble bodies put on,  
But those who roast and boil their mutton ;  
So Eve and Adam wore no dresses  
Because they lived on water-cresses,  
And till they learned to cook their crudities,  
Went blind as beetles to their nudities.  
For niceness comes from th' inner side,  
(As an ox is drest before his hide,)  
And when the entrail loathes vulgarity  
The outward man will soon cull rarity,  
For 'tis th' effect of what we eat  
To make a man look like his meat,  
As insects show their food's complexions ;  
Thus fopling clothes are like confections.  
But who, to feed a jaunty coxcomb,  
Would have an Abyssinian ox come ?  
Or serve a dish of fricassees,  
To clodpoles in a coat of frieze ?

Whereas a black would call for buffalo  
 Alive — and, no doubt, eat the offal too.  
 Now, (this premised,) it follows then  
 That certain culinary men  
 Should first go forth with pans and spits  
 To bring the heathens to their wits,  
 (For all wise Scotchmen of our century  
 Know that first steps are alimentary ; [pans  
 And, as we have proved, flesh pots and sauce-  
 Must pave the way for Wilberforce plans ;)  
 But Bunyan erred to think the near gate  
 To take man's soul, was battering Ear gate,  
 When reason should have worked her course  
 As men of war do — when their force  
 Can't take a town by open courage,  
 They steal an entry with its forage.  
 What reverend bishop, for example,  
 Could preach horned Apis from his temple ?  
 Whereas a cook would soon unseat him,  
 And make his own church-wardens eat him.  
 Not Irving could convert those vermin  
 The Anthropophages, by a sermon ;  
 Whereas your Osborne,\* in a trice,  
 Would "take a shin of beef and spice," —  
 And raise them such a savoury smother,  
 No negro would devour his brother,  
 But turn his stomach round as loth  
 As Persians, to the old black broth,—

\* Cook to the late Sir John Banks.

For knowledge oftenest makes an entry,  
As well as true love, thro' the pantry,  
Where beaux that came at first for feeding  
Grow gallant men and get good breeding ;—  
*Exempli gratia*—in the West,  
Ship-traders say there swims a nest  
Lined with black natives, like a rookery,  
But coarse as carrion crows at cookery.—  
This race, though now called O. Y. E.\* men,  
(To show they are more than A. B. C. men,)  
Was once so ignorant of our knacks  
They laid their mats upon their backs,  
And grew their quartern loaves for luncheon  
On trees that baked them in the sunshine.  
As for their bodies, they were coated,  
(For painted things are so denoted ;)  
But, the naked truth is, stark primevals,  
That said their prayers to timber devils,  
Allowed polygamy — dwelt in wig-wams —  
And, when they meant a feast, ate big yams.—  
And why ?— because their savage nook  
Had ne'er been visited by Cook,—  
And so they fared till our great chief,  
Brought them, not Methodists, but beef  
In tubs,— and taught them how to live,  
Knowing it was too soon to give,  
Just then, a homily on their sins,  
(For cooking ends ere grace begins,)

\* [Owhyee.]

Or hand his tracts to the untractable  
 Till they could keep a more exact table —  
 For nature has her proper courses,  
 And wild men must be backed like horses,  
 Which, jockeys know, are never fit  
 For riding till they've had a bit  
 I' the mouth ; but then, with proper tackle,  
 You may trot them to a tabernacle.  
 Ergo (I say) he first made changes  
 In the heathen modes, by kitchen ranges,  
 And taught the king's cook, by convincing  
 Process, that chewing was not mincing,  
 And in her black fist thrust a bundle  
 Of tracts abridged from Glasse and Rundell,  
 Where, ere she had read beyond Welsh rabbits,  
 She saw the sparseness of her habits,  
 And round her loins put on a striped  
 Towel, where fingers might be wiped,  
 And then her breast clothed like her ribs,  
 (For aprons lead of course to bibs,)  
 And, by the time she had got a meat-  
 Screen, veiled her back, too, from the heat —  
 As for her gravies and her sauces,  
 (Tho' they reformed the royal fauces,)  
 Her forcemeats and ragouts,— I praise not,  
 Because the legend further says not,  
 Except, she kept each Christian high-day,  
 And once upon a fat good Fry-day  
 Ran short of logs, and told the Pagan,  
 That turned the spit, to chop up Dagon ! —

“PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE.”

I.

I’LL tell you a story that’s not in Tom Moore:—  
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl’s door:  
So he called upon Lucy—’twas just ten o’clock—  
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double  
knock.

II.

Now a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,  
Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat-tat*:  
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more  
Had questioned the stranger and answered the  
door.

III.

The meeting was bliss; but the parting was woe:  
For the moment will come when such comers  
must go;  
So she kissed him, and whispered—poor inno-  
cent thing—  
“The next time you come, love, pray come with  
a ring.”

### THE MERMAID OF MARGATE.

" Alas ! what perils do environ  
That man who meddles with a siren ! "

HUDIBRAS.

ON Margate beach, where the sick one roams,  
And the sentimental reads ;  
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes —  
Like the ocean — to cast her weeds ; —

Where urchins wander to pick up shells,  
And the Cit to spy at the ships, —  
Like the water gala at Sadler's Wells, —  
And the Chandler for watery dips ; —

There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,  
As lovely and fair as sin !  
But woe, deep water and woe to him,  
That she snareth like Peter Fin !

Her head is crowned with pretty sea-wares,  
And her locks are golden and loose :  
And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,  
To stand, of course, in her shoes !

And, all day long, she combeth them well,  
With a sea-shark's prickly jaw ;  
And her mouth is just like a rose-lipped shell,  
The fairest that man e'er saw !

And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be,  
Hath planted his seat by her side ;  
" Good even, fair maid ! Is thy lover at sea,  
To make thee so watch the tide ? "

She turned about with her pearly brows,  
And clasped him by the hand ;  
" Come, love, with me ; I 've a bonny house  
On the golden Goodwin Sand."

And then she gave him a siren kiss,  
No honeycomb e'er was sweeter :  
Poor wretch ! how little he dreamt for this  
That Peter should be salt-Peter :

And away with her prize to the wave she leapt,  
Not walking, as damsels do,  
With toe and heel, as she ought to have stept,  
But she hopt like a Kangaroo ;

One plunge, and then the victim was blind,  
Whilst they galloped across the tide ;  
At last, on the bank he waked in his mind,  
And the beauty was by his side.

One half on the sand, and half in the sea,  
But his hair all began to stiffen ;  
For when he looked where her feet should be,  
She had no more feet than Miss Biffen !

But a scaly tail, of a dolphin's growth,  
In the dabbling brine did soak :  
At last she opened her pearly mouth,  
Like an oyster, and thus she spoke :

" You crimpt my father, who was a skate ; —  
And my sister you sold — a maid ;  
So here remain for a fishlike fate,  
For lost you are, and betrayed ! "

And away she went, with a sea-gull's scream,  
And a splash of her saucy tail ;  
In a moment he lost the silvery gleam  
That shone on her splendid mail !

The sun went down with a blood-red flame,  
And the sky grew cloudy and black,  
And the tumbling billows like leap-frog came,  
Each over the other's back !

Ah, me ! it had been a beautiful scene,  
With the safe *terra-firma* round ;  
But the green water hillocks all seemed to him,  
Like those in a churchyard ground ;

And Christians love in the turf to lie,  
Not in watery graves to be ;  
Nay, the very fishes will sooner die  
On the land than in the sea.

•

And whilst he stood, the watery strife  
Encroached on every hand,  
And the ground decreased — his moments of life  
Seemed measured, like Time's, by sand ;

And still the waters foamed in, like ale,  
In front, and on either flank,  
He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,  
There was such a run on the bank.

A little more, and a little more,  
The surges came tumbling in ;  
He sang the evening hymn twice o'er,  
And thought of every sin !

Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,  
As cold as his marble slab ;  
And he thought he felt in every part,  
The pincers of scalded crab.

The squealing lobsters that he had boiled,  
And the little potted shrimps,  
All the horny prawns he had ever spoiled,  
Gnawed into his soul, like imps !

And the billows were wandering to and fro,  
And the glorious sun was sunk,  
And Day, getting black in the face, as though  
Of the nightshade she had drunk !

Had there been but a smuggler's cargo adrift,  
One tub, or keg, to be seen ;  
It might have given his spirits a lift  
Or an *anker* where *Hope* might lean !

But there was not a box or a beam afloat,  
To raft him from that sad place ;  
Not a skiff, nor a yawl, or a mackerel boat,  
Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,  
He saw a sail and a mast,  
And called " Ahoy ! " — but it was not a hoy,  
And so the vessel went past.

And with saucy wing that flapped in his face,  
The wild bird about him flew,  
With a shrilly scream, that twitted his case,  
" Why, thou art a sea-gull too ! "

And lo ! the tide was over his feet ;  
O ! his heart began to freeze,  
And slowly to pulse : — in another beat  
The wave was up to his knees !

He was deafened amidst the mountain tops,  
And the salt spray blinded his eyes,  
And washed away the other salt drops  
That grief had caused to arise : —

But just as his body was all afloat,  
And the surges above him broke,  
He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat,  
Of Deal — (but builded of oak.)

The skipper gave him a dram, as he lay,  
And chafed his shivering skin ;  
And the Angel returned that was flying away  
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#### THE LADY AT SEA.

Cables entangling her,  
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Ropes, sure of strangling her ;  
Blocks over-dangling her ;  
Tiller to batter her,  
Topmast to shatter her,  
Tobacco to spatter her ;  
Boreas blustering,  
Boatswain quite flustering,  
Thunder-clouds mustering

To blast her with sulphur —  
If the deep don't ingulph her ;  
Sometimes fear's scrutiny  
Pries out a mutiny,  
Sniffs conflagration,  
Or hints at starvation : —  
All the sea dangers,  
Buccaneers, rangers,  
Pirates, and Sallee-men,  
Algerine galley-men,  
Tornadoes and typhons,  
And horrible siphons,  
And submarine travels  
Thro' roaring sea-navels ;  
Every thing wrong enough,  
Long-boat not long enough,  
Vessel not strong enough ;  
Pitch marring frippery,  
The deck very slippery,  
And the cabin — built sloping,  
The Captain a-toping,  
And the Mate a blasphemmer,  
That names his Redeemer —  
With inward uneasiness ;  
The cook, known by greasiness,  
The victuals beslubbered,  
Her bed — in a cupboard ;  
Things of strange christening,  
Snatched in her listening,  
Blue lights and red lights,

And mention of dead lights,  
And shrouds made a theme of,  
Things horrid to dream of,—  
And *buoys* in the water  
To fear all exhort her :  
Her friend no Leander ;  
Herself no sea gander,  
And ne'er a cork jacket  
On board of the packet ;  
The breeze still a-stiffening,  
The trumpet quite deafening ;  
Thoughts of repentance,  
And doomsday and sentence ;  
Every thing sinister,  
Not a church minister,—  
Pilot a blunderer,  
Coral reefs under her,  
Ready to sunder her ;  
Trunks tipsy-topsoy,  
The ship in a dropsy ;  
Waves oversurging her,  
Sirens a dirgeing her,  
Sharks all expecting her,  
Sword-fish dissecting her,  
Crabs with their hand-vices  
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 Was a Bashaw — Bashaws have horses' tails.

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 'Tis rumoured he had strangled his own  
 mother —  
 Howbeit such deeds of darkness he had done,  
 'Tis thought he would have slain his elder  
 brother  
 And sister too — but happily that none  
 Did live within *harm's* length of one another,  
 Else he had sent the Sun in all its blaze  
 To endless night, and shortened the Moon's days.

And Christians love in the turf to lie,  
Not in watery graves to be ;  
Nay, the very fishes will sooner die  
On the land than in the sea.

•

And whilst he stood, the watery strife  
Encroached on every hand,  
And the ground decreased — his moments of life  
Seemed measured, like Time's, by sand ;

And still the waters foamed in, like ale,  
In front, and on either flank,  
He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,  
There was such a run on the bank.

A little more, and a little more,  
The surges came tumbling in ;  
He sang the evening hymn twice o'er,  
And thought of every sin !

Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,  
As cold as his marble slab ;  
And he thought he felt in every part,  
The pincers of scalded crab.

The squealing lobsters that he had boiled,  
And the little potted shrimps,  
All the horny prawns he had ever spoiled,  
Gnawed into his soul, like imps !

And the billows were wandering to and fro,  
And the glorious sun was sunk,  
And Day, getting black in the face, as though  
Of the nightshade she had drunk !

Had there been but a smuggler's cargo adrift,  
One tub, or keg, to be seen ;  
It might have given his spirits a lift  
Or an *anker* where *Hope* might lean !

But there was not a box or a beam afloat,  
To raft him from that sad place ;  
Not a skiff, nor a yawl, or a mackerel boat,  
Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,  
He saw a sail and a mast,  
And called " Ahoy ! "— but it was not a hoy,  
And so the vessel went past.

And with saucy wing that flapped in his face,  
The wild bird about him flew,  
With a shrilly scream, that twitted his case,  
" Why, thou art a sea-gull too ! "

And lo ! the tide was over his feet ;  
O ! his heart began to freeze,  
And slowly to pulse : — in another beat  
The wave was up to his knees !

He was deafened amidst the mountain tops,  
And the salt spray blinded his eyes,  
And washed away the other salt drops  
That grief had caused to arise : —

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And the surges above him broke,  
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 And sister too — but happily that none  
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 To endless night, and shortened the Moon's days.

Despotic power, that mars a weak man's wit,  
And makes a bad man — absolutely bad,  
Made Ali wicked — to a fault : — 'tis fit  
Monarchs should have some check-strings ; but  
he had  
No curb upon his will — no, not a *bit* —  
Wherefore he did not reign well — and full  
glad  
His slaves had been to hang him — but they fal-  
tered,  
And let him live unchanged — and still unaltered.

Until he got a sage bush of a beard,  
Wherein an Attic owl might roost — a trail  
Of bristly hair — that, honoured and unsheared,  
Grew downward like old women and cow's tail :  
Being a sign of age — some gray appeared,  
Mingling with duskier brown its warnings pale ;  
But yet not so poetic as when Time  
Comes like Jack Frost, and whitens it in rime.

Ben Ali took the hint, and much did vex  
His royal bosom that he had no son,  
No living child of the more noble sex,  
To stand in his Morocco shoes — not one  
To make a negro-pollard — or tread necks  
When he was gone — doomed, when his days  
were done,  
To leave the very city of his fame  
Without an Ali to keep up his name.



Therefore he chose a lady for his love,  
 Singling from out the herd one stag-eyed dear;  
 So called, because her lustrous eyes, above  
 All eyes, were dark, and timorous, and clear;  
 Then through his Muftis piously he strove,  
 And drummed with proxy-prayers Mohammed's  
 ear,  
 Knowing a boy for certain must come out of it,  
 Or else he was not praying to his *Profit*.

Beer will grow *mothery*, and ladies fair [dame :  
 Will grow like beer; so did that stag-eyed  
 Ben Ali, hoping for a son and heir,  
*Boged* up his hopes, and even chose a name  
 Of mighty hero that his child should bear;  
 He made so certain ere his chicken came :  
 But oh ! all worldly wit is little worth,  
 Nor knoweth what to-morrow will bring forth.

To-morrow came, and with to-morrow's sun  
 A little daughter to this world of sins,  
*Miss*-fortunes never come alone — so one  
 Brought on another, like a pair of twins :  
 Twins ! female twins ! — it was enough to stun  
 Their little wits and scare them from their skins,  
 To hear their father stamp, and curse and swear,  
 Pulling his beard because he had no heir.

Then strove their stag-eyed mother to calm down  
 This his parental rage, and thus address :

“O! Most Serene! why dost thou stamp and frown,

And box the compass of the royal chest?  
Ah! thou wilt mar that portly trunk, I own  
I love to gaze on! — Pr’ythee, thou hadst best  
Pocket thy fists. Nay, love, if you so thin  
Your beard, you’ll want a wig upon your chin!”

But not her words, or even her tears, could slack  
The quicklime of his rage, that hotter grew:  
He called his slaves to bring an ample sack  
Wherein a woman might be *poked* — a few  
Dark grimly men felt pity and looked black  
At this sad order; but their slaveships knew  
When any dared demur, his sword so bending  
Cut off the “head and front of their offending.”

For Ali had a sword, much like himself,  
A crooked blade, guilty of human gore —  
The trophies it had lopped from many an elf  
Were stuck at his *head-quarters* by the score —  
Nor yet in peace he laid it on the shelf,  
But jested with it, and his wit cut sore;  
So that (as they of Public Houses speak)  
He often did his dozen *butts* a week.

Therefore his slaves, with most obedient fears,  
Came with the sack the lady to inclose;  
In vain from her stag-eyes “the big round tears  
Coursed one another down her innocent nose;”

In vain her tongue wept sorrow in their ears ;  
Though there were some felt willing to oppose,  
Yet when their heads came in their heads, that  
minute,  
Though 'twas a piteous *case*, they put her in it.

And when the sack was tied, some two or three  
Of these black undertakers slowly brought her  
To a kind of Moorish Serpentine ; for she  
Was doomed to have a *winding-sheet of water*.  
Then farewell, earth — farewell to the green  
tree —  
Farewell, the sun — the moon — each little  
daughter !

She's shot from off the shoulders of a black,  
Like a bag of Wall's-End from a coalman's back.

The waters oped, and the wide sack full-filled  
All that the waters oped, as down it fell ;  
Then closed the wave, and then the surface rilled  
A ring above her, like a water-knell ;  
A moment more, and all its face was stilled,  
And not a guilty heave was left to tell  
That underneath its calm and blue transparence  
A dame lay drowned in her sack, like Clarence.

But Heaven beheld, and awful witness bore,  
The moon in black eclipse deceased that night,  
Like Desdemona smothered by the Moor  
The lady's natal star with pale affright

Fainted and fell — and what were stars before,  
Turned comets as the tail was brought to light;  
And all looked downward on the fatal wave,  
And made their own reflections on her grave.

Next night, a head — a little lady head,  
Pushed through the waters a most glassy face,  
With weedy tresses, thrown apart and spread,  
Combed by 'live ivory, to show the space  
Of a pale forehead, and two eyes that shed  
A soft blue mist, breathing a bloomy grace  
Over their sleepy lids — and so she raised  
Her *aqualine* nose above the stream, and gazed.

She oped her lips — lips of a gentle blush,  
So pale it seemed near drowned to a white,—  
She oped her lips, and forth there sprang a gush  
Of music bubbling through the surface light;  
The leaves are motionless, the breezes hush  
To listen to the air — and through the night  
There come these words of a most plaintive  
ditty,  
Sobbing as they would break all hearts with  
pity:

## THE WATER PERI'S SONG.

Farewell, farewell, to my mother's own daughter,  
The child that she wet-nursed is lapped in the  
wave

The *Mussulman* coming to fish in this water,  
Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her  
grave.

This sack is her coffin, this water's her bier,  
This grayish *bath* cloak is her funeral pall,  
And, stranger, O stranger! this song that you  
hear  
Is her epitaph, elegy, dirges, and all!

Farewell, farewell, to the child of Al Hassan,  
My mother's own daughter — the last of her  
race —  
She's a corpse, the poor body! and lies in this  
basin,  
And sleeps in the water that washes her face.

## A LEGEND OF NAVARRE.

## I.

'Twas in the reign of Lewis, called the Great,  
As one may read on his triumphal arches,  
The thing befell I'm going to relate,  
In course of one of those "pomposo" marches  
He loved to make, like any gorgeous Persian,  
Partly for war, and partly for diversion.

## II.

Some wag had put it in the royal brain  
To drop a visit at an old chateau,  
Quite unexpected, with his courtly train ;  
The monarch liked it,— but it happened so,  
That Death had got before them by a post,  
And they were “reckoning without their *host*,”

## III.

Who died exactly as a child should die,  
Without one groan or a convulsive breath,  
Closing without one pang his quiet eye,  
Sliding composedly from sleep — to death ;  
A corpse so placid ne’er adorned a bed,  
He seemed not quite — but only rather dead.

## IV.

All night the widowed Baroness contrived  
To shed a widow’s tears ; but on the morrow  
Some news of such unusual sort arrived,  
There came strange alteration in her sorrow ;  
From mouth to mouth it passed, one common  
humming [coming !  
Throughout the house — the King ! the King is

## V.

The Baroness, with all her soul and heart,  
A loyal woman, (now called ultra royal,)  
Soon thrust all funeral concerns apart,  
And only thought about a banquet royal ;

In short, by aid of earnest preparation,  
The visit quite dismissed the visitation.

## VI.

And, spite of all her grief for the ex-mate,  
There was a secret hope she could not  
smother,  
That some one, early, might replace "the late" —  
It was too soon to think about another ;  
Yet let her minutes of despair be reckoned  
Against her hope, which was but for *a second*.

## VII.

She almost thought that being thus bereft  
Just then, was one of time's propitious  
touches ;  
A thread in such a nick so nicked, it left  
Free opportunity to be a duchess ;  
Thus all her care was only to look pleasant,  
But as for tears — she dropped them — for the  
present.

## VIII.

Her household, as good servants ought to try,  
Looked like their lady — any thing but sad,  
And giggled even that they might not cry,  
To damp fine company ; in truth they had  
No time to mourn, through choking turkeys'  
throats,  
Scouring old laces, and reviewing bottles.

## IX.

O what a hubbub for the house of woe !  
All, resolute to one irresolution,  
Kept tearing, swearing, plunging to and fro,  
Just like another French mob-revolution.  
There lay the corpse that could not stir a muscle,  
But all the rest seemed Chaos in a bustle.

## X.

The Monarch came : O ! who could ever guess  
The Baroness had been so late a weeper !  
The kingly grace and more than graciousness,  
Buried the poor defunct some fathoms deep—  
er,—  
Could he have had a glance — alas, poor Being !  
Seeing would certainly have led to *D*—ing.

## XI.

For casting round about her eyes to find  
Some one to whom her chattels to indorse,  
The comfortable dame at last inclined  
To choose the cheerful Master of the Horse ;  
He was so gay,—so tender,—the complete  
Nice man,—the sweetest of the monarch's suite.

## XII.

He saw at once and entered in the lists —  
Glance unto glance made amorous replies ;  
They talked together like two egotists,  
In conversation all made up of *eyes* :

---

No couple ever got so right consort-ish  
Within two hours — a courtship rather shortish.

## XIII.

At last, some sleepy, some by wine opprest,  
The courtly company began "nïd noddin ;"  
The King first sought his chamber, and the rest  
Instanter followed by the course he trod in.  
I shall not please the scandalous by showing  
The order, or disorder of their going.

## XIV

The old Chateau, before that night, had never  
Held half so many underneath its roof ;  
It tasked the Baroness's best endeavour,  
And put her best contrivance to the proof,  
To give them chambers up and down the stairs,  
In twos and threes, by singles, and by pairs.

## XV.

She had just lodging for the whole — yet barely ;  
And some, that were both broad of back and tall,  
Lay on spare beds that served them very sparsely ;  
However, there were beds enough for all ;  
But living bodies occupied so many,  
She could not let the dead one take up any !

## XVI.

The act was, certainly, not over decent : [him,  
Some small respect, e'en after death, she owed

Considering his death had been so recent ;  
However, by command, her servants stowed  
him,  
(I am ashamed to think how he was slubbered,)  
Stuck bolt upright within a corner cupboard !

## XVII.

And there he slept as soundly as a post,  
With no more pillow than an oaken shelf ;  
Just like a kind accommodating host,  
Taking all inconvenience on himself ;  
None else slept in that room, except a stranger,  
A decent man, a sort of Forest Ranger.

## XVIII.

Who, whether he had gone too soon to bed,  
Or dreamt himself into an appetite,  
Howbeit, he took a longing to be fed,  
About the hungry middle of the night ;  
So getting forth, he sought some scrap to eat,  
Hopeful of some stray pasty, or cold meat.

## XIX.

The casual glances of the midnight moon,  
Brightening some antique ornaments of brass,  
Guided his gropings to that corner soon,  
Just where it stood, the coffin-safe, alas !  
He tried the door — then shook it — and in  
course  
Of time it opened to a little force.

## XX.

He put one hand in, and began to grope ;  
The place was very deep, and quite as dark as  
The middle night ; — when lo ! beyond his hope,  
He felt a something cold,—in fact, the carcase ;  
Right overjoyed, he laughed, and blest his luck  
At finding, as he thought, this haunch of buck !

## XXI.

Then striding back for his couteau de chasse,  
Determined on a little midnight lunching,  
He came again and probed about the mass,  
As if to find the fattest bit for munching ;  
Not meaning wastefully to cut it all up,  
But only to abstract a little collop.

## XXII.

But just as he had struck one greedy stroke,  
His hand fell down quite powerless and weak ;  
For when he cut the haunch it plainly spoke  
As haunch of venison never ought to speak ;  
No wonder that his hand could go no further —  
Whose could ? — to carve cold meat that bellowed,  
“ murder ! ”

## XXIII.

Down came the Body with a bounce, and down  
The Ranger sprang, a staircase at a spring,  
And bawled enough to waken up a town ;

Some thought that *they* were murdered, some,  
the King,  
And, like Macduff, did nothing for a season,  
But stand upon the spot and bellow, "Treason!"

## XXIV.

A hundred nightcaps gathered in a mob,  
Torches drew torches, swords brought swords  
together,  
It seemed so dark and perilous a job;  
The Baroness came trembling like a feather  
Just in the rear, as pallid as a corse,  
Leaning against the Master of the Horse.

## XXV.

A dozen of the bravest up the stair, [ber;  
Well lighted and well watched, began to clam-  
They sought the door—they found it—they  
were there,  
A dozen heads went poking in the chamber;  
And lo! with one hand planted on his hurt,  
There stood the Body bleeding thro' his shirt,—

## XXVI.

No passive corse—but like a duellist  
Just smarting from a scratch—in fierce position,  
One hand advanced, and ready to resist;  
In fact, the Baron doffed the apparition,  
Swearing those oaths the French delight in most,  
And for the second time "gave up the ghost!"

## XXVII.

A living miracle ! — for why ? — the knife  
That cuts so many off from grave gray hairs,  
Had only carved him kindly into life :  
How soon it changed the posture of affairs !  
The difference one person more or less  
Will make in families, is past all guess.

## XXVIII.

There stood the Baroness — no widow yet :  
Here stood the Baron — “ in the body ” still :  
There stood the Horses’ Master in a pet,  
Choking with disappointment’s bitter pill,  
To see the hope of his reversion fail,  
Like that of riding on a donkey’s tail.

## XXIX.

The Baron lived — ’twas nothing but a trance :  
The lady died — ’twas nothing but a death :  
The cupboard-cut served only to enhance  
This postscript to the old Baronial breath : —  
He soon forgave, for the revival’s sake,  
A little *chop* intended for a *steak* !

## A TRUE STORY.

OF all our pains, since man was curst,  
 I mean of body, not the mental,  
 To name the worst, among the worst,  
 The dental sure is transcendental ;  
 Some bit of masticating bone,  
 That ought to help to clear a shelf,  
 But let its proper work alone,  
 And only seems to gnaw itself ;  
 In fact, of any grave attack  
 On victuals there is little danger,  
 'Tis so like coming to the *rack*,  
 As well as going to the manger.

Old Hunks — it seemed a fit retort  
 Of justice on his grinding ways —  
 Possessed a grinder of the sort,  
 That troubled all his latter days.  
 The best of friends fall out, and so  
 His teeth had done some years ago,  
 Save some old stumps with ragged root,  
 And they took turn about to shoot ;  
 If he drank any chilly liquor,  
 They made it quite a point to throb ;  
 But if he warmed it on the hob,  
 Why then they only twitched the quicker.

One tooth — I wonder such a tooth  
Had never killed him in his youth —  
One tooth he had with many fangs,  
That shot at once as many pangs,  
It had an universal sting ;  
One touch of that extatic stump  
Could jerk his limbs, and make him jump,  
Just like a puppet on a string ;  
And what was worse than all, it had  
A way of making others bad.  
There is, as many know, a knack,  
With certain farming undertakers,  
And this same tooth pursued their track,  
By adding *achers* still to *achers* !

One way there is, that has been judged  
A certain cure, but Hunks was loth  
To pay the fee, and quite begrudged  
To lose his tooth and money both ;  
In fact, a dentist and the wheel  
Of Fortune are a kindred cast,  
For after all is drawn, you feel  
Its paying for a blank at last ;  
So Hunks went on from week to week,  
And kept his torment in his cheek ;  
Oh ! how it sometimes set him rocking,  
With that perpetual gnaw — gnaw — gnaw,  
His moans and groans were truly shocking  
And loud — altho' he held his jaw.  
Many a tug he gave his gum,  
And tooth, but still it would not come,

Tho' tied by string to some firm thing,  
He could not draw it, do his best,  
By drawers, altho' he tried a chest.

At last, but after much debating,  
He joined a score of mouths in waiting,  
Like his, to have their troubles out.  
Sad sight it was to look about  
At twenty faces making faces,  
With many a rampant trick and antic,  
For all were very horrid cases,  
And made their owners nearly frantic.  
A little wicket now and then  
Took one of these unhappy men,  
And out again the victim rushed,  
While eyes and mouth together gushed ;  
At last arrived our hero's turn,  
Who plunged his hands in both his pockets,  
And down he sat prepared to learn  
How teeth are charmed to quit their sockets.

Those who have felt such operations,  
Alone can guess the sort of ache,  
When his old tooth began to break  
The thread of old associations ;  
It touched a string in every part,  
It had so many tender ties ;  
One chord seemed wrenching at his heart,  
And two were tugging at his eyes ;  
" Bone of his bone," he felt of course,  
As husbands do in such divorce ;

At last the fangs gave way a little,  
 Hunks gave his head a backward jerk,  
 And lo ! the cause of all this work,  
 Went — where it used to send his victual !  
 The monstrous pain of this proceeding  
 Had not so numbed his miser wit,  
 But in this slip he saw a hit  
 To save, at least, his purse from bleeding ;  
 So when the dentist sought his fees,  
 Quoth Hunks, “ Let ’s finish, if you please.”  
 “ How, finish ! why it ’s out ! ” — “ Oh ! no —  
 I ’m none of your beforehand tippers,  
 ’Tis you are out, to argue so ;  
 My tooth is in my head no doubt,  
 But as you say you pulled it out,  
 Of course it ’s there — between your nippers.”  
 “ Zounds ! sir, d’ye think I ’d sell the truth  
 To get a fee ? no, wretch, I scorn it.”  
 But Hunks still asked to see the tooth,  
 And swore by gum ! he had not drawn it.  
 His end obtained, he took his leave,  
 A secret chuckle in his sleeve ;  
 The joke was worthy to produce one,  
 To think, by favour of his wit,  
 How well a dentist had been bit  
 By one old stump, and that a loose one !

The thing was worth a laugh, but mirth  
 Is still the frailest thing on earth :  
 Alas ! how often when a joke

Seems in our sleeve, and safe enough,  
There comes some unexpected stroke,  
And hangs a weeper on the cuff!  
Hunks had not whistled half a mile,  
When, planted right against a stile,  
There stood his foeman, Mike Mahoney,  
A vagrant reaper, Irish-born,  
That helped to reap our miser's corn,  
But had not helped to reap his money,  
A fact that Hunks remembered quickly;  
His whistle all at once was quelled,  
And when he saw how Michael held  
His sickle, he felt rather sickly.

Nine souls in ten, with half his fright,  
Would soon have paid the bill at sight,  
But misers (let observers watch it)  
Will never part with their delight  
Till well demanded by a hatchet —  
They live hard — and they die to match it.  
Thus Hunks prepared for Mike's attacking,  
Resolved not yet to pay the debt,  
But let him take it out in hacking;  
However, Mike began to stickle  
In word before he used the sickle;  
But mercy was not long attendant:  
From words at last he took to blows  
And aimed a cut at Hunks's nose;  
That made it what some folks are not —  
A member very independent.

Heaven knows how far this cruel trick  
Might still have led, but for a tramper  
That came in danger's very nick,  
To put Mahoney to the scamper.  
But still compassion met a damper ;  
There lay the severed nose, alas !  
Beside the daisies on the grass,  
" Wee, crimson-tipt " as well as they,  
According to the poet's lay :  
And there stood Hunks, no sight for laughter !  
Away ran Hodge to get assistance,  
With nose in hand, which Hunks ran after,  
But somewhat at unusual distance.  
In many a little country place  
It is a very common case  
To have but one residing doctor,  
Whose practice rather seems to be  
No practice, but a rule of three,  
Physician — surgeon — drug-decocter ;  
Thus Hunks was forced to go once more  
Where he had ta'en his tooth before.  
His mere name made the learned man hot,—  
" What ! Hunks again within my door !  
I'll pull his nose ; " quoth Hunks, " You  
cannot."

The doctor looked and saw the case  
Plain as the nose *not* on his face.  
" O ! hum — ha — yes — I understand."  
But then arose a long demur,

For not a finger would he stir  
Till he was paid his fee in hand ;  
That matter settled, there they were,  
With Hunks well strapped upon his chair.

The opening of a surgeon's job —  
His tools, a chestful or a drawerful —  
Are always something very awful,  
And give the heart the strangest throb ;  
But never patient in his funks  
Looked half so like a ghost as Hunks,  
Or surgeon half so like a devil  
Prepared for some infernal revel :  
His huge black eye kept rolling, rolling,  
Just like a bolus in a box,  
His fury seemed above controlling,  
He bellowed like a hunted ox :  
“ Now, swindling wretch, I 'll show thee how  
We treat such cheating knaves as thou ;  
Oh ! sweet is this revenge to sup ;  
I have thee by the nose—it's now  
My turn —and I will turn it up.”

Guess how the miser liked this scurvy  
And cruel way of venting passion ;  
The snubbing folks in this new fashion  
Seemed quite to turn him topsy turvy ;  
He uttered prayers, and groans, and curses,  
For things had often gone amiss  
And wrong with him before, but this

Would be the worst of all *reverses* !  
In fancy he beheld his snout  
Turned upward like a pitcher's spout ;  
There was another grievance yet,  
And fancy did not fail to show it,  
That he must throw a summerset,  
Or stand upon his head to blow it.  
And was there then no argument  
To change the doctor's vile intent,  
And move his pity ? — yes, in truth,  
And that was — paying for the tooth.  
"Zounds ! pay for such a stump ! I'd rather —  
But here the menace went no farther,  
For with his other ways of pinching,  
Hunks had a miser's love of snuff,  
A recollection strong enough  
To cause a very serious flinching ;  
In short, he paid, and had the feature  
Replaced as it was meant by nature ;  
For tho' by this 'twas cold to handle,  
(No corpse's could have felt more horrid,)  
And white just like an end of candle,  
The doctor deemed and proved it too,  
That noses from the nose will do  
As well as noses from the forehead ;  
So, fixed by dint of rag and lint,  
The part was bandaged up and muffled.  
The chair unfastened, Hunks arose,  
And shuffled out, for once unshuffled ;  
And as he went these words he snuffled —  
" Well, this *is* ' paying through the nose.' "

## THE MONKEY-MARTYR.

## A FABLE.

"God help thee, said I, but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get to the door."

STERNE.

'Tis strange, what awkward figures and odd capers  
Folks cut, who seek their doctrine from the papers ;

But there are many shallow politicians  
Who take their bias from bewildered journals —  
Turn state-physicians,  
And make themselves fools'-caps of the diurnals.

One of this kind, not human, but a monkey,  
Had read himself at last to this sour creed —  
That he was nothing but Oppression's flunkey,  
And man a tyrant over all his breed.

He could not read

Of niggers whipt, or over-trampled weavers,  
But he applied their wrongs to his own seed,  
And nourished thoughts that threw him into fevers.  
His very dreams were full of martial beavers,  
And drilling Pugs, for liberty pugnacious,  
To sever chains vexatious :

In fact, he thought that all his injured line  
 Should take up pikes in hand, and never drop  
     'em  
 Till they had cleared a road to Freedom's shrine,—  
 Unless perchance the turnpike men should stop  
     'em.

Full of this rancour,  
 Pacing one day beside St. Clement Danes  
     It came into his brains  
 To give a look in at the Crown and Anchor ;  
 Where certain solemn sages of the nation  
 Were at that moment in deliberation  
 How to relieve the wide world of its chains,  
     Pluck despots down,  
     And thereby crown  
 Whitee- as well as blackee-man-cipation.  
 Pug heard the speeches with great approbation,  
 And gazed with pride upon the Liberators ;  
     To see mere coal-heavers  
     Such perfect Bolivars —  
 Waiters of inns sublimed to innovators,  
 And slaters dignified as legislators —  
 Small publicans demanding (such their high  
     sense  
 Of liberty) an universal license —  
 And pattern-makers easing Freedom's clogs —  
     The whole thing seemed  
     So fine, he deemed  
 The smallest demagogues as great as Gogs !

Pug, with some curious notions in his noddle,  
Walked out at last, and turned into the Strand,  
To the left hand,

Conning some portion of the previous twaddle,  
And striding with a step that seemed designed  
To represent the mighty March of Mind,

Instead of that slow waddle  
Of thought, to which our ancestors inclined —  
No wonder, then, that he should quickly find  
He stood in front of that intrusive pile,

Where Cross keeps many a kind  
Of bird confined,  
And free-born animal, in durance vile —  
A thought that stirred up all the monkey-bile !

The window stood ajar —  
It was not far,  
Nor, like Parnassus, very hard to climb —  
The hour was verging on the supper-time,  
And many a growl was sent through many a  
bar.

Meanwhile Pug scrambled upward like a tar,  
And soon crept in,  
Unnoticed in the din

Of tuneless throats, that made the attics ring  
With all the harshest notes that they could  
bring ;

For like the Jews,  
Wild beasts refuse  
In midst of their captivity — to sing.

Lord ! how it made him chafe,  
 Full of his new emancipating zeal,  
 To look around upon this brute-bastile,  
 And see the king of creatures in — a safe !  
 The desert's denizen in one small den,  
 Swallowing slavery's most bitter pills —  
 A bear in bars unbearable. And then  
 The fretful porcupine, with all its quills,

Imprisoned in a pen !  
 A tiger limited to four feet ten ;  
 And, still worse lot,  
 A leopard to one spot,  
 An elephant enlarged,  
 But not discharged ;

(It was before the elephant was shot ;)  
 A doleful wanderer, that wandered not ;  
 An ounce much disproportioned to his pound.

Pug's wrath waxed hot  
 To gaze upon these captive creatures round ;  
 Whose claws — all scratching — gave him full as-  
 surance  
 They found their durance vile of vile endurance.

He went above — a solitary mounter  
 Up gloomy stairs — and saw a pensive group  
 Of hapless fowls —  
 Cranes, vultures, owls,  
 In fact, it was a sort of Poultry-Compter,  
 Where feathered prisoners were doomed to droop ;  
 Here sat an eagle, forced to make a stoop,

Not from the skies, but his impending roof ;  
    And there aloof,  
A pining ostrich, moping in a coop ;  
With other samples of the bird creation,  
All caged against their powers and their wills,  
And cramped in such a space, the longest bills  
Were plainly bills of least accommodation.  
In truth, it was a very ugly scene  
To fall to any liberator's share,  
To see those winged fowls, that once had been  
Free as the wind, no freer than fixed air.

    His temper little mended,  
Pug, from this Bird-cage Walk at last descended  
    Unto the lion and the elephant,  
    His bosom in a pant  
To see all nature's Free List thus suspended,  
And beasts deprived of what she had intended.  
    They could not even prey  
    In their own way ;  
A hardship always reckoned quite prodigious.  
    Thus he revolved —  
    And soon resolved  
To give them freedom, civil and religious.

That night, there were no country cousins, raw  
From Wales to view the lion and his kin :  
The keeper's eyes were fixed upon a saw ;  
The saw was fixed upon a bullock's shin :  
    Meanwhile with stealthy paw,

---

Pug hastened to withdraw  
The bolt that kept the king of brutes within.  
Now, monarch of the forest ! thou shalt win  
Precious enfranchisement — thy bolts are undone ;  
Thou art no longer a degraded creature,  
But loose to roam with liberty and nature ;  
And free of all the jungles about London —  
All Hampstead's heathy desert lies before thee !  
Methinks I see thee bound from Cross's ark,  
Full of the native instinct that comes o'er thee,  
And turn a ranger  
Of Hounslow Forest, and the Regent's Park —  
Thin Rhodes's cows — the mail-coach steeds en-  
danger —  
And gobble parish watchmen after dark : —  
Methinks I see thee, with the early lark,  
Stealing to Merlin's cave — (*thy* cave) — Alas,  
That such bright visions should not come to pass !  
Alas for freedom, and for freedom's hero !  
Alas, for liberty of life and limb !  
For Pug had only half unbolted Nero,  
When Nero *bolted him* !

## CRANIOLOGY.

'Tis strange how like a very dunce,  
 Man — with his bumps upon his sconce,  
 Has lived so long, and yet no knowledge he  
 Has had, till lately, of Phrenology —  
 A science that by simple dint of  
 Head-combing he should find a hint of,  
 When scratching o'er those little poll-hills,  
 The faculties throw up like mole-hills; —  
 A science that, in very spite  
 Of all his teeth, ne'er came to light,  
 For tho' he knew his skull had *grinders*,  
 Still there turned up no *organ* finders,  
 Still sages wrote, and ages fled,  
 And no man's head came in his head —  
 Not even the pate of Erra Pater,  
 Knew aught about its pia mater.  
 At last great Dr. Gall bestirs him —  
 I don't know but it might be Spurzheim —  
 Tho' native of a dull and slow land,  
 And makes partition of our Poll-land;  
 At our Acquisitiveness guesses,  
 And all those necessary *nesses*  
 Indicative of human habits,  
 All burrowing in the head like rabbits.

Thus Veneration, he made known,  
Had got a lodging at the Crown :  
And Music (see Deville's example)  
A set of chambers in the Temple :  
That Language taught the tongues close by,  
And took in pupils thro' the eye,  
Close by his neighbour Computation,  
Who taught the eyebrows numeration.

The science thus — to speak in fit  
Terms — having struggled from its nit,  
Was seized on by a swarm of Scotchmen,  
Those scientific hotch-potch men,  
Who have at least a penny dip  
And wallop in all doctorship,  
Just as in making broth they smatter  
By bobbing twenty things in water :  
These men, I say, made quick appliance  
And close, to phrenologic science :  
For of all learned themes whatever  
That schools and colleges deliver,  
There's none they love so near the bodles,  
As analyzing their own noddles,  
Thus in a trice each northern blockhead  
Had got his fingers in his shock head,  
And of his bumps was babbling yet worse  
Than poor Miss Capulet's dry wet-nurse ;  
Till having been sufficient rangers  
Of their own heads, they took to strangers'  
And found in Presbyterians' polls  
The things they hated in their souls ;

For Presbyterians hear with passion  
Of organs joined with veneration.  
No kind there was of human pumpkin  
But at its bumps it had a bumpkin ;  
Down to the very lowest gullion,  
And oiliest scull of oily scullion,  
No great man died but this they *did* do,  
They begged his cranium of his widow :  
No murderer died by law disaster,  
But they took off his sconce in plaster ;  
For thereon they could show depending,  
"The head and front of his offending,"  
How that his philanthropic bump  
Was mastered by a baser lump ;  
For every bump (these wags insist)  
Has its direct antagonist,  
Each striving stoutly to prevail,  
Like horses knotted tail to tail ;  
And many a stiff and sturdy battle  
Occurs between these adverse cattle,  
The secret cause, beyond all question,  
Of aches ascribed to indigestion,—  
Whereas 'tis but two knobby rivals  
Tugging together like sheer devils,  
Till one gets mastery good or sinister,  
And comes in like a new prime-minister.

Each bias in some master node is : —  
What takes M'Adam where a road is,  
To hammer little pebbles less ?  
His organ of Destructiveness.

What makes great Joseph so encumber  
 Debate ? a lumping lump of Number :  
 Or Malthus rail at babies so ?  
 The smallness of his Philopro —  
 What severs man and wife ? a simple  
 Defect of the Adhesive pimple :  
 Or makes weak women go astray ?  
 Their bumps are more in fault than they.  
 These facts being found and set in order  
 By grave M. D.'s beyond the Border,  
 To make them for some few months eternal,  
 Were entered monthly in a journal,  
 That many a northern sage still writes in,  
 And throws his little Northern Lights in,  
 And proves and proves about the phrenos,  
 A great deal more than I or he knows.  
 How Music suffers, *par exemple*,  
 By wearing tight hats round the temple ;  
 What ills great boxers have to fear  
 From blisters put behind the ear :  
 And how a porter's Veneration  
 Is hurt by porter's occupation :  
 Whether shillelahs in reality  
 May deaden Individuality :  
 Or tongs and poker be creative  
 Of alterations in the Amative :  
 If falls from scaffolds make us less  
 Inclined to all Constructiveness :  
 With more such matters, all applying  
 To heads — and therefore *headifying*.

## A PARTHIAN GLANCE.

" Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,  
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail."

ROGERS.

COME, my Crony, let's think upon far-away days,  
And lift up a little Oblivion's veil;  
Let's consider the past with a lingering gaze,  
Like a peacock whose eyes are inclined to his  
tail.

Aye, come, let us turn our attention behind,  
Like those critics whose heads are so heavy, I  
fear,  
That they cannot keep up with the march of the  
mind,  
And so turn face about for reviewing the rear.

Looking over Time's crupper and over his tail,  
Oh, what ages and pages there are to revise !  
And as further our back-searching glances prevail,  
Like the emmets, " how little we are in our  
eyes !"

What a sweet pretty innocent, half-a-yard long,  
On a dimity lap of true nursery make !  
I can fancy I hear the old lullaby song  
That was meant to compose me, but kept me  
awake.

Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,  
When my flesh was a cushion for any long  
pin —  
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,  
Oh ! how little they dreamt they were driving  
them in !

Infant sorrows are strong—infant pleasures as  
weak —  
But no grief was allowed to indulge in its  
note ;  
Did you ever attempt a small “bubble and  
squeak,”  
Thro’ the Dalby’s Carminative down in your  
throat ?

Did you ever go up to the roof with a bounce ?  
Did you ever come down to the floor with the  
same ?  
Oh ! I can’t but agree with both ends, and pro-  
nounce  
“Head or tails,” with a child, an unpleasantish  
game ?

Then an urchin — I see myself urchin, indeed,  
With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight :

Why should weeks have an end? — I am sure  
there was need

Of a Sabbath, to follow each Saturday night.

Was your face ever sent to the housemaid to scrub?  
Have you ever felt huckaback softened with  
sand?

Had you ever your nose towelled up to a snub,  
And your eyes knuckled out with the back of  
the hand?

Then a school-boy — my tailor was nothing in  
fault,

For an urchin will grow to a lad by degrees,—  
But how well I remember that "pepper and salt"  
That was down to the elbows, and up to the  
knees!

What a figure it cut when as Norval I spoke!  
With a lanky right leg duly planted before;  
Whilst I told of the chief that was killed by my  
stroke,  
And extended *my* arms as "the arms that he  
wore!"

Next a Lover — Oh! say were you ever in love?  
With a lady too cold — and your bosom too hot?

Have you bowed to a shoe-tie, and knelt to a  
glove?

Like a *beau* that desired to be tied in a knot?

With the Bride all in white, and your body in blue,  
Did you walk up the aisle — the genteelest of  
men?

When I think of that beautiful vision anew,  
Oh! I seem but the *biffin* of what I was then!

I am withered and worn by a premature care,  
And my wrinkles confess the decline of my  
days;  
Old Time's busy hand has made free with my  
hair,  
And I'm seeking to hide it — by writing for  
bays!

## A BUTCHER.

WHO'E'ER has gone thro' London Street,  
Has seen a butcher gazing at his meat,  
And how he keeps  
Gloating upon a sheep's  
Or bullock's personals, as if his own;  
How he admires his halves  
And quarters — and his calves,  
As if in truth upon his own legs grown; —

*His fat ! his suet !*  
*His kidneys peeping elegantly thro' it !*  
*His thick flank !*  
*And his thin !*  
*His shank !*  
*His shin !*  
 Skin of his skin, and bone too of his bone !

With what an air  
 He stands aloof, across the thoroughfare,  
 Gazing — and will not let a body by,  
 Tho' buy ! buy ! buy ! be constantly his cry  
 Meanwhile with arms akimbo, and a pair  
 Of Rhodian legs, he revels in a stare  
 At his Joint Stock — for one may call it so,  
     Howbeit, without a *Co.*  
 The dotage of self-love was never fonder  
 Than he of his brute bodies all a-row ;  
 Narcissus in the wave did never ponder,  
     With love so strong,  
     On his "portrait charmant,"  
 As our vain Butcher on his carcass yonder.

    Look at his sleek round skull !  
 How bright his cheek, how rubicund his nose is  
     His visage seems to be  
     Ripe for beef-tea ;  
 Of brutal juices the whole man is full —  
 In fact, fulfilling the metempsychosis,  
 The butcher is already half a Bull.

“DON'T YOU SMELL FIRE.”

**RUN!**— run for St. Clements's engine!  
 For the Pawnbroker's all in a blaze,  
 And the pledges are frying and singing—  
 Oh! how the poor pawners will craze!  
 Now where can the turncock be drinking?  
 Was there ever so thirsty an elf?—  
 But he still may tope on, for I'm thinking  
 That the plugs are as dry as himself.

The engines!— I hear them come rumbling;  
 There's the Phoenix! the Globe! and the Sun!  
 What a row there will be, and a grumbling,  
 When the water don't start for a run!  
 See! there they come racing and tearing,  
 All the street with loud voices is filled;  
 Oh! it's only the firemen a-swearing  
 At a man they've run over and killed!

How sweetly the sparks fly away now,  
 And twinkle like stars in the sky;  
 It's a wonder the engines don't play now,  
 But I never saw water so shy!

Why there isn't enough for a snipe,  
And the fire it is fiercer, alas !  
Oh ! instead of the New River pipe,  
They have gone — that they have — to the gas.

Only look at the poor little P——'s  
On the roof — is there any thing sadder ?  
My dears, keep fast hold, if you please,  
And they won't be an hour with the ladder !  
But if any one's hot in their feet,  
And in very great haste to be saved,  
Here's a nice easy bit in the street,  
That M'Adam has lately unpaved !

There is some one — I see a dark shape  
At that window, the hottest of all,—  
My good woman, why dont you escape ?  
Never think of your bonnet and shawl :  
If your dress isn't perfect, what is it  
For once in a way to your hurt ?  
When your husband is paying a visit  
There, at Number Fourteen, in his shirt !

Only see how she throws out her *chaney* !  
Her basons, and teapots, and all  
The most brittle of *her* goods — or any,  
But they all break in breaking their fall :  
Such things are not surely the best  
From a two-story window to throw —  
She might save a good iron-bound chest,  
For there's plenty of people below !

O dear ! what a beautiful flash !  
 How it shone thro' the window and door ;  
 We shall soon hear a scream and a crash,  
 When the woman falls thro' with the floor !  
 There ! there ! what a volley of flame,  
 And then suddenly all is obscured ! —  
 Well — I'm glad in my heart that I came ; —  
 But I hope the poor man is insured !

## THE WIDOW.

ONE widow at a grave will sob  
 A little while, and weep, and sigh !  
 If two should meet on such a job,  
 They'll have a gossip by and by.  
 If three should come together — why,  
 Three widows are good company !  
 If four should meet by any chance,  
 Four is a number very nice,  
 To have a rubber in a trice —  
 But five will up and have a dance !

Poor Mrs. C—— (why should I not  
 Declare her name ? — her name was Cross)  
 Was one of those the "common lot"  
 Had left to weep "no common loss : " —  
 For she had lately buried then  
 A man the "very best of men,"

A lingering truth, discovered first  
Whenever men "are at the worst."  
To take the measure of her woe,  
It was some dozen inches deep —  
I mean in crape, and hung so low,  
It hid the drops she did *not* weep :  
In fact, what human life appears,  
It was a perfect "veil of tears."  
Though ever since she lost "her prop  
And stay," — alas ! he wouldn't stay —  
She never had a tear to mop,  
Except one little angry drop,  
From Passion's eye, as Moore would say ;  
Because, when Mister Cross took flight,  
It looked so very like a spite —  
He died upon a washing-day !  
Still Widow Cross went twice a week,  
As if "to wet a widow's cheek,"  
And soothe his grave with sorrow's gravy,—  
'Twas nothing but a make-believe,  
She might as well have hoped to grieve  
Enough of brine to float a navy ;  
And yet she often seemed to raise  
A cambric kerchief to her eye —  
A *duster* ought to be the phrase,  
Its work was all so very dry.  
The springs were locked that ought to flow —  
In England or in widow-woman —  
As those that watch the weather know,  
Such "backward Springs" are not uncommon.

But why did Widow Cross take pains,  
To call upon the "dear remains," —  
Remains that could not tell a jot,  
Whether she ever wept or not,  
Or how his relict took her losses ?  
Oh ! my black ink turns red for shame —  
But still the naughty world must learn,  
There was a little German came  
To shed a tear in "Anna's Urn,"  
At the next grave to Mr. Cross's !  
For there an angel's virtues slept,  
"Too soon did Heaven assert its claim !"  
But still her painted face he kept,  
"Encompassed in an angel's frame."

He looked quite sad and quite deprived,  
His head was nothing but a hat-band ;  
He looked so lone, and so *unwived*,  
That soon the Widow Cross contrived  
To fall in love with even *that* band ;  
And all at once the brackish juices  
Came gushing out thro' sorrow's sluices —  
Tear after tear too fast to wipe,  
Tho' sopped, and sopped, and sopped again —  
No leak in sorrow's private pipe,  
But like a bursting on the main !  
Whoe'er has watched the window-pane —  
I mean to say in showery weather —  
Has seen two little drops of rain,  
Like lovers very fond and fain,

At one another creeping, creeping,  
Till both, at last, embrace together :  
So fared it with that couple's weeping,  
The principle was quite as active —  
    Tear unto tear  
    Kept drawing near,  
Their very blacks became attractive.  
To cut a shortish story shorter,  
Conceive them sitting tête-à-tête —  
Two cups,— hot muffins on a plate,—  
With " Anna's Urn " to hold hot water !  
The brazen vessel for a while,  
Had lectured in an easy song,  
Like Abernethy — on the bile —  
The scalded herb was getting strong ;  
All seemed as smooth as smooth could be,  
To have a cosy cup of tea ;  
Alas ! how often human sippers  
With unexpected bitters meet,  
And buds, the sweetest of the sweet,  
Like sugar, only meet the nippers !

The Widow Cross, I should have told,  
Had seen three husbands to the mould ;  
She never sought an Indian pyre,  
Like Hindoo wives that lose their loves,  
But with a proper sense of fire,  
Put up, instead, with " three removes : "  
Thus, when with any tender words

Or tears she spoke about her loss,  
The dear departed, Mr. Cross,  
Came in for nothing but his thirds ;  
For, as all widows love too well,  
She liked upon the list to dwell,  
And oft ripped up the old disasters —  
She might, indeed, have been supposed  
A great *ship* owner, for she prosed  
Eternally of her Three Masters !  
Thus, foolish woman ! while she nursed  
Her mild souchong, she talked and reckoned  
What had been left her by her first,  
And by her last, and by her second.  
Alas ! not all her annual rents  
Could then entice the little German —  
Not Mr. Cross's three Per Cents,  
Or Consols, ever make him *her* man ;  
He liked her cash, he liked her houses,  
But not that dismal bit of land  
She always settled on her spouses.  
So taking up his hat and band,  
Said he, " You 'll think my conduct odd —  
But here my hopes no more may linger ;  
I thought you had a wedding-finger,  
But oh ! — it is a curtain-rod ! "

## ODE TO THE CAMELEOPARD.

WELCOME to Freedom's birthplace — and a den!  
     Great Anti-climax, hail!  
 So very lofty in thy front — but then,  
     So dwindling at the tail! —  
 In truth, thou hast the most unequal legs!  
 Has one pair galloped, whilst the other trotted,  
 Along with other brethren, leopard-spotted,  
 O'er Afric sand, where ostriches lay eggs?  
 Sure thou wert caught in some hard up-hill chase,  
 Those hinder heels still keeping thee in check!  
     And yet thou seemest prepared in any case,  
     Tho' they had lost the race,  
         To win it by a neck!  
 That lengthy neck — how like a crane's it looks!  
 Art thou the overseer of all the brutes?  
 Or dost thou browse on tip-top leaves or fruits —  
 Or go a-birdnesting amongst the rooks?  
 How kindly nature caters for all wants;  
 Thus giving unto thee a neck that stretches,  
     And high food fetches —  
 To some a long nose, like the elephant's!

Oh ! hadst thou any organ to thy bellows,  
 To turn thy breath to speech in human style,  
     What secrets thou mightst tell us,  
 Where now our scientific guesses fail ;  
     For instance, of the Nile,  
 Whether those Seven Mouths have any tail —  
     Mayhap thy luck too,  
 From that high head, as from a lofty hill,  
 Has let thee see the marvellous Timbuctoo —  
 Or drink of Niger at its infant rill ;  
 What were the travels of our Major Denham,  
     Or Clapperton, to thine  
     In that same line,  
 If thou couldst only squat thee down and pen 'em !

Strange sights, indeed, thou must have overlooked,  
 With eyes held ever in such vantage-stations !  
 Hast seen, perchance, unhappy white folks cooked,  
 And then made free of negro corporations !  
 Poor wretches saved from cast-away three-deckers,  
     By sooty wreckers —  
 From hungry waves to have a loss still drearier,  
 To far exceed the utmost aim of Park !  
 And find themselves, alas ! beyond the mark,  
 In the *insides* of Africa's Interior !

Live on, Giraffe ! genteelest of raff kind !  
 Admired by noble, and by royal tongues !  
     May no pernicious wind,  
 Or English fog, blight thy exotic lungs !

Live on in happy peace, altho' a rarity,  
 Nor envy thy poor cousin's more outrageous  
     Parisian popularity ; —  
 Whose very leopard-rash is grown contagious,  
 And worn on gloves and ribbons all about,  
     Alas ! they 'll wear him out ! —  
 So thou shalt take thy sweet diurnal feeds —  
 When he is stuffed with undigested straw,  
 Sad food that never visited his jaw !  
 And staring round him with a brace of beads !

ODE TO DR. HAHNEMANN, THE HOMCE-  
 OPATHIST.

WELL, Doctor,  
 Great concoctor  
 Of medicines to help in man's distress ;  
     Diluting down the strong to meek,  
     And making even the weak more weak,  
 " Fine by degrees, and beautifully less " —  
     Founder of a new system economic,  
     To druggists any thing but comic ;  
 Framed the whole race of Ollapods to fret,  
 At profits, like thy doses, very small ;  
 To put all Doctors' Boys in evil case,  
 Thrown out of bread, of physic, and of place, —  
 And show us old Apothecaries' Hall  
     " To Let. "

How fare thy Patients? are they dead or living,  
 Or, well as can expected be, with such  
 A style of practice, liberally giving  
 "A sum of more to that which had too much?"  
 Dost thou preserve the human frame, or turf it?  
 Do thorough draughts cure thorough colds or not?  
 Do fevers yield to any thing that's hot?  
 Or hearty dinners neutralize a surfeit?  
 Is't good advice for gastronomic ills,  
 When Indigestion's face with pain is crumpling,  
 To cry, "Discard those Peristaltic Pills,  
 Take a hard dumpling?"

Tell me, thou German Cousin,  
 And tell me honestly without a diddle,  
 Does an attenuated dose of rosin  
 Act as a *tonic* on the old *Scotch fiddle*?  
 Tell me, when Anhalt-Coethen babies wriggle,  
 Like eels just caught by sniggle,  
 Martyrs to some acidity internal,  
 That gives them pangs infernal,  
 Meanwhile the lip grows black, the eye enlarges;  
 Say, comes there all at once a cherub-calm,  
 Thanks to that soothing homœopathic balm,  
 The half of half, of half, a drop of "*varges*?"

Suppose, for instance, upon Leipzig's plain,  
 A soldier pillowed on a heap of slain,  
 In urgent want both of a priest and proctor;  
 When lo! there comes a man in green and red,

A featherless cocked-hat adorns his head,  
In short, a Saxon military doctor —  
Would he, indeed, on the right treatment fix,  
    To cure a horrid gaping wound,  
    Made by a ball that weighed a pound,  
If he well peppered it with number six ?

Suppose a felon doomed to swing  
    Within a *rope*,  
    Might friends not hope  
To cure him with a *string* ?  
Suppose his breath arrived at a full stop,  
The shades of death in a black cloud before him,  
Would a quintillionth dose of the New Drop  
    Restore him ?  
Fancy a man gone rabid from a bite,  
    Snapping to left and right,  
And giving tongue like one of Sebright's hounds,  
    Terrific sounds,  
The pallid neighborhood with horror cowing,  
To hit the proper homœopathic mark ;  
Now, might not "the last taste in life" of *bark*,  
    Stop his *bow-wow-ing* ?  
Nay, with a well-known remedy to fit him,  
Would he not mend, if, with all proper care,  
    He took "*a hair*  
*Of the dog that bit him ?*"

Picture a man — we'll say a Dutch Meinheer —  
    In evident emotion,  
Bent o'er the bulwark of the Batavier,

Owning those symptoms queer —  
Some feel in a *Sick Transit* o'er the ocean,  
Can any thing in life be more pathetic  
Than when he turns to us his wretched face? —  
But would it mend his case  
To be decillionth-dosed  
With something like the ghost  
Of an emetic?

Lo! now a darkened room!  
Look through the dreary gloom,  
And see that coverlet of wildest form,  
Tost like the billows in a storm,  
Where ever and anon, with groans, emerges  
A ghastly head! —  
While two impatient arms still beat the bed,  
Like a strong swimmer's struggling with the  
surges;  
There Life and Death are on their battle-plain,  
With many a mortal ecstasy of pain —  
What shall support the body in its trial,  
Cool the hot blood, wild dream, and parching skin,  
And tame the raging Malady within —  
A sniff of Next-to-Nothing in a phial?

Oh! Doctor Hahnemann, if here I laugh,  
And cry together, half and half,  
Excuse me, 'tis a mood the subject brings,  
To think, whilst I have crowed like chanticleer,  
Perchance, from some dull eye the hopeless tear

Hath gushed with my light levity at schism,  
 To mourn some Martyr of Empiricism.  
 Perchance, on thy system, I have given  
 A pang, superfluous to the pains of Sorrow,  
 Who weeps with Memory from morn till even ;  
 Where comfort there is none to lend or borrow,  
     Sighing to one sad strain,  
     " She will not come again,  
 To-morrow, nor to-morrow, nor to-morrow ! "

Doctor forgive me, if I dare prescribe  
 A rule for thee thyself, and all thy tribe,  
 Inserting a few serious words by stealth ;  
     *Above all price of wealth*  
*The Body's Jewel,—not for minds profane,*  
*Or hands, to tamper with in practice vain—*  
*Like to a Woman's Virtue is Man's Health.*  
*A heavenly gift within a holy shrine !*  
*To be approached and touched with serious fear,*  
*By hands made pure, and hearts of faith severe,*  
*Even as the Priesthood of the ONE divine !*

But, zounds ! each fellow with a suit of black,  
     And, strange to fame,  
     With a diplomaed name,  
 That carries two more letters pick-a-back,  
 With cane, and snuffbox, powdered wig, and  
     block,  
 Invents *his* dose, as if it were a chrism,  
 And dares to treat our wondrous mechanism,

Familiar as the works of old Dutch clock ;  
 Yet, how would common sense esteem the man,  
 Oh how, my unrelated German cousin,  
 Who having some such time-keeper on trial,  
 And finding it too fast, enforced the dial,  
 To strike upon the Homœopathic plan  
 Of fourteen to the dozen.

Take my advice, 'tis given without a fee,  
 Drown, drown your book ten thousand fathoms  
 deep,  
 Like Prospero's beneath the briny sea,  
 For spells of magic have all gone to sleep !  
 Leave no decillionth fragment of your works,  
 To help the interest of quacking Burkes ;  
 Aid not in murdering even widow's mites,—  
 And now forgive me for my candid zeal,  
 I had not said so much, but that I feel  
 Should you *take ill* what here my Muse indites,  
 An Ode-ling more will set you all to rights.

A CUSTOM-HOUSE BREEZE.

ONE day — no matter for the month or year,  
 A Calais packet, just come over,  
 And safely moored within the pier,  
 Began to land her passengers at Dover ;

All glad to end a voyage long and rough,  
And during which,  
Through roll and pitch,  
The Ocean-King had *sickophants* enough !

Away, as fast as they could walk or run,  
Eager for steady rooms and quiet meals,  
With bundles, bags, and boxes at their heels  
Away the passengers all went, but one,  
A female, who from some mysterious check,  
Still lingered on the steamer's deck,  
As if she did not care for land a tittle,  
For horizontal rooms, and cleanly victual —  
Or nervously afraid to put  
Her foot  
Into an Isle described as "tight and little."

In vain commissioner and touter,  
Porter and waiter thronged about her ;  
Boring, as such officials only bore —  
In spite of rope and barrow, knot, and truck,  
Of plank and ladder, there she stuck,  
She couldn't, no she wouldn't go on shore.

"But, ma'am," the steward interfered,  
"The wessel must be cleared.  
You musn't stay aboard, ma'am, no one don't !  
It's quite agin the orders so to do —  
And all the passengers is gone but you."  
Says she, "I cannot go ashore and won't !"

"You ought to!"  
"But I can't!"  
"You must!"  
"I shan't!"

At last, attracted by the racket  
"Twixt gown and jacket,  
The captain came himself, and cap in hand,  
Begged very civilly to understand  
Wherefore the lady could not leave the packet.

"Why then," the lady whispered with a shiver,  
That made the accents quiver,  
"I've got some foreign silks about me  
pinned,  
In short so many things, all contraband,  
To tell the truth I am afraid to land,  
In such a *searching* wind!"

## UP THE RHINE.

YE Tourists and Travellers, bound to the Rhine,  
Provided with passport, that requisite docket,  
First listen to one little whisper of mine —  
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your  
pocket!

Don't wash or be shaved — go like hairy wild men,  
Play dominoes, smoke, wear a cap, and smock-  
frock it,  
But if you speak English, or look it, why then  
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your  
pocket!

You'll sleep at great inns, in the smallest of beds,  
Find charges as apt to mount up as a rocket,  
With thirty per cent. as a tax on your heads,  
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your  
pocket!

You'll see old Cologne,— not the sweetest of  
towns,—  
Wherever you follow your nose you will shock it;  
And you'll pay your three dollars to look at three  
crowns,  
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your  
pocket!

You'll count seven Mountains, and see Roland's  
Eck,  
Hear legends veracious as any by Crockett;  
But oh! to the tone of romance what a check,  
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your  
pocket!

Old Castles you'll see on the vine-covered hill,—  
Fine ruins to rivet the eye in its socket —

Once haunts of Baronial Banditti,— and still  
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your  
pocket!

You'll stop at Coblenz, with its beautiful views,  
But make no long stay with your money to stock  
it,  
Where Jews are all Germans, and Germans all  
Jews,  
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your  
pocket!

A Fortress you'll see, which, as people report,  
Can never be captured, save famine should block  
it —  
Ascend Ehrenbreitstein — but that's not their  
*forte*,  
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your  
pocket!

You'll see an old man who'll let off an old gun,  
And Lurley, with her hurly-burly, will mock it;  
But think that the words of the echo thus run,  
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your  
pocket!

You'll gaze on the Rheingau, the soil of the  
Vine!  
Of course you will freely Moselle it and Hock  
it —

P'raps purchase some pieces of Humbugheim  
wine —

Take care of your pocket! — take care of your  
pocket!

Perchance you will take a frisk off to the Baths —  
Where some to their heads hold a pistol and  
cock it;  
But still mind the warning, wherever your paths,  
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your  
pocket!

And Friendships you'll swear most eternal of  
pacts,  
Change rings, and give hair to be put in a locket;  
But still, in the most sentimental of acts,  
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your  
pocket!

In short, if you visit that stream or its shore,  
Still keep at your elbow one caution to knock it,  
And where Schinderhannes was Robber of yore,  
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your  
pocket!

## TO \* \* \* \* \*

## WITH A FLASK OF RHINE WATER.

THE old Catholic City was still,  
 In the Minster the vespers were sung,  
 And, re-echoed in cadences shrill,  
 The last call of the trumpet had rung ;  
 While, across the broad stream of the Rhine,  
 The full Moon cast a silvery zone ;  
 And, methought, as I gazed on its shine,  
 " Surely, this is the Eau de Cologne."

I inquired not the place of its source,  
 If it ran to the east or the west ;  
 But my heart took a note of its course,  
 That it flowed towards Her I love best —  
 That it flowed towards Her I love best,  
 Like those wandering thoughts of my own ;  
 And the fancy such sweetness possessed,  
 That the Rhine seemed all Eau de Cologne !

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## THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

In the famous old times,  
 (Famed for chivalrous crimes,)  
 As the legends of Rhineland deliver,  
 Once there flourished a Knight,  
 Who Sir Otto was hight,  
 On the banks of the rapid green river !

On the Drachenfels' crest  
 He had built a stone nest,  
 From which he pounced down like a vulture,  
 And with talons of steel  
 Out of every man's meal  
 Took a very extortionate multure.

Yet he lived in good fame,  
 With a nobleman's name,  
 As "Your-High-and-Well-Born" addressed  
     daily —  
 Tho' Judge Park in his wig,  
 Would have deemed him a prig,  
 Or a cracksman, if tried at the Old Bailey.

It is strange — very strange !  
 How opinions will change ! —

How Antiquity blazons and hallows  
Both the man and the crime  
That a less lapse of time  
Would commend to the hulks or the gallows !

Thus enthralled by Romance,  
In a mystified trance,  
E'en a young, mild, and merciful Woman  
Will recall with delight  
The wild Keep, and its Knight,  
Who was quite as much Tiger as Human !

Now it chanced on a day,  
In the sweet month of May,  
From his casement Sir Otto was gazing,  
With his sword in the sheath,  
At that prospect beneath,  
Which our Tourists declare so amazing !

Yes — he gazed on the Rhine,  
And its banks, so divine ;  
Yet with no admiration or wonder,  
But the goût of a thief,  
As a more modern Chief  
Looked on London, and cried " What a  
plunder ! "

From that river so fast,  
From that champaign so vast,  
He collected rare tribute and presents ;  
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Water-rates from ships' loads,  
 Highway-rates on the roads,  
 And hard Poor-rates from all the poor peasants!

When behold! round the base  
 Of his strong dwelling-place,  
 Only gained by most toilsome progression,  
 He perceived a full score  
 Of the rustics or more,  
 Winding up in a sort of procession!

"Keep them out!" the Knight cried,  
 To the Warders outside —  
 But the Hound at his feet gave a grumble!  
 And in scrambled the knaves,  
 Like Feudality's slaves,  
 With all forms that are servile and humble.

"Now for boorish complaints!  
 Grant me patience, ye Saints!"  
 Cried the Knight, turning red as a mullet;  
 When the baldest old man  
 Thus his story began,  
 With a guttural croak in his gullet!

"Lord Supreme of our lives,  
 Of our daughters, our wives,  
 Our she-cousins, our sons, and their spouses,  
 Of our sisters and aunts,

Of the babies God grants,  
Of the handmaids that dwell in our houses !

“ Mighty master of all  
We possess, great or small,  
Of our cattle, our sows, and their farrows ;  
Of our mares and their colts,  
Of our crofts, and our holts,  
Of our ploughs, of our wains, and our har-  
rows !

“ Noble Lord of the soil,  
Of its corn and its oil,  
Of its wine, only fit for such gentles !  
Of our carp and sour-kraut,  
Of our carp and our trout,  
Our black bread, and black puddings, and  
lentils !

“ Sovran Lord of our cheese,  
And whatever you please —  
Of our bacon, our eggs, and our butter,  
Of our backs and our polls,  
Of our bodies and souls —  
O give ear to the woes that we utter !

“ We are truly perplexed,  
We are frightened and vexed,  
Till the strings of our heart are all twisted ;  
We are ruined and curst,

By the fiercest and worst  
Of all robbers that ever existed !”

“ Now by Heaven and this light !”  
In a rage cried the Knight,  
“ For this speech all your bodies shall stiffen !  
What ! by Peasants miscalled !”  
Quoth the man that was bald,  
“ Not your honor we mean, but a Griffin.

“ For our herds and our flocks,  
He lays wait in the rocks ;  
And jumps forth without giving us warning ;  
Two poor wethers, right fat,  
And four lambs after that,  
Did he swallow this very May morning !”

Then the High-and-Well-Born  
Gave a laugh as in scorn,  
“ Is the Griffin indeed such a glutton ?  
Let him eat up the rams,  
And the lambs, and their dams —  
If I hate any meat it is mutton !”

“ Nay, your Worship,” said then  
The most bald of old men,  
“ For a sheep we would hardly thus cavil ;  
If the merciless Beast  
Did not oftentimes feast  
On the Pilgrims, and people that travel.”

“ Feast on what ? ” cried the Knight,  
Whilst his eye glistened bright  
With the most diabolical flashes —  
“ Does the Beast dare to prey  
On the road and highway ?  
With our proper diversion that clashes ! ”

“ Yea, 'tis so, and far worse,”  
Said the Clown, “ to our curse ;  
For by way of a snack or a tiffin,  
Every week in the year,  
Sure as Sundays appear,  
A young Virgin is thrown to the Griffin ! ”

“ Ha ! Saint Peter ! Saint Mark ! ”  
Roared the Knight, frowning dark,  
With an oath that was awful and bitter :  
“ A young maid to his dish !  
Why what more could he wish,  
If the Beast were High Born, and a Ritter !

“ Now by this our good brand,  
And by this our right hand,  
By the badge that is borne on our banners,  
If we can but once meet  
With the Monster's retreat,  
We will teach him to poach on our Manors ! ”

Quite content with this vow,  
With a scrape and a bow,

The glad Peasants went home to their flagons,  
Where they tippled so deep,  
That each clown in his sleep  
Dreamt of killing a legion of Dragons !

Thus engaged, the bold Knight  
Soon prepared for the fight  
With the wily and scaly marauder ;  
But ere battle began,  
Like a good Christian man,  
First he put all his household in order.

“ Double bolted and barred  
Let each gate have a guard ”—  
(Thus his rugged Lieutenant was bidden ;)   
“ And be sure, without fault,  
No one enters the vault  
Where the Church’s gold vessels are hidden.

“ In the dark Oubliette,  
Let yon Merchant forget  
That he e’er had a bark richly laden —  
And that desperate youth,  
Our own rival forsooth !  
Just indulge with a Kiss of the Maiden !

“ Crush the thumbs of the Jew  
With the vice and the screw,  
Till he tells where he buried his treasure ;  
And deliver our word

To yon sullen caged Bird,  
That to-night she must sing for our pleasure !”

Thereupon, cap-à-pie,  
As a Champion should be,  
With the bald-headed peasant to guide him,  
On his war-horse he bounds,  
And then, whistling his bounds,  
Prances off to what fate may betide him !

Nor too long do they seek,  
Ere a horrible reek,  
Like the fumes from some villanous tavern,  
Sets the dogs on the snuff,  
For they scent well enough,  
The foul Monster coiled up in his cavern !

Then alighting with speed  
From his terrified steed,  
Which he ties to a tree for the present,  
With his sword ready drawn,  
Strides the Ritter High-born,  
And along with him drags the scared peasant !

“ O Sir Knight, good Sir Knight !  
I am near enough quite —  
I have shown you the Beast and his grotto ;”  
But before he can reach  
Any further in speech,  
He is stricken stone-dead by Sir Otto !

Who withdrawing himself  
 To a high rocky shelf,  
 Sees the Monster his tail disentangle  
 From each tortuous coil,  
 With a sudden turmoil,  
 And rush forth the dead Peasant to mangle.

With his terrible claws,  
 And his horrible jaws,  
 He soon moulds the warm corse to a jelly ;  
 Which he quickly sucks in  
 To his own wicked skin  
 And then sinks at full stretch on his belly.

Then the Knight softly goes,  
 On the tips of his toes,  
 To the greedy and slumbering savage,  
 And with one hearty stroke  
 Of his sword, and a poke,  
 Kills the Beast that had made such a ravage.

So, extended at length,  
 Without motion or strength,  
 That gorged Serpent they call the Constrictor,  
 After dinner, while deep  
 In lethargical sleep,  
 Falls a prey to his Hottentot victor.

" 'Twas too easy by half ! "  
 Said the Knight, with a laugh ;

“ But as nobody witnessed the slaughter,  
I will swear, knock and knock,  
By Saint Winifred’s clock,  
We were at it three hours and a quarter !”

Then he chopt off the head  
Of the Monster so dread,  
Which he tied to his horse as a trophy ;  
And, with Hounds, by the same  
Ragged path that he came,  
Home he jogged proud as Sultan or Sophy !

Blessed Saints ! what a rout  
When the news flew about,  
And the carcase was fetched in a wagon ;  
What an outcry rose wild  
From man, woman, and child —  
“ Live Sir Otto, who vanquished the Dragon !”

All that night the thick walls  
Of the Knights feudal halls  
Rang with shouts for the wine-cup and flagon ;  
Whilst the Vassals stood by,  
And repeated the cry —  
“ Live Sir Otto, who vanquished the Dragon !”

The next night, and the next,  
Still the fight was the text,  
’Twas a theme for the Minstrels to brag on !  
And the Vassals’ hoarse throats

Still re-echoed the notes —

“ Live Sir Otto who vanquished the Dragon ! ”

There was never such work  
Since the days of King Stork,  
When he lived with the Frogs at free quarters !  
Not to name the invites  
That were sent down of nights,  
To the villagers' wives and their daughters !

It was feast upon feast,  
For good cheer never ceased,  
And a foray replenished the flagon ;  
And the Vassals stood by,  
But more weak was the cry —  
“ Live Sir Otto, who vanquished the Dragon ! ”

Down again sank the sun,  
Nor were revels yet done —  
But as if every mouth had a gag on,  
Tho' the Vassals stood round,  
Deuce a word or a sound  
Of “ Sir Otto who vanquished the Dragon ! ”

There was feasting aloft,  
But, thro' pillage so oft,  
Down below there was wailing and hunger ;  
And affection ran cold,  
And the food of the old,  
It was wolfishly snatched by the younger !

Mad with troubles so vast,  
Where 's the wonder at last  
If the Peasants quite altered their motto? —  
And with one loud accord  
Cried out "Would to the Lord  
That the Dragon had vanquished Sir Otto!"

OUR LADY'S CHAPEL.

A LEGEND OF COBLENZ.

WHOE'ER has crossed the M<sup>o</sup>sel Bridge,  
And mounted by the fort of Kaiser Franz,  
Has seen, perchance,  
Just on the summit of St. Peter's ridge,  
A little open chapel to the right,  
Wherein the tapers aye are burning bright;  
So popular, indeed, this holy shrine,  
At least among the female population,  
By night, or at high noon, you see it shine,  
A very Missal for *illumination*!

Yet, when you please, at morn or eve, go by  
All other Chapels, standing in the fields,  
Whose mouldy, wifeless husbandry but yields  
Beans, peas, potatoes, mangel-wurzel, rye,

And lo! the Virgin, lonely, dark, and hush,  
Without the glimmer of a farthing rush!

But on Saint Peter's Hill  
The lights are burning, burning, burning still.  
In fact, it is a pretty retail trade  
To furnish forth the candles ready made;  
And close beside the chapel and the way,  
A chandler, at her stall, sits day by day,  
And sells, both long and short, the waxen  
tapers,  
Smartened with tinsel-foil and tinted papers.

To give of the mysterious truth an inkling,  
Those who in this bright chapel breathe a  
prayer  
To "Unser Frow," and burn a taper there,  
Are said to get a husband in a twinkling:  
Just as she-glow-worms, if it be not scandal,  
Catch partners with *their* matrimonial candle.

How kind of blessed saints in heaven —  
Where none in marriage, we are told, are  
given —  
To interfere below in making matches,  
And help old maidens to connubial catches!  
The truth is, that instead of looking smugly  
(At least, so whisper wags satirical)  
The votaries are all so old and ugly,  
No man could fall in love but by a miracle,

However, that such waxen gifts and vows  
Are sometimes for the purpose efficacious,  
In helping to a spouse,  
Is vouched for by a story most veracious.

A certain Woman, though in name a wife,  
Yet doomed to lonely life,  
Her truant husband having been away  
Nine years, two months, a week, and half a  
day,—

Without remembrances by words or deeds,—  
Began to think she had sufficient handle  
To talk of widowhood and burn her weeds,  
Of course with a wax-candle.

Sick, single-handed with a world to grapple,  
Weary of solitude, and spleen, and vapors,  
Away she hurried to Our Lady's Chapel,

Full-handed with *two* tapers —  
And prayed as she had never prayed before,  
To be a bona fide wife once more.  
“Oh Holy Virgin! listen to my prayer!  
And for sweet mercy, and thy sex's sake,  
Accept the vows and offerings I make —  
Others set up one light, but here's *a pair!*”

Her prayer, it seemed, was heard;  
For in three little weeks, exactly reckoned,  
As blithe as any bird,  
She stood before the Priest with Hans the  
Second; —

A fact that made her gratitude so hearty,  
 To "Unser Frow," and her propitious shrine,  
 She sent two waxen candles superfine,  
 Long enough for a Lapland evening party !

Rich was the Wedding Feast and rare —  
     What sausages were there !  
 Of sweets and sours there was a perfect glut :  
 With plenteous liquors to wash down good  
     cheer  
 Brantwein, and Rhum, Kirsch-wasser, and  
     Krug Bier,  
 And wine so *sharp* that every one was *cut*.  
 Rare was the feast — but rarer was the quality  
 Of mirth, of smoky-joke, and song, and toast,—  
 When just in all the middle of their jollity —  
 With bumpers filled to Hostess and to Host,  
 And all the unborn branches of their house,  
 Unwelcome and unasked, like Banquo's Ghost,  
     In walked the long-lost Spouse !

What pen could ever paint  
 The hubbub when the Hubs were thus con-  
     fronted !  
 The bridesmaids fitfully began to faint ;  
 The bridesmen stared — some whistled and  
     some grunted :  
 Fierce Hans the First looked like a boar that's  
     hunted ;  
 Poor Hans the Second like a suckling calf :

Meanwhile, confounded by the double miracle,  
The twofold bride sobbed out, with tears hysterical,

"Oh Holy Virgin, you're too good — *by half!*"

MORAL.

Ye Cöblenz maids, take warning by the  
rhyme,

And as our Christian laws forbid polygamy,

For fear of bigamy,

Only light up *one* taper at a time.

LOVE LANGUAGE OF A MERRY YOUNG  
SOLDIER.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

"*Ach, Gretchen, mein Lübchen.*"

O GRETTEL, my Dove, my heart's Trumpet,  
My Cannon, my Big Drum, and also my Musket,  
O hear me, my mild little Dove,  
In your still little room.

Your portrait, my Gretel, is always on guard,  
Is always attentive to Love's parole and watch-  
word;

Your picture is always going the rounds,  
My Gretel, I call at every hour !

My heart's Knapsack is always full of you ;  
My looks, they are quartered with you ;  
And when I bite off the top end of a cartridge,  
Then I think that I give you a kiss.

You alone are my Word of Command and  
orders,  
Yea, my Right-face, Left-face, Brown Tommy,  
and wine,  
And at the word of command " Shoulder  
Arms !"  
Then I think you say, " Take me in your arms."

Your eyes sparkle like a Battery,  
Yea, they wound like Bombs and Grenades ;  
As black as Gunpowder is your hair,  
Your hand as white as Parading breeches !

Yes, you are the Match and I am the Cannon ;  
Have pity, my love, and give quarter,  
And give the word of command, " Wheel round  
Into my heart's Barrack Yard."

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

## AN ODE.

IMITATED FROM HORACE.

OH! well may poets make a fuss  
 In summer time, and sigh "*O rus!*"  
 Of London pleasures sick:  
 My heart is all at pant to rest  
 In greenwood shades — my eyes detest  
 This endless meal of brick!

What joy have I in June's return?  
 My feet are parched, my eyeballs burn,  
 I scent no flowery gust:  
 But faint the flagging zephyr springs,  
 With dry Macadam on its wings,  
 And turns me "dust to dust."

My sun his daily course renews  
 Due east, but with no Eastern dews;  
 The path is dry and hot!  
 His setting shows more tamely still,  
 He sinks behind no purple hill,  
 But down a chimney's pot!

Oh ! but to hear the milkmaid blithe ;  
Or early mower whet his scythe  
The dewy meads among ! —  
My grass is of that sort — alas,  
That makes no hay — called sparrow-grass  
By folks of vulgar tongue !

Oh ! but to smell the woodbines sweet !  
I think of cowslip cups — but meet  
With very vile rebuffs !  
For meadow-buds I get a whiff  
Of Cheshire cheese,—or only sniff  
The turtle made at Cuff's.

How tenderly Rousseau reviewed  
His periwinkles ! — mine are strewed !  
My rose blooms on a gown ! —  
I hunt in vain for eglantine,  
And find my blue-bell on the sign  
That marks the Bell and Crown :

Where are ye, birds ! that blithely wing  
From tree to tree, and gayly sing  
Or mourn in thickets deep ?  
My cuckoo has some ware to sell,  
The watchman is my Philomel,  
My blackbird is a sweep !

Where are ye, linnet, lark, and thrush !  
That perch on leafy bough and bush,

And tune the various song ?  
Two hurdy-gurdists, and a poor  
Street-Handel grinding at my door  
Are all my "tuneful throng."  
Where are ye, early-purling streams,  
Whose waves reflect the morning beams  
And colours of the skies ?  
My rills are only puddle-drains  
From shambles, or reflect the stains  
Of calimanco-dyes !

Sweet are the little brooks that run  
O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,  
Singing in soothing tones : —  
Not thus the city streamlets flow ;  
They make no music as they go,  
Though never "off the stones."

Where are ye, pastoral pretty sheep,  
That wont to bleat, and frisk, and leap  
Beside your woolly dams ?  
Alas ! instead of harmless crooks,  
My Corydons use iron hooks,  
And skin — not shear — the lambs.

The pipe whereon, in olden day,  
The Arcadian herdsman used to play  
Sweetly — here soundeth not ;  
But merely breathes unwholesome fumes,  
Meanwhile the city boor consumes  
The rank weed — "piping hot."

All rural things are vilely mocked,  
On every hand the sense is shocked  
With objects hard to bear :  
Shades — vernal shades ! — where wine is sold !  
And for a turfy bank, behold  
An Ingram's rustic chair !

Where are ye, London meads and bowers,  
And gardens redolent of flowers  
Wherein the zephyr wons !  
Alas ! Moor Fields are fields no more :  
See Hatton's Garden bricked all o'er ;  
And that bare wood — St. John's.

No pastoral scenes procure me peace ;  
I hold no Leasowes in my lease,  
No cot set round with trees :  
No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks ;  
And omnium furnishes my banks  
Who brokers — not with bees.

Oh ! well may poets make a fuss  
In summer time, and sigh "*O rus !*"  
Of city pleasures sick :  
My heart is all at pant to rest  
In greenwood shades — my eyes detest  
That endless meal of brick !

LAMENT FOR THE DECLINE OF  
CHIVALRY.

WELL hast thou cried, departed Burke,  
All chivalrous romantic work  
Is ended now and past! —  
That iron age — which some have thought  
Of mettle rather overwrought —  
Is now all overcast!

Ay — where are those heroic knights  
Of old — those armadillo wights  
Who wore the plated vest,—  
Great Charlemagne and all his peers  
Are cold — enjoying with their spears  
An everlasting rest!

The bold king Arthur sleepeth sound,  
So sleep his knights who gave that Round  
Old Table such eclat!  
Oh, Time has plucked the plummy brow!  
And none engage at tourneys now  
But those that go to law!

Grim John o'Gaunt is quite gone by,  
And Guy is nothing but a Guy,  
Orlando lies forlorn ! —  
Bold Sidney, and his kidney — nay,  
Those "early champions" — what are they  
But knights without a morn.

No Percy branch now perseveres  
Like those of old in breaking spears —  
The name is now a lie ! —  
Surgeons, alone, by any chance,  
Are all that ever couch a lance  
To couch a body's eye !

Alas for Lion-Hearted Dick !  
That cut the Moslems to the quick,  
His weapon lies in peace :  
Oh, it would warm them in a trice,  
If they could only have a spice  
Of his old mace in Greece !

The famed Rinaldo lies a-cold,  
And Tancred too, and Godfrey bold,  
That scaled the holy wall !  
No Saracen meets Paladin,  
We hear of no great *Saladin*,  
But only grow the small !

Our *Cressys* too have dwindled since  
To penny things — at our Black Prince

Historic pens would scoff :  
The only one we moderns had,  
Was nothing but a Sandwich lad,  
And measles took him off !

Where are those old and feudal clans,  
Their pikes, and bills, and partisans :  
Their hauberks — jerkins — buffs ?  
A battle was a battle then,  
A breathing piece of work ; but men  
Fight now — with powder puffs !

The curtal-axe is out of date !  
The good old cross-bow bends — to Fate,  
'Tis gone — the archer's craft !  
No tough arm bends the springing yew,  
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu  
Of Death, upon the shaft !

The spear — the gallant tilter's pride,  
The rusty spear, is laid aside,  
Oh, spits now domineer !  
The coat of mail is left alone,—  
And where is all chain armour gone ?  
Go ask at Brighton Pier.

We fight in ropes, and not in lists,  
Bestowing handcuffs with our fists,  
A low and vulgar art !  
No mounted man is overthrown :

A tilt ! it is a thing unknown —  
Except upon a cart !

Methinks I see the bounding barb,  
Clad like his chief in steely garb,  
For warding steel's appliance !  
Methinks I hear the trumpet stir !  
'Tis but the guard to Exeter,  
That bugles the " Defiance ! "

In cavils when will cavaliers  
Set ringing helmets by the ears,  
And scatter plumes about ?  
Or blood — if they are in the vein ?  
That tap will never run again —  
Alas, the *Casque* is out !

No iron-crackling now is scored  
By dint of battle-axe or sword,  
To find a vital place —  
Though certain doctors still pretend,  
Awhile, before they kill a friend,  
To labor through his case !

Farewell then ancient men of might !  
Crusader, errant-squire, and knight !  
Our coats and custom soften,—  
To rise would only make you weep —  
Sleep on, in rusty-iron sleep,  
As in a safety coffin !

## THE GREEN MAN.

TOM SIMPSON was as nice a kind of man  
 As ever lived — at least at number Four,  
 In Austin Friars, in Mrs. Brown's first floor,  
 At fifty pounds, — or thereabouts, — per ann.  
 The lady reckoned him her best of lodgers,  
 His rent so punctually paid each quarter, —  
 He did not smoke like nasty foreign codgers, —  
     Or play French horns like Mr. Rogers —  
 Or talk his flirting nonsense to her daughter, —  
 Not that the girl was light behaved or courtable —  
 Still, on one failing tenderly to touch,  
 The Gentleman did like a drop too much,  
     (Though there are many such,)  
 And took more Port than was exactly portable.  
 In fact, — to put the cap upon the nipple,  
 And try the charge, — Tom certainly *did* tipple.  
 He thought the motto was but sorry stuff  
 On Cribb's Prize-cup—yes, wrong in every letter—  
 That "D—d be he who first cries *Hold enough!*"  
 The more cups hold, and if enough, the better.  
 And so to set example in the eyes  
 Of Fancy's lads, and give a broadish hint to them,  
 All his cups were of such ample size  
     That he got into them.

Once in the company of merry mates,  
 In spite of Temperance's ifs and buts,  
 So sure as Eating is set off with *plates*,  
 His Drinking always was bound up with *cuts*!

Howbeit, such Bacchanalian revels  
 Bring very sad catastrophes about;  
 Palsy, Dyspepsia, Dropsy, and Blue Devils,  
 Not to forget the Gout.

Sometimes the liver takes a spleenful whim  
 To grow to Strasbourg's regulation size,  
 As if for those hepatical goose pies —  
 Or out of depth the head begins to swim —  
 Poor Simpson! what a thing occurred to him!  
 'Twas Christmas — he had drunk the night be-  
 fore, —

Like Baxter, who so "went beyond his last" —  
*One* bottle more, and then *one* bottle more,  
 Till oh! the red-wine *Ruby-con* was passed!  
 And homeward, by the short small chimes of day,  
 With many a circumbendibus to spare,

For instance, twice round Finsbury Square,  
 To use a fitting phrase, he *wound* his way.

Then comes the rising, with repentance bitter,  
 And all the nerves — (and sparrows) — in a twitter,  
 Till settled by the sober Chinese cup:  
 The hands, o'er all are members that make motions,  
 A sort of wavering, just like the ocean's,  
 Which has its swell, too, when it's getting up —  
 An awkward circumstance enough for elves  
 Who shave themselves,

And Simpson just was ready to go through it,  
When lo! the first short glimpse within the glass —  
He jumped — and who alive would fail to do it?  
To see, however it had come to pass,  
One section of his face as green as grass!

In vain each eager wipe,  
With soap — without — wet — hot or cold — or dry,  
Still, still, and still, to his astonished eye,  
One cheek was green, the other cherry ripe!  
Plump in the nearest chair he sat him down,  
Quaking, and quite absorbed in a deep study, —

But verdant and not brown, —  
What could have happened to a tint so ruddy?  
Indeed it was a very novel case,  
By way of penalty for being jolly,  
To have that evergreen stuck in his face,  
Just like the windows with their Christmas holly.

“All claret marks,” — thought he — Tom knew  
his forte —

“Are red — this colour CANNOT come from Port!”

One thing was plain; with such a face as his,  
’Twas quite impossible to ever greet  
Good Mrs. Brown; nay, any party meet,  
Altho’ ’twas such a parti-coloured phiz!  
As for the public, fancy Sarcy Ned,  
The coachman, flying, doglike, at his head,  
With “Ax your pardon, Sir, but if you please —

Unless it comes too high —  
Vere ought a fellow, now, to go to buy  
The t’other half, Sir, of that ’ere green cheese?”

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Orlando lies forlorn ! —  
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Those "early champions" — what are they  
But knights without a morn.

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Like those of old in breaking spears —  
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A breathing piece of work ; but men  
Fight now — with powder puffs !

The curtal-axe is out of date !  
The good old cross-bow bends — to Fate,  
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The coat of mail is left alone,—  
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Clad like his chief in steely garb,  
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'Tis but the guard to Exeter,  
That bugles the " Defiance ! "

In cavils when will cavaliers  
Set ringing helmets by the ears,  
And scatter plumes about ?  
Or blood — if they are in the vein ?  
That tap will never run again —  
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No iron-crackling now is scored  
By dint of battle-axe or sword,  
To find a vital place —  
Though certain doctors still pretend,  
Awhile, before they kill a friend,  
To labor through his case !

Farewell then ancient men of might !  
Crusader, errant-squire, and knight !  
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 'Twas Christmas—he had drunk the night before, —  
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 Till oh ! the red-wine *Ruby-con* was passed !  
 And homeward, by the short small chimes of day,  
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The coachman, flying, doglike, at his head,  
With "Ax your pardon, Sir, but if you please —

Unless it comes too high —  
Vere ought a fellow, now, to go to buy  
The t'other half, Sir, of that 'ere green cheese?"

His mind recoiled — so he tied up his head,  
As with a raging tooth, and took to bed :  
Of course with feelings far from the serene,  
For all his future prospects seemed to be,  
    To match his customary tea,  
    Black, mixt with green.

Meanwhile, good Mrs. Brown  
Wondered at Mr. S. not coming down,  
And sent the maid up stairs to learn the why ;  
To whom poor Simpson, half delirious,  
    Returned an answer so mysterious  
That curiosity began to fry ;  
The more, as Betty, who had caught a snatch  
By peeping in upon the patient's bed,  
Reported a most bloody, tied-up head,  
Got over-night of course — “ Harm watch, harm  
    catch,”

From Watchmen in a boxing match.

So, liberty or not, —  
Good lodgers are too scarce to let them off in  
    A suicidal coffin —  
The dame ran up as fast as she could trot ;  
Appearance, — “ fiddle-sticks ! ” should not deter  
    From going to the bed,  
    And looking at the head ;  
La ! Mister S——, he need not care for her !  
    A married woman that had had  
Nine boys and gals, and none had turned out bad —  
Her own dear late would come home late at night  
    And liquor always got him in a fight.

She'd been in hospitals — she wouldn't faint  
At gores and gashes fingers wide and deep ;  
She knew what's good for bruises and what ain't —  
Turlington's Drops she made a pint to keep.  
Cases she'd seen beneath the surgent's hand —  
Such skulls japanned — she meant to say tre-  
panned !

Poor wretches ! you would think they'd been in  
battle,

And hadn't hours to live,  
From tearing horses' kicks or Smithfield cattle,  
Shamefully over-driv ! —

Heads forced to have a silver plate atop,  
To get the brains to stop.

At imputations of the legs she'd been,

And neither screeched nor cried —  
Hereat she plucked the white cravat aside,  
And lo ! the whole phenomenon was seen —  
" Preserve us all ! He's going to gangrene ! "

Alas ! through Simpson's brain  
Shot the remark, like ball, with mortal pain ;  
It tallied truly with his own misgiving,

And brought a groan,

To move a heart of stone —

A sort of farewell to the land of living !  
And as the case was imminent and urgent,  
He did not make a shadow of objection  
To Mrs. B.'s proposal for a " surgent,"  
But merely gave a sigh of deep dejection,  
He could have found their remedy, and soon ;

While down the verdant cheek a tear of grief  
Stole, like a dew-drop on a cabbage leaf.

Swift flew the summons,—it was life or death!  
And in as short a time as he could race it,  
Came Doctor Puddicome, as short of breath,  
To try his Latin charms against *Hic Jacet*.  
He took a seat beside the patient's bed,  
Saw tongue — felt pulse — examined the bad  
cheek,—  
Poked, stroked, pinched, kneaded it — hemmed —  
shook his head —  
Took a long solemn pause the cause to seek,  
(Thinking, it seemed, in Greek.)  
Then asked — 'twas Christmas — “ Had he eaten  
grass,  
Or greens — and if the cook was so improper  
To boil them up with copper,  
Or farthings made of brass;  
Or if he drank his Hock from dark green glass,  
Or dined at City Festivals, whereat  
There's turtle, and green fat?”  
To all of which, with serious tone of woe,  
Poor Simpson answered “No.”  
Indeed he might have said in form auricular,  
Supposing Puddicome had been a monk —  
He had not eaten (he had only drunk)  
Of anything “Particular.”  
The Doctor was at fault;  
A thing so new quite brought him to a halt.  
Cases of other colours came in crowds,

But green — it sent him up among the clouds,  
As if he had gone up with Green's balloon !

Black with Black Jaundice he had seen the skin ;  
From Yellow Jaundice yellow,  
From saffron tints to sallow ; —  
Then retrospective memory lugged in  
Old Purple Face, the Host of Kentish Town —  
East Indians, without number,  
He knew familiarly, by heat done Brown,  
From tan to a burnt umber.

Even those eruptions he had never seen  
Of which the Caledonian Poet spoke,  
As "*rashes* growing green" —  
"Phoo! phoo! a rash grow green!  
Nothing of course but a broad Scottish joke!"  
Then as to flaming visages, for those  
The Scarlet Fever answered, or the Rose —  
But verdant! that was quite a novel stroke!  
Men turned to blue, by Cholera's last stage,  
In common practice he had really seen;  
But Green — he was too old, and grave, and sage,  
To think of the last stage to Turnham Green!

So matters stood in-doors — meanwhile without  
Growing in going like all other rumours,  
The modern miracle was buzzed about,  
By people of all humours,  
Native or foreign in their dialecticals;  
Till all the neighbourhood, as if their noses  
Had taken the odd gross from little Moses,

Seemed looking through green spectacles.  
 "Green faces!" so they all began to comment —  
 "Yes — opposite to Druggists' lighted shops,  
 But that's a flying colour — never stops —  
 A bottle-green, that's vanished in a moment.  
 Green! nothing of the sort occurs to mind —  
 Nothing at all to match the present piece;  
 Jack in the Green has nothing of the kind —  
 Green-grocers are not green, nor yet green geese!"  
 The oldest Supercargoes or Old Sailors  
 Of such a case had never heard,  
 From Emerald Isle to Cape de Verd;  
 "Or Greenland!" cried the whalers.  
 All tongues were full of the Green Man, and still  
 They could not make him out, with all their skill.  
 No soul could shape the matter, head or tail —  
 But Truth steps in where all conjectures fail.

A long half hour, in needless puzzle,  
 Our Galen's cane had rubbed against his muzzle;  
 He thought, and thought, and thought, and thought,  
 and thought —  
 And still it came to nought,  
 When up rushed Betty, loudest of Town Criers,  
 "Lord, Ma'am, the new Police is at the door!  
 It's B, Ma'am, Twenty-four, —  
 As brought home Mr. S. to Austin Friars,  
 And says there's nothing but a simple case,  
 He got that 'ere green face  
 By sleeping in the kennel near the Dyer's!"

## MORE HULLAHBALOO.

Loud as from numbers without number.

MILTON.

You may do it extempore, for it's nothing but roaring.

QUINCE.

AMONGST the great inventions of this age,  
 Which every other century surpasses,  
 Is one,—just now the rage,—  
 Called “Singing for all classes” —  
 That is, for all the British millions,  
     And billions,  
     And quadrillions,  
     Not to name *Quintillions*,  
 That now, alas ! have no more ear than asses,  
     To learn to warble like the birds in June.  
     In time and tune,  
 Correct as clocks, and musical as glasses !

In fact, a sort of plan,  
 Including gentleman as well as yokel,  
     Public or private man,  
 To call out a Militia,—only Vocal  
     Instead of Local,

VOL. IV

And not designed for military follies,  
But keeping still within the civil border,  
To form with mouths in open order,  
And sing in volleys.

Whether this grand harmonic scheme  
Will ever get beyond a dream,  
And tend to British happiness and glory,  
Maybe no, and maybe yes,  
Is more than I pretend to guess —  
However, here's my story.

In one of those small, quiet streets,  
Where Business retreats,  
To shun the daily bustle and the noise  
The shoppy Strand enjoys,  
But Law, Joint Companies, and Life Assurance  
Find past endurance —  
In one of those back streets, to Peace so dear,  
The other day, a ragged wight  
Began to sing with all his might,  
*"I have a silent sorrow here!"*

The place was lonely ; not a creature stirred,  
Except some little dingy bird ;  
Or vagrant cur that snuffed along  
Indifferent to the Son of Song ;  
No truant errand-boy, or Doctor's lad,  
No idle Filch or lounging cad,  
No pots encumbered with diurnal beer,

No printer's devil with an author's proof,  
 Or housemaid on an errand far aloof,  
     Lingered the tattered Melodist to hear —  
 Who yet, confound him ! bawled as loud  
 As if he had to charm a London crowd,  
     Singing beside the public way,  
 Accompanied — instead of violin,  
 Flute, or piano, chiming in —  
     By rumbling cab, and omnibus, and dray,  
 A van with iron bars to play *staccato*,  
     Or engine *obligato* —  
 In short, without one instrument vehicular  
 ( Not even a truck, to be particular, )  
     There stood the rogue and roared,  
     Unasked and unencored,  
 Enough to split the organs called auricular !

Heard in that quiet place,  
 Devoted to a still and studious race,  
     The noise was quite appalling !  
 To seek a fitting simile and spin it,  
     Appropriate to his calling,  
 His voice had all Lablache's *body* in it ;  
 But oh ! the scientific tone it lacked,  
     And was, in fact,  
 Only a forty-boatswain-power of bawling !

\*Twas said, indeed, for want of vocal *nous*,  
     The stage had banished him when he attempted  
         it,

For tho' his voice completely filled the house,  
It also emptied it.

However, there he stood  
Vociferous — a ragged don !  
And with his iron pipes laid on  
A row to all the neighbourhood.

In vain were sashes closed  
And doors against the persevering Stentor,  
Though brick, and glass, and solid oak opposed,  
Th' intruding voice would enter,  
Heedless of ceremonial or decorum,  
Den, office, parlour, study, and sanctorum ;  
Where clients and attorneys, rogues, and fools,  
Ladies, and masters who attended schools,  
Clerks, agents, all provided with their tools,  
Were sitting upon sofas, chairs, and stools,  
With shelves, pianos, tables, desks, before 'em —  
How it did bore 'em !

Louder, and louder still,  
The fellow sang with horrible good-will,  
Curses both loud and deep his sole gratuities,  
From scribes bewildered making many a flaw  
In deeds of law  
They had to draw ;  
With dreadful incongruities  
In posting ledgers, making up accounts  
To large amounts,  
Or casting up annuities —

Stunned by that voice, so loud and hoarse,  
Against whose overwhelming force  
No invoice stood a chance, of course !

The Actuary pshawed and "pished,"  
And knit his calculating brows, and wished  
The singer "a bad life" — a mental murder !  
The Clerk, resentful of a blot and blunder,  
    Wished the musician further,  
    Poles distant — and no wonder !  
For Law and Harmony tend far asunder —  
The lady could not keep her temper calm,  
Because the sinner did not sing a psalm —  
The Fiddler in the very same position  
    As Hogarth's chafed musician  
( Such prints require but cursory reminders )  
Came and made faces at the wretch beneath,  
And wishing for his foe between his teeth,  
    ( Like all impatient elves  
    That spite themselves )  
Ground his own Grinders.

But still with unrelenting note,  
    Though not a copper came of it, in verity,  
The horrid fellow with the ragged coat,  
    And iron throat,  
Heedless of present honour and prosperity,  
Sang like a Poet singing for posterity,  
    In penniless reliance —  
And, sure, the most immortal Man of Rhyme

Never set Time  
More thoroughly at defiance !

From room to room, from floor to floor,  
From Number One to Twenty-four  
The nuisance bellowed, till all patience lost,  
Down came Miss Frost,  
Expostulating at her open door —  
“Peace, monster, peace !  
Where *is* the New Police !  
I vow I cannot work, or read, or pray,  
Don't stand there bawling, fellow, don't !  
You really send my serious thoughts astray,  
Do — there's a dear good man — do, go away.”  
Says he, “I won't !”

The spinster pulled her door to with a slam,  
That sounded like a wooden d—n,  
For so some moral people, strictly loth  
To swear in words, however up,  
Will crash a curse in setting down a cup,  
Or through a doorpost vent a banging oath —  
In fact, this sort of physical transgression  
Is really no more difficult to trace  
Than in a given face  
*A very bad expression.*

However, in she went,  
Leaving the subject of her discontent  
To Mr. Jones's Clerk at Number Ten ;

Who, throwing up the sash,  
 With accents rash,  
 Thus hailed the most vociferous of men :  
 " Come, come, I say old fellor, stop your chant  
 I cannot write a sentence — no one can't !  
 So just pack up your trumps,  
 And stir your stumps — "  
 Says he, " I shant ! "

Down went the sash  
 As if devoted to " eternal smash,"  
 (Another illustration  
 Of acted imprecation,)  
 While close at hand, uncomfortably near,  
 The independent voice, so loud and strong,  
 And clanging like a gong,  
 Roared out again the everlasting song,  
 " I have a silent sorrow here ! "

The thing was hard to stand !  
 The Music-master could not stand it —  
 But rushing forth with fiddlestick in hand,  
 As savage as a bandit,  
 Made up directly to the tattered man,  
 And thus in broken sentences began,  
 But playing first a prelude of grimaces,  
 Twisting his features to the strangest shapes,  
 So that to guess his subject from his faces,  
 He meant to give a lecture upon apes —

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"Com — com — I say!  
 You go away!  
 Into two parts my head you split —  
 My fiddle cannot hear himself a bit,  
     When I do play —  
 You have no bis'ness in a place so still!  
     Can you not come another day?"  
 Says he — "I will."

"No — no — you scream and bawl!  
 You must not come at all!  
 You have no rights, by rights, to beg —  
 You have not one off leg — [plaint —  
 You ought to work — you have not some com-  
 You are not cripple in your back or bones —  
 Your voice is strong enough to break some  
     stones" —  
 Says he — "It aint!"

"I say you ought to labour!  
 You are in a young case,  
 You have not sixty years upon your face,  
     To come and beg your neighbour,  
 And discompose his music with a noise  
 More worse than twenty boys —  
 Look what a street it is for quiet!  
 No cart to make a riot,  
     No coach, no horses, no postilion,  
 If you will sing, I say, it is not just  
 To sing so loud." — Says he, "I must!  
 I'm SINGING FOR THE MILLION!"

## ODES AND ADDRESSES.

## ODE TO MR. GRAHAM.

## THE AERONAUT.

"Up with me!—up with me into the sky!"

WORDSWORTH—*on a Lark!*

DEAR Graham, whilst the busy crowd,  
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,  
    Their meaner flights pursue,  
Let us cast off the foolish ties  
That bind us to the earth, and rise  
    And take a bird's-eye view!—

A few more whiffs of my segar  
And then, in Fancy's airy car,  
    Have with thee for the skies :—  
How oft this fragrant smoke upcurled  
Hath borne me from this little world,  
    And all that in it lies!—

Away!—away!—the bubble fills—  
Farewell to earth and all its hills!—

We seem to cut the wind !—  
So high we mount, so swift we go,  
The chimney tops are far below,  
The Eagle's left behind !—

Ah me ! my brain begins to swim !—  
'The world is growing rather dim ;  
The steeples and the trees—  
My wife is getting very small !  
I cannot see my babe at all !—  
The Dollond, if you please !

Do, Graham, let me have a quiz,  
Lord ! what a Lilliput it is,  
That little world of Mogg's !—  
Are those the London Docks ?—that channel,  
The mighty Thames ?—a proper kennel  
For that small Isle of Dogs !—

What is that seeming tea-urn there ?  
That fairy dome, St. Paul's !—I swear,  
Wren must have been a Wren !—  
And that small stripe ?—it cannot be  
The City Road !—Good lack ! to see  
The little ways of men !

Little, indeed !—my eyeballs ache  
To find a turnpike.—I must take  
Their tolls upon my trust !—  
And where is mortal labor gone ?

Look, Graham, for a little stone  
Mac Adamized to dust!

Look at the horses!—less than flies!—  
Oh, what a waste it was of sighs  
To wish to be a Mayor!  
What is the honor?—none at all,  
One's honor must be very small  
For such a civic chair!—

And there's Guildhall!—'tis far aloof—  
Methinks, I fancy through the roof  
Its little guardian Gogs,  
Like penny dolls—a tiny show!—  
Well—I must say they're ruled below  
By very little logs!—

Oh! Graham, how the upper air  
Alters the standards of compare;  
One of our silken flags  
Would cover London all about—  
Nay, then—let's even empty out  
Another brace of bags!

Now for a glass of bright Champagne  
Above the clouds!—Come, let us drain  
A bumper as we go!—  
But hold!—for God's sake do not cant  
The cork away—unless you want  
To brain your friends below.

Think ! what a mob of little men  
Are crawling just within our ken,  
Like mites upon a cheese !—  
Pshaw !—how the foolish sight rebukes  
Ambitious thoughts !—can there be *Dukes*  
Of *Gloster* such as these !—

Oh ! what is glory ?—what is fame ?  
Hark to the little mob's acclaim,  
'T is nothing but a hum !—  
A few near gnats would trump as loud  
As all the shouting of a crowd  
That has so far to come !—

Well—they are wise that choose the near,  
A few small buzzards in the ear,  
To organs ages hence !—  
Ah me ! how distance touches all ;  
It makes the true look rather small,  
But murders poor pretence.

“ The world recedes—it disappears !  
Heaven opens on my eyes—my ears  
With buzzing noises ring ! ”—  
A fig for Southey's Laureat lore !—  
What's Rogers here ?—Who cares for Moore  
That hears the Angels sing !—

A fig for earth, and all its minions !—  
We are above the world's opinions,

Graham ! we 'll have our own !—  
Look what a vantage height we've got—  
Now——*do* you think Sir Walter Scott  
Is such a Great Unknown ?

Speak up !—or hath he hid his name  
To crawl thro' "subways" unto fame,  
Like Williams of Cornhill ?—  
Speak up, my lad !—when men run small  
We 'll show what's little in them all,  
Receive it how they will !—

Think now of Irving !—shall he preach  
The princes down—shall he impeach  
The potent and the rich,  
Merely on ethic stilts—and I  
Not moralize at two miles high—  
The true didactic pitch !

Come :—what d' ye think of Jeffrey, sir ?  
Is Gifford such a Gulliver  
In Lilliput's Review,  
That like Colossus he should stride  
Certain small brazen inches wide  
For poets to pass through ?

Look down ! the world is but a spot.  
Now say—Is Blackwood's *low* or not,  
For all the Scottish tone ?  
It shall not weigh us here—not where

The sandy burden's lost in air—  
Our lading—where is 't flown ?

Now—like you Croly's verse indeed—  
In heaven—where one cannot read  
The "Warren" on a wall ?  
What think you here of that man's fame ?  
Tho' Jerdan magnified his name,  
To me 'tis very small !

And, truly, is there such a spell  
In those three letters, L. E. L.,  
To witch a world with song ?  
On clouds the Byron did not sit,  
Yet dared on Shakspeare's head to spit,  
And say the world was wrong !

And shall not we ? Let's think aloud !  
Thus being couched upon a cloud,  
Graham, we'll have our eyes !  
We felt the great when we were less,  
But we'll retort on littleness  
Now we are in the skies.

O Graham, Graham ! how I blame  
The bastard blush—the petty shame  
That used to fret me quite—  
The little sores I covered then,  
No sores on earth, nor sorrows when  
The world is out of sight !

*My* name is Tims.—I am the man  
That North's unseen, diminished clan  
So scurvily abused !  
I am the very P. A. Z.  
The London's Lion,s small pin's head  
So often hath refused !

Campbell—(you cannot see him here)—  
Hath scorned my *lays* :—do his appear  
Such great eggs from the sky ?—  
And Longman, and his lengthy Co.  
Long, only, in a little Row,  
Have thrust my poems by !

What else ?—I 'm poor, and much beset  
With damned small duns—that is—in debt  
Some grains of golden dust !  
But only worth above, is worth.—  
What's all the credit of the earth !  
An inch of cloth on trust !

What's Rothschild here, that wealthy man !  
Nay, worlds of wealth ?—Oh, if you can  
Spy out—the *Golden Ball* !  
Sure as we rose, all money sank :  
What's gold or silver now ?—the Bank  
Is gone—the 'Change and all !

What's all the ground-rent of the globe ?—  
Oh, Graham, it would worry Job

To hear its landlords prate !  
But after this survey, I think  
I 'll ne'er be bullied more, nor shrink  
From men of large estate !

And less, still less, will I submit  
To poor mean acres' worth of wit—  
I that have heaven's span—  
I that like Shakspeare's self may dream  
Beyond the very clouds, and seem  
An Universal Man !

Mark, Graham, mark those gorgeous crowds !  
Like Birds of Paradise the clouds  
Are winging on the wind !  
But what is grander than their range ?  
More lovely than their sun-set change ?—  
The free creative mind !

Well ! the Adults' School 's in the air !  
The greatest men are lessoned there  
As well as the Lessee !  
Oh could Earth's Ellistons thus small  
Behold the greatest stage of all,  
How humbled they would be !

“ Oh would some Power the giftie gie 'em,  
To see themselves as others see 'em,”  
’T would much abate their fuss !  
If they could think that from the skies

They are as little in our eyes  
As they can think of us!

Of us? are we gone out of sight?  
Lessened! diminished! vanished quite!  
Lost to the tiny town!  
Beyond the Eagle's ken—the grope  
Of Dollond's longest telescope!  
Graham! we're going down!

Ah me! I've touched a string that opes  
The airy valve!—the gas elopes—  
Down goes our bright Balloon!—  
Farewell the skies! the clouds! I smell  
The lower world! Graham, farewell,  
Man of the silken moon!

The earth is close! the City nears—  
Like a burnt paper it appears,  
Studded with tiny sparks!  
Methinks I hear the distant rout  
Of coaches rumbling all about—  
We're close above the Parks!

I hear the watchmen on their beats,  
Hawking the hour about the streets.  
Lord! what a cruel jar  
It is upon the earth to light!  
Well—there's the finish of our flight!  
I've smoked my last segar!

## ODE TO MR. M'ADAM.

"Let us take to the road!"—BEGGAR'S OPERA.

M'ADAM, hail!

Hail, Roadian! hail, Colossus! who dost stand  
Striding ten thousand turnpikes on the land!

Oh universal Leveller! all hail!

To thee, a good, yet stony-hearted man,

The kindest one, and yet the flintiest going—

To thee—how much for thy commodious plan,  
Lanark Reformer of the Ruts, is Owing!

The Bristol mail

Gliding o'er ways, hitherto deemed invincible,

When carrying Patriots now shall never fail

Those of the most "*unshaken* public principle."

Hail to thee, Scot of Scots!

Thou northern light, amid those heavy men!

Foe to Stonehenge, yet friend to all beside,

Thou scatterest flints and favors far and wide,

From palaces to cots;—

Dispenser of coagulated good!

Distributor of granite and of food!

Long may thy fame its even path march on

E'en when thy sons are dead!  
Best benefactor! though thou giv'st a stone  
To those who ask for bread!

Thy first great trial in this mighty town  
Was, if I rightly recollect, upon  
That gentle hill which goeth  
Down from "the County" to the Palace gate,  
And, like a river, thanks to thee, now floweth  
Past the Old Horticultural Society—  
The chemist Cobb's, the house of Howell and  
James,  
Where ladies play high shawl and satin games—  
A little *Hell* of lace!  
And past the Athenæum, made of late,  
Severs a sweet variety  
Of milliners and booksellers who grace  
Waterloo Place,  
Making division, the Muse fears and guesses,  
'Twixt Mr. Rivington's and Mr. Hessey's.  
Thou stood'st thy trial, Mac! and shaved the  
road  
From Barber Beaumont's to the King's abode  
So well, that paviors threw their rammers by,  
Let down their tucked shirt-sleeves, and with a  
sigh  
Prepared themselves, poor souls, to chip or die!

Next, from the palace to the prison, thou  
Didst go, the highway's watchman, to thy beat—

Preventing though the *rattling* in the street,  
Yet kicking up a row  
Upon the stones—ah! truly watchman-like,  
Encouraging thy victims all to strike,  
To further thy own purpose, Adam, daily ;—  
Thou hast smoothed, alas, the path to the Old  
Bailey!

And to the stony bowers  
Of Newgate, to encourage the approach,  
By caravan or coach—  
Hast strewed the way with flints as soft as flowers.  
Who shall dispute thy name!  
Insculpt in stone in every street,  
We soon shall greet

Thy trodden down, yet all unconquered fame!  
Where'er we take, even at this time, our way,  
Nought see we, but mankind in open air,  
Hammering thy fame, as Chantrey would not  
dare ;—

And with a patient care  
Chipping thy immortality all day!  
Demosthenes, of old—that rare old man—  
Prophetically *followed*, Mac! thy plan :—

For he, we know,  
(History says so,)  
Put *pebbles* in his mouth when he would speak  
The *smoothest* Greek!

It is “impossible, and cannot be,”  
But that thy genius hath,

Besides the turnpike, many another path  
Trode, to arrive at popularity,  
O'er Pegasus, perchance, thou hast thrown a  
thigh,

Nor ridden a roadster only ; mighty Mac !  
And 'faith I'd swear, when on that winged hack,  
Thou hast observed the highways in the sky !  
Is the path up Parnassus rough and steep,

And "hard to climb," as Dr. B. would say ?  
Dost think it best for Sons of Song to keep  
The noiseless *tenor* of their way ? (see Gray.)  
What line of road *should* poets take to bring  
Themselves unto those waters, loved the first !—  
Those waters which can wet a man to sing !

Which, like thy fame, "from *granite* basins  
burst,

Leap into life, and, sparkling, woo the thirst ?"  
That thou'rt a proser, even thy birthplace  
might

Vouchsafe ;—and Mr. Cadell *may*, God wot,  
Have paid thee many a pound for many a  
blot—

Cadell's a wayward wight !

Although no Walter, still thou art a Scot,  
And I can throw, I think, a little light  
Upon some works thou hast written for the  
town—

And published, like a Lilliput Unknown !  
"Highways and Byeways," is thy book, no  
doubt,

(One whole edition 's out,)
   
And next, for it is fair
   
That Fame,
   
Seeing her children, should confess she had
   
'em :—
   
“Some *Passages* from the life of Adam Blair”—
   
(Blair is a Scottish name,)
   
What are they, but thy own good roads, M'Adam?

O! indefatigable laborer
   
In the paths of men! when thou shalt die, 't will
   
be
   
A mark of thy surpassing industry,
   
That of the monument, which men shall rear
   
Over thy most inestimable bone,
   
Thou didst thy very self lay the first stone!—
   
Of a right ancient line thou comest—through
   
Each crook and turn we trace the unbroken clue,
   
Until we see thy sire before our eyes—
   
Rolling his gravel walks in Paradise!
   
But he, our great Mac Parent, erred, and ne'er
   
Have our walks since been fair!
   
Yet Time, who, like the merchant, lives on
   
'Change,
   
Forever varying, through his varying range,
   
Time maketh all things even!
   
In this strange world, turning beneath high
   
heaven!
   
He hath redeemed the Adams, and contrived—
   
(How are Time's wonders hived!)

A FRIENDLY ADDRESS TO MRS. FRY. 183

In pity to mankind and to befriend 'em—  
(Time is above all praise)  
That he, who first did make our evil ways,  
Reborn in Scotland, should be first to mend 'em !

A FRIENDLY ADDRESS

TO MRS. FRY, IN NEWGATE.

" Sermons in stones."—As YOU LIKE IT.

" Out! out! damned spot!"—MACBETH.

I LIKE you, Mrs. Fry! I like your name!  
It speaks the very warmth you feel in pressing  
In daily act round Charity's great flame—  
I like the crisp Browne way you have of dress-  
ing,  
Good Mrs. Fry! I like the placid claim  
You make to Christianity—professing  
Love, and good *works*—of course you buy of Bar-  
ton,  
Beside the young *fry's* booksellers, Friend Dar-  
ton!

I like good Mrs. Fry, your brethren mute—  
Those serious, solemn gentlemen that sport—

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I should have said, that *wear*, the sober suit  
Shaped like a court dress—but for heaven's  
court.

I like your sisters too—sweet Rachel's fruit—  
Protestant nuns ! I like their stiff support  
Of virtue—and I like to see them clad  
With such a difference—just like good from bad !

I like the sober colors—not the wet ;  
Those gaudy manufactures of the rainbow—  
Green, orange, crimson, purple, violet—  
In which the fair, the flirting, and the vain,  
go—

The others are a chaste, severer set,  
In which the good, the pious, and the plain,  
go—

They 're moral *standards*, to know Christians by—  
In short, they are your *colors*, Mrs. Fry !

As for the naughty tinges of the prism—  
Crimson's the cruel uniform of war—  
Blue—hue of brimstone ! minds no catechism ;  
And green is young and gay—not noted for  
Goodness, or gravity, or quietism,  
Till it is saddened down to tea-green, or  
Olive—and purple 's given to wine, I guess ;  
And yellow is a convict by its dress !

They 're all the devil's liveries, that men  
And women wear in servitude to sin—

But how will they come off, poor motleys, when  
Sin's wages are paid down, and they stand in  
The Evil Presence! You and I know, then  
How all the party colors will begin  
To part—the *Pittite* hues will sadden there,  
Whereas the *Fozite* shades will all show fair!

Witness their goodly labors one by one!  
*Russet* makes garments for the needy poor—  
*Dove-color* preaches love to all—and *dun*  
Calls every day at Charity's street-door—  
*Brown* studies Scripture, and bids women shun  
All gaudy furnishing—*olive* doth pour  
Oil into wounds: and *drab* and *slate* supply  
Scholar and book in Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

Well! Heaven forbid that I should discommend  
The gratis, charitable, jail-endavor!  
When all persuasions in your praises blend—  
The Methodist's creed and cry are, *Fry* for-  
ever!  
No—I will be your friend—and, like a friend,  
Point out your very worst defect—Nay, never  
Start at that word! But I *must* ask you why  
You keep your school *in* Newgate, Mrs. Fry?

Too well I know the price our mother Eve  
Paid for *her* schooling: but must all her daugh-  
ters  
Commit a petty larceny, and thief—

Pay down a crime for "*entrance*" to your  
 "*quarters*?"

Your classes may increase, but I must grieve  
 Over your pupils at their bread and waters !  
 Oh, tho' it cost you rent—(and rooms run high)  
 Keep your school *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry !

O save the vulgar soul before it's spoiled !  
 Set up your mounted sign *without* the gate—  
 And there inform the mind before 'tis soiled !  
 'Tis sorry writing on a greasy slate !  
 Nay, if you would not have your labors foiled,  
 Take it *inclining* towards a virtuous state,  
 Not prostrate and laid flat—else, woman meek !  
 The *upright* pencil will but hop and shriek !

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to drain  
 The evil spirit from the heart it preys in—  
 To bring sobriety to life again,  
 Choked with the vile Anacreontic raisin—  
 To wash Black Betty when her black's ingrain—  
 To stick a moral lacquer on Moll Brazen,  
 Of Suky Tawdry's habits to deprive her ;  
 To tame the wild-fowl ways of Jenny Diver !

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to teach  
 Miss Nancy Dawson on her bed of straw—  
 To make long Sal sew up the endless breach  
 She made in manners—to write heaven's own  
 law

On hearts of granite.—Nay, how hard to preach,  
In cells, that are not memory's—to draw  
The moral thread, thro' the immoral eye  
Of blunt Whitechapel natures, Mrs. Fry!

In vain you teach them baby-work within:  
'Tis but a clumsy botchery of crime;  
'Tis but a tedious darning of old sin—  
Come out yourself, and stitch up souls in  
time—

It is too late for scouring to begin  
When virtue's ravelled out, when all the prime  
Is worn away, and nothing sound remains;  
You'll fret the fabric out before the stains!

I like your chocolate, good Mistress Fry!  
I like your cookery in every way;  
I like your shrove-tide service and supply;  
I like to hear your sweet *Pandeans* play;  
I like the pity in your full-brimmed eye;  
I like your carriage, and your silken gray,  
Your dove-like habits, and your silent preaching;  
But I don't like your Newgatory teaching.

Come out of Newgate, Mrs. Fry! Repair  
Abroad, and find your pupils in the streets.  
O, come abroad into the wholesome air,  
And take your moral place, before Sin seats  
Her wicked self in the Professor's chair.  
Suppose some morals raw! the true receipt's

To dress them in the pan, but do not try  
To cook them in the fire, good Mrs. Fry!

Put on your decent bonnet, and come out !  
Good lack ! the ancients did not set up schools  
In jail—but at the *Porch* ! hinting, no doubt,  
That Vice should have a lesson in the rules  
Before 't was whipt by law.—O come about,  
Good Mrs. Fry ! and set up forms and stools  
All down the Old Bailey, and thro' Newgate-  
street,  
But not in Mr. Wontner's proper seat !

Teach Lady Barrymore, if, teaching, you  
That peerless Peeress can absolve from dolor ;  
Teach her it is not virtue to pursue  
Ruin of blue, or any other color ;  
Teach her it is not Virtue's crown to rue,  
Month after month, the unpaid drunken dollar ;  
Teach her that " flooring Charleys " is a game  
Unworthy one that bears a Christian name.

O come and teach our children—that ar'n't *ours*—  
That heaven's straight pathway is a narrow way,  
Not Broad St. Giles's, where fierce Sin devours  
Children, like Time—or rather they both prey  
On youth together—meanwhile Newgate low'rs  
Even like a black cloud at the close of day,  
To shut them out from any more blue sky :  
Think of these hopeless wretches, Mrs. Fry !

You are not nice—go into their retreats,  
And make them Quakers, if you will.—’T were  
best

They wore straight collars, and their shirts sans  
*pleats* ;

That they had hats *with* brims—that they were  
drest

In garbs without *lappels*—than shame the streets

With so much raggedness.—You may invest  
Much cash this way—but it will cost its price,  
To give a good, round, real *cheque* to Vice !

In brief—Oh teach the child its moral rote,

Not *in* the way from which ’t will not depart—  
But *out*—out—out ! Oh, bid it walk remote !

And if the skies are closed against the smart,  
Even let him wear the single-breasted coat,

For that ensureth singleness of heart.—

Do what you will, his every want supply,

*Keep* him—but *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry !

## ODE TO RICHARD MARTIN, ESQUIRE,

M.P. FOR GALWAY.

"*Martin*, in this, has proved himself a very good Man!"—  
BOXIANA.

How many sing of wars,  
Of Greek and Trojan jars—  
The butcheries of men!  
The Muse hath a "Perpetual Ruby Pen!"  
Dabbling with heroes and the blood they spill;  
But no one sings the man  
That, like a pelican,  
Nourishes Pity with his tender *Bill*!

Thou Wilberforce of hacks!  
Of whites as well as blacks,  
Piebald and dapple gray,  
Chestnut and bay—  
No poet's eulogy thy name adorns!  
But oxen, from the fens,  
Sheep—in their pens,  
Praise thee, and red cows with their winding  
horns!

Thou art sung on brutal pipes !  
 Drovers may curse thee,  
 Knackers asperse thee,  
 And sly M.P.'s bestow their cruel wipes ;  
 But the old horse neighs thee,  
 And zebras praise thee,  
 Asses, I mean—that have as many stripes !

Hast thou not taught the Drover to forbear,  
 In Smithfield's muddy, murderous, vile environ—  
 Staying his lifted bludgeon in the air !  
 Bullocks don't wear  
*Oxide* of iron !

The cruel Jarvy thou hast summoned oft,  
 Enforcing mercy on the coarse Yahoo,  
 That thought his horse the *courser* of the two—  
 Whilst Swift smiled down aloft !—  
 O worthy pair ! for this, when ye inhabit  
 Bodies of birds—(if so the spirit shifts  
 From flesh to feather)—when the clown uplifts  
 His hands against the sparrows nest, to *grab* it—  
 He shall not harm the MARTINS and the *Swifts* !

Ah ! when Dean Swift was *quick*, how he enhanced  
 The horse !—and humbled biped man like Plato !  
 But now he's dead, the charger is mischanced—  
 Gone backward in the world—and not advanced—  
 Remember Cato !

Swift was the horse's champion—not the King's  
     Whom Southey sings,  
 Mounted on Pegasus—would he were thrown!  
 He'll wear that ancient hackney to the bone,  
 Like a mere clothes-horse airing royal things!  
 Ah well-a-day! the ancients did not use  
 Their steeds so cruelly!—let it debar men  
 From wonted rowelling and whip's abuse—  
     Look at the ancients' *Muse!*  
     Look at their *Carmen!*

O, Martin! how thine eye—  
 That one would think had put aside its lashes—  
     That can't bear gashes  
 Thro' any horse's side, must ache to spy  
 That horrid window fronting Fetter-lane—  
 For there's a nag the crows have picked for  
     victual,  
 Or some man painted in a bloody vein—  
     Gods! is there no *Horse-spital!*  
 That such raw shows must sicken the humane!  
     Sure Mr. Whittle  
     Loves thee but little,  
 To let that poor horse linger in his *pane!*

O build a Brookes's Theatre for horses!  
 O wipe away the national reproach—  
     And find a decent Vulture for their corpses!  
     And in thy funeral track  
 Four sorry steeds shall follow in each coach!

Steeds that confess "the luxury of *woe* !"  
 True mourning steeds, in no extempore black,  
     And many a wretched hack  
 Shall sorrow for thee—sore with kick and blow  
 And bloody gash—it is the Indian knack—  
 (Save that the savage is his own tormentor)—  
 Banting shall weep too in his sable scarf—  
 The biped woe the quadruped shall enter,  
     And Man and Horse go half and half,  
 As if their griefs met in a common *Centaur* !

ODE TO THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

"O breathe not his name!"—MOORE.

THOU Great Unknown !  
 I do not mean Eternity, nor Death,  
     That vast incog !  
 For I suppose thou hast a living breath,  
 Howbeit we know not from whose lungs 'tis blown,  
     Thou man of fog !  
 Parent of many children—child of none !  
     Nobody's son !  
 Nobody's daughter—but a parent still !  
 Still but an ostrich parent of a batch  
 Of orphan eggs—left to the world to hatch.  
     Superlative Nil !

A vox and nothing more—yet not Vauxhall ;  
 A head in papers, yet without a curl !  
     Not the Invisible Girl !  
 No hand—but a handwriting on a wall—  
     A popular nonentity,  
 Still called the same—without identity !  
     A lark, heard out of sight—  
 A nothing shined upon—invisibly bright,  
     “ Dark with excess of light ! ”  
 Constable’s literary John-a-nokes—  
 The real Scottish wizard—and not witch,  
     Nobody—in a niche ;  
     Every one’s hoax !  
     Maybe Sir Walter Scott—  
     Perhaps not !  
 Why dost thou so conceal and puzzle curious  
     folks ?

Thou—whom the second-sighted never saw,  
 The Master Fiction of fictitious history !  
     Chief Nong tong paw !  
 No mister in the world—and yet all mystery !  
 The “ tricky spirit ” of a Scotch Cock Lane—  
 A novel Junius puzzling the world’s brain—  
 A man of Magic—yet no talisman !  
 A man of clair obscure—not he o’ the moon !  
     A star—at noon.  
 A non-descriptus in a caravan,  
 A private—of no corps—a northern light  
     In a dark lantern—Bogie in a crape—

A figure—but no shape ;  
 A vizor—and no knight ;  
 The real abstract hero of the age ;  
 The staple Stranger of the stage ;  
 A Some One made in every man's presumption,  
 Frankenstein's monster—but instinct with gump-  
     tion ;  
 Another strange state captive in the north,  
 Constable-guarded in an iron mask—  
     Still let me ask,  
     Hast thou no silver-platter,  
 No door-plate, or no card—or some such matter,  
 To scrawl a name upon, and then cast forth ?  
 Thou Scottish Barmecide, feeding the hunger  
 Of Curiosity with airy gammon !  
     Thou mystery-monger,  
 Dealing it out like middle cut of salmon,  
 That people buy and can't make head or tail of it ;  
 (Howbeit that puzzle never hurts the sale of it ;)   
 Thou chief of authors mystic and abstractical,  
 That lay their proper bodies on the shelf—  
 Keeping thyself so truly to thyself,  
     Thou Zimmerman made practical !  
 Thou secret fountain of a Scottish style,  
     That, like the Nile,  
 Hideth its source wherever it is bred,  
     But still keeps disemboguing  
     (Not disembroguing)  
 Thro' such broad sandy mouths without a head !  
 Thou disembodied author—not yet dead—

The whole world's literary Absentee!  
 Ah! wherefore hast thou fled,  
 Thou learned Nemo—wise to a degree,  
 Anonymous LL. D.!

Thou nameless captain of the nameless gang  
 That do—and inquests cannot say who did it!  
 Wert thou at Mrs. Donatty's death-pang?  
 Hast thou made gravy of Weare's watch—or hid  
 it?  
 Hast thou a Blue-Beard chamber? Heaven for-  
 bid it!

I should be very loth to see thee hang!  
 I hope thou hast an alibi well planned,  
 An innocent, altho' an ink-black hand.  
 Tho' thou hast newly turned thy private bolt  
 on

The curiosity of all invaders—  
 I hope thou art merely closeted with Colton,  
 Who knows a little of the *Holy Land*,  
 Writing thy next new novel—The Cru-  
 saders!

Perhaps thou wert even born  
 To be Unknown.—Perhaps hung, some foggy  
 morn,  
 At Captain Coram's charitable wicket,  
 Pinned to a ticket  
 That Fate had made illegible, foreseeing  
 The future great unmentionable being.—

Perhaps thou hast ridden  
 A scholar poor on St. Augustine's Back,  
 Like Chatterton, and found a dusty pack  
 Of Rowley novels in an old chest hidden ;  
 A little hoard of clever simulation,  
 That took the town—and Constable has bidden  
 Some hundred pounds for a continuation—  
 To keep and clothe thee in genteel starvation.

I liked thy Waverley—first of thy breeding ;  
 I liked its modest "sixty years ago,"  
 As if it was not meant for ages' reading.  
 I don't like Ivanhoe,  
 Tho' Dymoke does—it makes him think of clat-  
 tering

In iron overalls before the king,  
 Secure from battering, to ladies flattering,  
 Tuning his challenge to the gauntlet's ring—  
 Oh better far than all that anvil clang  
 It was to hear thee touch the famous string  
 Of Robin Hood's tough bow and make it twang,  
 Rousing him up, all verdant, with his clan,  
 Like Sagittarian Pan !

I like Guy Mannering—but not that sham son  
 Of Brown.—I like that literary Sampson,  
 Nine-tenths a Dyer, with a smack of Porson.  
 I like Dirk Hatteraick, that rough sea Orson  
 That slew the Gauger ;  
 And Dandie Dinmont, like old Ursa Major ;

And Merrilies, young Bertram's old defender,  
     That Scottish Witch of Endor,  
 That doomed thy fame. She was the Witch, I  
     take it,  
 To tell a great man's fortune—or to make it !

I like thy Antiquary. With his fit on,  
     He makes me think of Mr. Britton,  
 Who has—or had—within his garden wall,  
 A *miniature Stone Henge*, so very small  
     The sparrows find it difficult to sit on ;  
 And Dousterswivel, like Poyais' M'Gregor ;  
 And Edie Ochiltree, that old *Blue Beggar*,  
     Painted so cleverly,  
 I think thou surely knowest Mrs. Beverly !  
 I like thy Barber—him that fired the *Beacon*—  
 But that 's a tender subject now to speak on !

I like long-armed Rob Roy.—His very charms  
 Fashioned him for renown !—In sad sincerity,  
     The man that robs or writes must have long  
     arms,  
 If he 's to hand his deeds down to posterity !  
 Witness Miss Biffin's posthumous prosperity,  
 Her poor brown crumpled mummy (nothing more)  
     Bearing the name she bore,  
 A thing Time's tooth is tempted to destroy !  
 But Roys can never die—why else, in verity,  
 Is Paris echoing with " *Vive le Roy !* "  
     Ay, Rob shall live again, and deathless Di

Vernon, of course, shall often live again—  
 Whilst there 's a stone in Newgate, or a chain,  
     Who can pass by  
 Nor feel the Thief's in prison and at hand?  
 There be Old Bailey Jarvys on the stand!

I like thy Landlord's Tales!—I like that Idol  
 Of love and Lammermoor—the blue-eyed maid  
 That led to church the mounted cavalcade,  
     And then pulled up with such a bloody bridal!  
 Throwing equestrian Hymen on his haunches—  
 I like the family (not silver) branches  
     That hold the tapers  
     To light the serious legend of Montrose.—  
 I like M'Aulay's second-sighted vapors,  
 As if he could not walk or talk alone,  
 Without the Devil—or the Great Unknown—  
     Dalgetty is the dearest of Ducrows!

I like St. Leonard's Lily—drenched with dew!  
 I like thy Vision of the Covenanters,  
 That bloody-minded Graham shot and slew.  
     I like the battle lost and won;  
     The hurly burly 's bravely done,  
 The warlike gallops and the warlike canters!  
 I like that girded chieftain of the ranters,  
 Ready to preach down heathens, or to grapple,  
     With one eye on his sword,  
     And one upon the Word—  
 How *he* would cram the Caledonian Chapel!

I like stern Claverhouse, though he doth dapple  
 His raven steed with blood of many a corse—  
 I like dear Mrs. Headrigg, that unravels  
 Her texts of Scripture on a trotting horse—  
 She is so like Rae Wilson when he travels!

I like thy Kenilworth—but I'm not going  
 To take a Retrospective Re-Review  
 Of all thy dainty novels—merely showing  
 The old familiar faces of a few,  
 The question to renew,  
 How thou canst leave such deeds without a name,  
 Forego the unclaimed dividends of fame,  
 Forego the smiles of literary hours—  
 Mid Lothian's trump, and Fife's shrill note of  
 praise,  
 And all the Carse of Gowrie's,  
 When thou might'st have thy statue in Cromar-  
 ty—  
 Or see thy image on Italian trays,  
 Betwixt Queen Caroline and Buonaparté,  
 Be painted by the Titian of R. A.'s,  
 Or vie in sign-boards with the Royal Guelph!  
 P'rhaps have thy bust set cheek by jowl with  
 Homer's,  
 P'rhaps send out plaster proxies of thyself  
 To other Englands with Australian roamers—  
 Mayhap, in Literary Owhyhee  
 Displace the native wooden gods, or be  
 The China-Lar of a Canadian shelf!

It is not modesty that bids thee hide—  
 She never wastes her blushes out of sight :  
     It is not to invite  
     The world's decision, for thy fame is tried—  
 And thy fair deeds are scattered far and wide,  
 Even royal heads are with thy readers reckoned—  
     From men in trencher caps to trencher scholars  
     In crimson collars,  
 And learned serjeants in the Forty-Second !  
 Whither by land or sea art thou not beckoned ?  
 Mayhap exported from the Frith of Forth,  
 Defying distance and its dim control ;  
     Perhaps read about Stromness, and reckoned  
         worth  
 A brace of Miltons for capacious soul—  
     Perhaps studied in the whalers, further north,  
 And set above ten Shakespeares near the pole !

Oh, when thou writest by Aladdin's lamp,  
 With such a giant genius at command,  
     Forever at thy stamp,  
 To fill thy treasury from Fairy Land,  
 When haply thou might'st ask the pearly hand  
 Of some great British Vizier's eldest daughter,  
     Tho' princes sought her,  
 And lead her in procession hymeneal,  
 Oh, why dost thou remain a Beau Ideal !  
 Why stay, a ghost, on the Lethean Wharf,  
 Enveloped in Scotch mist and gloomy fogs ?  
 Why, but because thou art some puny Dwarf,

Some hopeless Imp, like Riquet with the Tuft,  
Fearing, for all thy wit, to be rebuffed,  
Or bullied by our great reviewing Gogs?

What in this masking age  
Maketh Unknowns so many and so shy?

What but the critic's page?  
One hath a cast, he hides from the world's eye;  
Another hath a wen—he won't show where;

A third has sandy hair,  
A hunch upon his back, or legs awry,  
Things for a vile reviewer to espy!  
Another has a mangel-wurzel nose—

Finally, this is dimpled,  
Like a pale crumpet face, or that is pimpled,  
Things for a monthly critic to expose—  
Nay, what is thy own case—that being small,  
Thou choosest to be nobody at all!

Well, thou art prudent, with such puny bones—  
E'en like Elshender, the mysterious elf,  
That shadowy revelation of thyself—  
To build thee a small hut of haunted stones—  
For certainly the first pernicious man  
That ever saw thee, would quickly draw thee  
In some vile literary caravan—

Shown for a shilling  
Would be thy killing,  
Think of Crachami's miserable span!  
No tinier frame the tiny spark could dwell in

Than there it fell in—  
 But when she felt herself a show, she tried  
 To shrink from the world's eye, poor dwarf! and  
 died!

O since it was thy fortune to be born  
 A dwarf on some Scotch *Inch*, and then to flinch  
 From all the Gog-like jostle of great men,  
 Still with thy small crow pen  
 Amuse and charm thy lonely hours forlorn—  
 Still Scottish story daintily adorn,  
 Be still a shade—and when this age is fled,  
 When we poor sons and daughters of reality  
 Are in our graves forgotten and quite dead,  
 And Time destroys our mottoes of morality—  
 The lithographic hand of Old Mortality  
 Shall still restore thy emblem on the stone,  
 A featureless death's head,  
 And rob Oblivion ev'n of the Unknown!

## ADDRESS TO MR. DYMOKE,

## THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

"— Arma Virumque cano!"—VIRGIL.

MR. DYMOKE! Sir Knight! if I may be so bold—

(I'm a poor simple gentleman just come to town,)

Is your armor put by, like the sheep in a fold?—

Is your gauntlet ta'en up, which you lately flung down?

Are you—who *that* day rode so mailed and admired,

Now sitting at ease in a library chair?

Have you sent back to Astley the war-horse you hired,

[fare  
With a cheque upon Chambers to settle the

What's become of the cup? Great tin-plate worker? say?

Cup and ball is a game which some people deem fun!

Oh ! *three golden balls* have n't lured you to play  
Rather false, Mr. D., to all pledges but one ?

How defunct is the show that was chivalry's  
mimic !

The breastplate—the feathers—the gallant array !

So fades, so grows dim, and so dies, Mr. Dymoke !

The day of brass breeches ! as Wordsworth  
would say !

Perchance in some village remote, with a cot,  
And a cow, and a pig, and a barn-door, and  
all ;—

You show to the parish that peace is your lot,  
And plenty—tho' absent from Westminster  
Hall !

And of course you turn every accoutrement now  
To its separate use, that your wants may be  
well met ;—

You toss in your breastplate your pancakes, and  
grow

A salad of mustard and cress in your helmet.

And you delve the fresh earth with your falchion,  
less bright

Since hung up in sloth from its Westminster  
task ;—

And you bake your own bread in your tin ; and,  
Sir Knight,  
Instead of your brow, put your beer in the  
casque !

How delightful to sit by your beans and your peas,  
With a goblet of gooseberry gallantly clutched,  
And chat of the blood that had deluged the Pleas,  
And drenched the King's Bench—if the glove  
had been touched !

If Sir Columbine Daniel, with knightly pretensions,  
Had snatched your "best doe,"—he'd have  
flooded the floor ;—  
Nor would even the best of his crafty inventions,  
"Life Preservers," have floated him out of his  
gore !

Oh, you and your horse ! what a couple was there !  
The man and his *backer*—to win a great fight !  
Though the trumpet was loud—you'd an undisturbed air !  
And the nag snuffed the feast and the fray *sans*  
affright !

Yet strange was the course which the good Cato  
bore  
When he waddled tail-wise with the cup to his  
stall ;—

For though his departure was at the front door,  
Still he went the back way out of Westminster  
Hall.

He went—and 't would puzzle historians to say,  
When they trust Time's conveyance to carry  
your *mail*—  
Whether caution or courage inspired him that  
day,  
For, though he retreated, he never turned tail.

By my life, he's a wonderful charger!—the  
best!  
Though not for a Parthian corps!—yet for  
you!—  
Distinguished alike at a fray and a feast,  
What a Horse for a grand Retrospective Re-  
view!

What a creature to keep a hot warrior cool  
When the sun's in the face, and the shade's far  
aloof!—  
What a *tail-piece* for Bewick!—or piebald for  
Poole,  
To bear him in safety from Elliston's hoof!

Well; hail to Old Cato! the hero of scenes!  
May Astley or age ne'er his comforts abridge;—  
Oh, long may he munch Amphitheatre beans,  
Well "pent up in Utica" over the Bridge!

And to you, Mr. Dymoke, Cribb's rival, I keep  
 Wishing all country pleasures, the bravest and  
 best !  
 And oh ! when you come to the Hummums to  
 sleep,  
 May you lie "like a warrior taking his rest !"

## ODE TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, SENIOR.

" This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,  
 And to do that well craves a kind of wit."

TWELFTH NIGHT.

JOSEPH ! they say thou 'st left the stage,  
 To toddle down the hill of life,  
 And taste the flannelled ease of age,  
 Apart from pantomimic strife—  
 " Retired—(for Young would call it so)—  
 The world shut out"—in Pleasant Row !

And hast thou really washed at last  
 From each white cheek the red half moon !  
 And all thy public Clownship cast,  
 To play the Private Pantaloon ?  
 All youth—all ages—yet to be,  
 Shall have a heavy miss of thee !

Thou didst not preach to make us wise—  
Thou hadst no finger in our schooling—  
Thou didst not “lure us to the skies”—  
Thy simple, simple trade was—Fooling!  
And yet, Heaven knows! we could—we can  
Much “better spare a better man!”

Oh, had it pleased the gout to take  
The reverend Croly from the stage,  
Or Southey, for our quiet's sake,  
Or Mr. Fletcher, Cupid's sage,  
Or, damme! namby pamby Poole—  
Or any other clown or fool!

Go, Dibdin—all that bear the name,  
Go, Byway Highway man! go! go!  
Go, Skeffy—man of painted fame,  
But leave thy partner, painted Joe!  
I could bear Kirby on the wane,  
Or Signor Paulo with a sprain!

Had Joseph Wilfred Parkins made  
His gray hairs scarce in private peace—  
Had Waithman sought a rural shade—  
Or Cobbett ta'en a turnpike lease—  
Or Lisle Bowles gone to *Balaam Hill*—  
I think I could be cheerful still!

Had Medwin left off, to his praise,  
Dead lion kicking, like—a friend!—

Had long, long Irving gone his ways,  
To muse on death at *Ponder's End*—  
Or Lady Morgan taken leave  
Of Letters—still I might not grieve!

But, Joseph—every body's Jo!—  
Is gone—and grieve I will and must!  
As Hamlet did for Yorick, so  
Will I for thee, (tho' not yet dust,)  
And talk as he did when he missed  
The kissing-crust that he had kissed!

Ah, where is now thy rolling head!  
Thy winking, reeling, *drunken* eyes,  
(As old Catullus would have said,)  
Thy oven-mouth, that swallowed pies—  
Enormous hunger—monstrous drouth!  
Thy pockets greedy as thy mouth!

Ah, where thy ears, so often cuffed!—  
Thy funny, flapping, filching hands!—  
Thy partridge body, always stuffed  
With waifs, and strays, and contrabands!—  
Thy foot—like Berkeley's *Footie*—for why?  
'T was often made to wipe an eye!

Ah, where thy legs—that witty pair  
For “great wits jump”—and so did they!  
Lord! how they leaped in lamp-light air!  
Capered—and bounced—and strode away!—

That years should tame the legs—alack !  
I've seen spring thro' an Almanack !

But bounds will have their bound—the shocks  
Of Time will cramp the nimblest toes ;  
And those that frisked in silken clocks  
May look to limp in fleecy hose—  
One only—(Champion of the ring)  
Could ever make his Winter—Spring !

And gout, that owns no odds between  
The toe of Czar and toe of Clown,  
Will visit—but I did not mean  
To moralize, though I am grown  
Thus sad—Thy going seemed to beat  
A muffled drum for Fun's retreat !

And, may be—'tis no time to smother  
A sigh, when two prime wags of London,  
Are gone—thou, Joseph, one—the other  
A Joe !—"sic transit gloria *Munden* !"  
A third departure some insist on—  
Stage-apoplexy threatens Liston !—

Nay, then, let Sleeping Beauty sleep  
With ancient "*Dozey*" to the dregs—  
Let Mother Goose wear mourning deep,  
And put a hatchment o'er her eggs !  
Let Farly weep—for Magic's man  
Is gone—his Christmas Caliban !

Let Kemble, Forbes, and Willet rain,  
As tho' they walked behind thy bier—  
For since thou wilt not play again,  
What matters—if in heaven or here!  
Or in thy grave, or in thy bed!—  
There's *Quick*, might just as well be dead!

Oh, how will thy departure cloud  
The lamp-light of the little breast!  
The Christmas child will grieve aloud  
To miss his broadest friend and best—  
Poor urchin! what avails to him  
The cold New Monthly's *Ghost of Grimm*?

For who like thee could ever stride  
Some dozen paces to the mile!—  
The motley, medley coach provide—  
Or like Joe Frankenstein compile  
The *vegetable man* complete!—  
A proper *Covent Garden* feat!

Oh, who like thee could ever drink,  
Or eat—swill—swallow—bolt—and choke!  
Nod, weep, and hiccup—sneeze and wink?—  
Thy very yawn was quite a joke!  
Tho' Joseph Junior acts not ill,  
“There's no Fool like the old Fool” still!

Joseph, farewell! dear funny Joe!  
We met with mirth—we part in pain!

For many a long, long year must go,  
Ere Fun can see thy like again—  
For Nature does not keep great stores  
Of perfect Clowns—that are not *Boors*!

ADDRESS TO SYLVANUS URBAN, ESQ.,

EDITOR OF THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

“Dost thou not suspect my years?”  
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

OH! Mr. Urban! never must *thou* lurch  
A sober age made serious drunk by thee;  
Hop in thy pleasant way from church to church,  
And nurse thy little bald Biography.

Oh, my Sylvanus! what a heart is thine!  
And what a page attends thee! Long may I  
Hang in demure confusion o'er each line  
That asks thy little questions with a sigh!

Old tottering years have nodded to their falls,  
Like pensioners that creep about and die;—  
But thou, Old Parr of periodicals,  
Livest in monthly immortality!

How sweet!—as Byron of his infant said—  
 “Knowledge of objects” in thine eye to trace;  
 To see the mild no-meanings of thy head,  
 Taking a quiet nap upon thy face!

How dear through thy Obituary to roam,  
 And not a name of any name to catch!  
 To meet thy Criticism walking home,  
 Averse from rows, and never calling “Watch!”

Rich is thy page in soporific things—  
 Composing compositions—lulling men—  
 Faded old posies of unburied rings—  
 Confessions dozing from an opiate pen:—

Lives of Right Reverends that have never lived—  
 Deaths of good people that have really died—  
 Parishioners—hatched—husbanded—and wived,  
 Bankrupts and Abbots breaking side by side!

The sacred query—the remote response—  
 The march of serious minds, extremely slow—  
 The graver’s cut at some right aged sconce,  
 Famous for nothing many years ago!

B. asks of C. if Milton e’er did write  
 “Comus,” obscured beneath some Ludlow  
 lid;—  
 And C., next month, an answer doth indite,  
 Informing B. that Mr. Milton did!

X. sends the portrait of a genuine flea,  
 Caught upon Martin Luther years ago;  
 And Mr. Parkes, of Shrewsbury, draws a bee,  
 Long dead, that gathered honey for King John.

There is no end of thee—there is no end,  
 Sylvanus, of thy A, B, C, D-merits!  
 Thou dost, with alphabets, old walls attend,  
 And poke the letters into holes, like ferrets!

Go on, Sylvanus!—Bear a wary eye,  
 The churches cannot yet be quite run out!  
 Some parishes must yet have been passed by—  
 There's Bullock-Smithy has a church no doubt!

Go on—and close the eyes of distant ages!  
 Nourish the names of the undoubted dead!  
 So Epicures shall pick thy lobster-pages,  
 Heavy and lively, though but seldom *red*.

Go on! and thrive! Demurest of odd fellows!  
 Bottling up dulness in an ancient binn!  
 Still live! still prose! continue still to tell us  
 Old truths! no strangers, though we take them  
 in!

# AN ADDRESS TO THE STEAM WASHING COMPANY.

" *Archer*. How many are there, *Scrub*?

*Scrub*. Five and forty, Sir."—BEAUX STRATAGEM.

" For shame—let the linen alone! "—

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

MR. SCRUB—Mr. Slop—or whoever you be !  
The Cock of Steam Laundries—the head Pat-  
entee  
Of Associate Cleansers—Chief founder and prime  
Of the firm for the wholesale distilling of grime—  
Copartners and dealers, in linen's propriety—  
That make washing public—and wash in socie-  
ty—  
O lend me your ear ! if that ear can forego,  
For a moment, the music that bubbles below—  
From your new Surrey Geysers all foaming and  
hot—  
That soft "*simmer's* sang" so endeared to the  
Scot—  
If your hands may stand still, or your steam with-  
out danger—  
If your suds will not cool, and a mere simple  
stranger,

Both to you and to washing, may put in a rub—  
O wipe out your Amazon arms from the tub—  
And lend me your ear—Let me modestly plead  
For a race that your labors may soon supersede—

For a race that, now washing no living affords—  
Like Grimaldi must leave their aquatic old  
boards,

Not with pence in their pockets to keep them at  
ease,

Not with bread in the funds—or investments of  
cheese—

But to droop like sad willows that lived by a  
stream,

Which the sun has sucked up into vapor and  
steam.

Ah, look at the Laundress, before you begrudge  
Her hard daily bread to that laudable drudge—  
When chanticleer singeth his earliest matins,  
She slips her amphibious feet in her pattens,  
And beginneth her toil while the morn is still  
gray,

As if she was washing the night into day—  
Not with sleeker or rosier fingers Aurora  
Beginneth to scatter the dew-drops before her ;  
Not Venus that rose from the billow so early,  
Looked down on the foam with a forehead more  
pearly—

Her head is involved in an ærial mist,  
And a bright-beaded bracelet encircles her wrist ;

Her visage glows warm with the ardor of duty ;  
 She 's Industry's moral—she 's all moral beauty !  
 Growing brighter and brighter at every rub—  
 Would any man ruin her ?—No, Mr. Scrub !  
 No man that is manly would work her mishap—  
 No man that is manly would covet her cap—  
 Nor her apron—her hose—nor her gown made of  
 stuff—  
 Nor her gin—nor her tea—nor her wet pinch of  
 snuff !  
 Alas ! so *she* thought—but that slippery hope  
 Has betrayed her—as tho' she had trod on her  
 soap !  
 And she—whose support—like the fishes that fly,  
 Was to have her fins wet, must now drop from  
 her sky—  
 She whose living it was, and a part of her fare,  
 To be damped once a day, like the great white  
 sea bear,  
 With her hands like a sponge, and her head like  
 a mop—  
 Quite a living absorbent that revelled in slop—  
 She that paddled in water, must walk upon sand,  
 And sigh for her deeps like a turtle on land !

Lo, then, the poor Laundress, all wretched she  
 stands,  
 Instead of a counterpane, wringing her hands !  
 All haggard and pinched, going down in life's vale,  
 With no fagot for burning, like Allan-a-dale !

No smoke from her flue—and no steam from her  
pane,

Where once she watched heaven, fearing God and  
the rain—

Or gazed o'er her bleach-field so fairly engrossed,  
Till the lines wandered idle from pillar to post !

Ah, where are the playful young pinners—ah,  
where

The harlequin quilts that cut capers in air—

The brisk waltzing stockings—the white and the  
black,

That danced on the tight-rope, or swung on the  
slack—

The light sylph-like garments, so tenderly pinned,  
That blew into shape, and embodied the wind !

There was white on the grass—there was white  
on the spray—

Her garden—it looked like a garden of May !

But now all is dark—not a shirt's on a shrub—

You've ruined her prospects in life, Mr. Scrub !

You've ruined her custom—now families drop  
her—

From her silver reduced—nay, reduced from her  
*copper !*

The last of her washing is done at her eye,

One poor little kerchief that never gets dry !

From mere lack of linen she can't lay a cloth,

And boils neither barley nor alkaline broth—

But her children come round her as victuals grow  
scant,

220 TO THE STEAM WASHING COMPANY.

And recall, with foul faces, the source of their  
want—

When she thinks of their poor little mouths to be  
fed,

And then thinks of her trade that is utterly dead,  
And even its pearlashes laid in the grave—

Whilst her tub is a dry rotting, stave after stave,  
And the greatest of Coopers, ev'n he that they  
dub

Sir Astley, can't bind up her heart or her tub—  
Need you wonder she curses your bones, Mr.  
Scrub?

Need you wonder, when steam has deprived her  
of bread,

If she prays that the evil may visit *your* head—  
Nay, scald all the heads of your Washing Com-  
mittee—

If she wishes you all the soot blacks of the city—  
In short, not to mention all plagues without num-  
ber,

If she wishes you all in the *Wash* at the Hum-  
ber!

Ah, perhaps, in some moment of drouth and  
despair,

When her linen got scarce, and her washing grew  
rare—

When the sum of her suds might be summed in a  
bowl,

And the rusty cold iron quite entered her soul—

TO THE STEAM WASHING COMPANY. 221

When, perhaps, the last glance of her wandering  
eye  
Had caught "the Cock Laundresses' Coach" going  
by,  
Or her lines that hung idle, to waste the fine  
weather,  
And she thought of her wrongs and her rights  
both together,  
In a lather of passion that frothed as it rose,  
Too angry for grammar, too lofty for prose,  
On her sheet—if a sheet were still left her—to  
write,  
Some remonstrance like this then, perchance, saw  
the light—

LETTER OF REMONSTRANCE FROM BRIDGET JONES

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN FORMING THE WASH-  
ING COMMITTEE.

It's a shame, so it is—men can't Let alone  
Jobs as is Woman's right to do—and go about  
there Own—  
Theirs Reforms enuff Alreddy without your new  
schools  
For washing to sit Up—and push the Old Tubs  
from their stools !  
But your just like the Raddicals—for upsetting of  
the Sudds

When the world wagged well enuff—and Wom-  
 men washed your old dirty duds,  
 I'm Certain sure Enuff your Ann Sisters had no  
 steem Indians, that's Flat—  
 But I warrant your Four Fathers went as Tidy  
 and gentlemanny for all that—  
 I suppose your the Family as lived in the Great  
 Kittle  
 I see on Clapham Commun, some times a very  
 considerable period back when I were little,  
 And they Said it went with Steem—But that was  
 a joke!  
 For I never see none come of it—that's out of it  
 —but only sum Smoak—  
 And for All your Power of Horses about your  
 Indians you never had but Two  
 In my time to draw you About to Fairs—and hang  
 you, you know that's true!  
 And for All your fine Perspectuses—howsomever  
 you bewhich 'em,  
 Theirs as Pretty ones off Primerows Hill, as ever  
 a one at Mitchum,  
 Thòf I cant sea What Prospectives and washing  
 has with one another to Do—  
 It ant as if a Bird'seye Hankicher could take a  
 Birdshigh view!  
 But Thats your look out—I've not much to do  
 with that—But pleas God to hold up fine,  
 Id show you caps and pinner and small things as  
 lilliwhit as Ever crosst the Line

Without going any Father off then Little Parodies Place,  
And Thats more than you Can—and Ill say it  
behind your face—  
But when Folks talks of washing, it ant for you  
to Speak—  
As kept Dockter Pattyson out of his Shirt for a  
Weak!  
Thinks I, when I heard it—Well, there 's a pretty  
go!  
That comes o' not marking of things or washing  
out the marks, and Huddling 'em up so!  
Till Their friends comes and owns them, like  
drownded corpses in a Vault,  
But may Hap you havint Larned to spel—and  
That ant your Fault,  
Only you ought to leafe the Linnins to them as  
has Larned—  
For if it warnt for Washing—and whare Bills is  
concerned  
What's the Yuse, of all the world, for a Wom-  
mans Headication,  
And Their Being maid Schollards of Sundays—  
fit for any Cityation.

Well, what I says is This—when every Kittle  
has its spout,  
Theirs no need for Companys to puff steem about!  
To be sure its very Well, when Their ant enuff  
Wind

224 TO THE STEAM WASHING COMPANY.

For blowing up Boats with—but not to hurt human kind  
Like that Pearkins with his Blunderbush, that's loaded with hot water,  
Thof a X Sherrif might know Better, than make things for slaughtter,  
As if War warnt Cruel enuff—wherever it befalls,  
Without shooting poor sogers, with sich scalding hot balls—  
But thats not so Bad as a Sett of Bear Faced Scrubbs  
As joins their Sopes together, and sits up Steem rubbing Clubs,  
For washing Dirt Cheap—and eating other People's grubs!  
Which is all verry Fine for you and your Patent Tea,  
But I wonders How Poor Wommen is to get Their Beau-He!  
They must drink Hunt wash (the only wash God nose there will be!)  
And their Little drop of Somethings as they takes for their Goods,  
When you and your Steem has ruined (G—d forgive mee) their lively Hoods,  
Poor Wommen as was born to Washing in their youth!  
And now must go and Larn other Buisnesses Four Sooth!  
But if so be they They leave their Lines what are they to go at—

They won't do for Angell's—nor any Trade like  
That,  
Nor we cant Sow Babby Work—for that's all  
Bespoke—  
For the Queakers in Bridle! and a vast of the  
confined Folk  
Do their own of Themselves—even the bettermost  
of em—aye, and evn them of middling de-  
grees—  
Why Lauk help you Babby Linen ant Bread and  
Cheese!  
Nor we can't go a hammering the roads into Dust,  
But we must all go and be Bankers—like Mr.  
Marshes and Mr. Chamberses—and that's  
what we must!  
God nose you oght to have more Concern for our  
Sects,  
When you nose you have sucked us and hanged  
round our Mutherly necks,  
And remembers what you Owes to Wommen  
Besides washing—  
You ant, blame you! like Men to go a slushing  
and sloshing  
In mop caps, and pattins, adoing of Females La-  
bers  
And prettily jeared At you great Horse God  
Meril things, ant you now by your next  
door naybors—  
Lawk I thinks I see you with your Sleeves tuckt  
up

226 TO THE STEAM WASHING COMPANY.

No more like Washing than is drowning of a Pupp,  
And for all Your Fine Water Works going round  
and round

They 'll scruntch your Bones some day—I 'll be  
bound

And no more nor be a gudgement—for it cant  
come to good

To sit up agin Providence, which your a doing—  
nor not fit It should,

For man warnt maid for Wommens starvation,  
Nor to do away Laundrisses as is Links of the  
Creation—

And cant be dun without in any Country But a  
naked Hottinpot Nation.

Ah, I wish our Minister would take one of your  
Tubbs

And preach a Sermon in it, and give you some  
good rubs—

But I warrants you reads (for you cant spel we  
nose) nyther Bybills or Good Tracks,

Or youd no better than Taking the close off one's  
Backs—

And let your neighbors oxin an Asses alone—

And every Thing thats hern—and give every one  
their Hone !

Well, its God for us Al, and every Washer  
Wommen for herself,

And so you might, without shoving any on us off  
the shelf,

But if you warnt Noddiss you Let wommen abe  
And pull of Your Pattins—and leave the washing  
to we

That nose what 's what—Or mark what I say,  
Youl make a fine Kittle of fish of Your Close  
some Day—

When the Aulder men wants Their Bibs and  
their ant nun at all,

And Cris mass cum—and never a Cloth to lay in  
Gild Hall,

Or send a 'damp shirt to his Woship the Mare  
Till hes rumatiz Poor Man, and cant set uprite to  
do good in his Harm-Chare—

Besides Miss-Matching Larned Ladys Hose, as is  
sent for you not to wash (for you dont  
wash) but to stew

And make Peples Stockins yellor as oght to be  
Blew

With a vast more like That—and all along of  
Steem

Which warnt meand by Nater for any sich  
skeam—

But thats your Losses and youl have to make It  
Good,

And I cant say I'm Sorry afore God if you  
shoud,

For men mought Get their Bread a great many  
ways.

Without taking ourn—aye, and Moor to your  
Prays

228 TO THE STEAM WASHING COMPANY.

You might go and skim the creme off Mr. Muck-  
Adam's milky ways—that's what you  
might,  
Or bete Carpets—or get into Parleamint—or drive  
Crabrolays from morning to night,  
Or, if you must be of our sects, be Watchmen,  
and slepe upon a poste !  
(Which is an od way of sleping, I must say—and  
a very hard pillow at most,)  
Or you might be any trade, as we are not on that  
I'm awares,  
Or be Watermen now, (not Water-wommen) and  
roe peple up and down Hungerford stares,  
Or if You Was even to Turn Dust Men a *dry*  
*sifting* Dirt !  
But you oughtint to Hurt Them as never Did You  
no Hurt !  
Yourn with Anymocity,  
BRIDGET JONES.

## ODE TO CAPTAIN PARRY.

"By the North Pole, I do challenge thee!"

LOVE'S LABORS LOST.

PARRY, my man! has thy brave leg  
 Yet struck its foot against the peg  
     On which the world is spun?  
 Or hast thou found No Thoroughfare  
 Writ by the hand of Nature there  
     Where man has never run!

Hast thou yet traced the Great Unknown  
 Of channels in the Frozen Zone,  
     Or held at Icy Bay,  
 Hast thou still missed the proper track  
 For homeward Indiamen that lack  
     A bracing by the way?

Still hast thou wasted toil and trouble  
 On nothing but the North-Sea Bubble  
     Of geographic scholar?  
 Or found new ways for ships to shape,  
 Instead of winding round the Cape,  
     A short cut thro' the collar!

Hast found the way that sighs were sent to<sup>1</sup>  
The Pole—tho' God knows whom they went to !  
That track revealed to Pope—  
Or if the Arctic waters sally,  
Or terminate in some blind alley,  
A chilly path to grope ?

Alas ! tho' Ross, in love with snows,  
Has painted them *couleur de rose*,  
It is a dismal doom,  
As Claudio saith, to winter thrice,  
"In regions of thick-ribbed ice"—  
All bright—and yet all gloom !

'Tis well for Gheber souls that sit  
Before the fire and worship it  
With pecks of Wallsend coals,  
With feet upon the fender's front,  
Roasting their corns—like Mr. Hunt—  
To speculate on poles.

'Tis easy for our Naval Board—  
'Tis easy for our Civic Lord  
Of London and of ease,  
That lies in ninety feet of down,  
With fur on his nocturnal gown,  
To talk of Frozen Seas !

<sup>1</sup> "And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole."  
*Eloisa to Abelard.*

'Tis fine for Monsieur Ude to sit,  
And prate about the mundane spit,  
And babble of *Cook's* track—  
He 'd roast the leather off his toes,  
Ere he would trudge thro' polar snows,  
To plant a British *Jack*!

Oh, not the proud licentious great,  
That travel on a carpet skate,  
Can value toils like thine!  
What 'tis to take a Hecla range,  
Through ice unknown to Mrs. Grange,  
And alpine lumps of brine!

But we, that mount the Hill o' Rhyme,  
Can tell how hard it is to climb  
The lofty slippery steep.  
Ah! there are more Snow Hills than that  
Which doth black Newgate, like a hat,  
Upon its forehead keep.

Perchance thou 'rt now—while I am writing—  
Feeling a bear's wet grinder biting  
About thy frozen spine!  
Or thou thyself art eating whale,  
Oily, and underdone, and stale,  
That, haply, crossed thy line!

But I'll not dream such dreams of ill—  
Rather will I believe thee still

Safe cellared in the snow—  
Reciting many a gallant story,  
Of British kings and British glory,  
To crony Esquimaux—

Cheering that dismal game where Night  
Makes one slow move from black to white  
Thro' all the tedious year—  
Or smitten by some fond frost fair,  
That combed out crystals from her hair,  
Wooing a seal-skin Dear !

So much a long communion tends,  
As Byron says, to make us friends  
With what we daily view—  
God knows the daintiest taste may come  
To love a nose that's like a plum  
In marble, cold and blue !

To dote on hair, an oily fleece !  
As tho' it hung from Helen o' Greece—  
They say that love prevails  
Ev'n in the veriest polar land—  
And surely she may steal thy hand  
That used to steal thy nails !

But ah, ere thou art fixt to marry,  
And take a polar Mrs. Parry,  
Think of a six months' gloom—  
Think of the wintry waste, and hers,

Each furnished with a dozen *furs*,  
Think of thine icy *dome* !

Think of the children born to *blubber* !  
Ah me ! hast thou an Indian rubber  
    Inside !—to hold a meal  
For months—about a stone and half  
Of whale, and part of a sea calf—  
    A fillet of salt veal !—

Some walrus ham—no trifle but  
A decent steak—a solid cut  
    Of seal—no wafer slice !  
A reindeer's tongue and drink beside !  
Gallons of Sperm—not rectified !  
    And pails of water-ice !

Oh, canst thou fast and then feast thus ?  
Still come away, and teach to us  
    Those blessed altenations—  
To-day to run our dinners fine,  
To feed on air and then to dine  
    With Civic Corporations—

To save th' Old Bailey daily shilling,  
And then to take a half year's filling  
    In P. N.'s pious Row—  
When asked to Hock and haunch o' ven'son,  
Thro' something we have worn our pens on  
    For Longman and his Co.

O come and tell us what the Pole is—  
 Whether it singular and sole is—  
 Or straight, or crooked bent—  
 If very thick or very thin—  
 Made of what wood—and if akin  
 To those there be in Kent.

There's Combe, there's Spurzheim, and there's  
 Gall,  
 Have talked of poles—yet, after all,  
 What has the public learned?  
 And Hunt's account must still defer—  
 He sought the *poll* at Westminster—  
 And is not yet *returned*!

Alvanly asks if whist, dear soul,  
 Is played in snow-storms near the Pole,  
 And how the fur-man deals?  
 And Eldon doubts if it be true,  
 That icy Chancellors really do  
 Exist upon the *seals*!

Barrow, by well-fed office grates,  
 Talks of his own bechristened Straits,  
 And longs that he were there;  
 And Croker, in his cabriolet,  
 Sighs o'er his brown horse, at his Bay,  
 And pants to cross the *mer*!

O come away, and set us right,  
 And, haply, throw a northern light

On questions such as these :—  
Whether, when this drowned world was lost,  
The surflux waves were locked in frost,  
And turned to Icy Seas !

Is Ursa Major white or black?  
Or do the Polar tribes attack  
Their neighbors—and what for?  
Whether they ever play at cuffs,  
And then, if they take off their muffs  
In pugilistic war?

Tell us, is *Winter* champion there,  
As in our milder fighting air?  
Say, what are *Chilly* loans?  
What cures they have for rheums beside,  
And if their hearts gets ossified  
From eating bread of bones?

Whether they are such dwarfs—the quicker  
To circulate the vital liquor—  
And then, from head to heel—  
How short the Methodists must choose  
Their dumpy envoys not to lose  
Their toes in spite of zeal?

Whether 't will soften or sublime it  
To preach of Hell in such a climate—  
Whether may Wesley hope  
To win their souls—or that old function

Of seals—with the extreme of unction—  
Bespeaks them for the Pope?

Whether the lamps will e'er be "learned"  
Where six months' "midnight oil" is burned,  
Or Letters must defer  
With people that have never conned  
An A, B, C, but live beyond  
The *Sound of Lancaster!*

O come away at any rate—  
Well hast thou earned a downier state—  
With all thy hardy peers—  
Good lack, thou must be glad to smell dock,  
And rub thy feet with opodeldock,  
After such frosty years.

Mayhap, some gentle dame at last,  
Smit by the perils thou hast passed,  
However coy before,  
Shall bid thee now set up thy rest  
In that *Brest Harbor*, Woman's breast,  
And tempt the Fates no more.

## ADDRESS TO R. W. ELLISTON, ESQUIRE,

## THE GREAT LESSEE !

" Do you know, you villain, that I am at this moment the  
greatest man living ? " WILD OATS.

OH ! Great Lessee ! Great Manager ! Great Man !  
 Oh, Lord High Elliston ! Immortal Pan  
 Of all the pipes that play in Drury Lane !  
 Macready's master ! Westminster's high *Dans* !  
 (As Galway Martin, in the House's walls,  
 Hamlet and Doctor Ireland justly calls !)  
 Friend to the sweet and ever-smiling Spring !  
 Magician of the lamp and prompter's ring !  
 Drury's Aladdin ! Whipper-in of Actors !  
 Kicker of rebel-preface-malefactors !  
 Glass-blowers' corrector ! King of the cheque-  
                   taker !  
 At once Great Leamington and Winston-Maker !  
 Dramatic Bolter of plain *Bunns* and Cakes !  
 In silken *hose* the most reformed of *Rakes* !  
 Oh, Lord High Elliston ! lend me an ear !  
 (Poole is away, and Williams shall keep clear)

While I, in little slips of prose, not verse,  
Thy splendid course, as pattern-work, rehearse !

Bright was thy youth—thy manhood brighter  
still—

The greatest Romeo upon Holborn Hill—  
Lightest comedian of the pleasant day,  
When Jordan threw her sunshine o'er a play !  
When fair Thalia held a merry reign,  
And Wit was at her Court in Drury Lane !  
Before the day when Authors wrote, of course,  
The "Entertainment *not* for Man but Horse."  
But these, though happy, were but subject times,  
And no man cares for bottom-steps that climbs—  
Far from my wish it is to stifle down  
The hours that saw thee snatch the Surrey  
crown !

Tho' now thy hand a mightier sceptre wields,  
Fair was thy reign in sweet St. George's Fields.  
Dibdin was *Premier*—and a golden *age*  
For a short time enriched the subject stage.  
Thou hadst, than other Kings, more peace-and-  
plenty ;

Ours but one Bench could boast, whilst thou hadst  
twenty ;

But the times changed—and Booth-acting no  
more

Drew Rulers' shillings to the gallery-door.  
Thou didst, with bag and baggage, wander thence,  
Repentant, like thy neighbor Magdalens !

Next, the Olympic Games were tried, each feat  
 Practised, the most bewitching in Wych Street.  
 Rochester there in dirty ways again  
 Revelled—and lived once more in Drury Lane :  
 But thou, R. W. ! kept'st thy moral ways,  
 Pit-lecturing 'twixt the farces and the plays,  
 A lamplight Irving to the butcher boys  
 That soiled the benches and that made a noise :—  
 Rebuking—Half a Robert, Half a Charles—  
 The well-billed Man that called for promised  
 Carles ;

“ Sir !—Have you yet to know ! Hush—hear me  
 out !

A Man—pray silence !—may be down with gout,  
 Or want—or Sir—aw !—listen !—may be fated,  
 Being in debt, to be incarcerated !  
 You—in the back !—can scarcely hear a line !  
 Down from those benches—butchers—they are  
*mine ! ”*

Lastly—and thou wert built for it by nature !—  
 Crowned was thy head in Drury Lane Theatre !  
 Gentle George Robins saw that it was good,  
 And Renters clucked around thee in a brood.  
 King thou wert made of Drury and of Kean !  
 Of many a lady and of many a Quean !  
 With Poole and Larpent was thy reign begun—  
 But now thou turnest from the Dead and Dun,  
 Hook's in thine eye, to write thy plays, no doubt,  
 And Colman lives to cut the damnlets out !

Oh, worthy of the house! the King's commis-  
sion!

Is n't thy condition "a most blessed condition?"  
Thou reignest over Winston, Kean, and all,  
The very lofty and the very small—  
Showest the plumbless Bunn the way to kick—  
Keepest a Williams for thy veriest stick—  
Seest a Vestris in her sweetest moments,  
Without the danger of newspaper comments—  
Tellest Macready, as none dared before,  
Thine open mind from the half-open door!—  
(Alas! I fear he has left Melpomene's crown,  
To be a Boniface in Buxton town!)—  
Thou holdst the watch, as half-price people know,  
And callest to them, to a moment—"Go!"  
Teachest the sapient Sapio how to sing—  
Hangest a cat most oddly by the wing—  
(To prove, no doubt, the endless free list ended,  
And all, except the public press, suspended,)  
Hast known the length of a Cubitt-foot—and  
kissed

The pearly whiteness of a Stephens' wrist—  
Kissing and pitying—tender and humane!  
"By Heaven she loves me! Oh, it is too plain!"  
A sigh like this thy trembling passion slips,  
Dimpling the warm Madeira at thy lips!

Go on, Lessee! Go on, and prosper well!  
Fear not, though forty Glass-blowers should re-  
bel—

Show them how thou hast long befriended them,  
And teach Dubois their treason to condemn !  
Go on ! addressing pits in prose and worse !  
Be long, be slow, be any thing but terse—  
Kiss to the gallery the hand that 's gloved—  
Make Bunn the Great, and Winston the Be-  
loved,

Ask the two shilling Gods for leave to dun  
With words the cheaper Deities in the *One* !  
Kick Mr. Poole unseen from scene to scene,  
Cane Williams still, and stick to Mr. Kean,  
Warn from the benches all the rabble rout ;  
Say, those are *mine*—"In parliament, or out !"  
Swing cats—for in thy house there 's surely  
space—

O Beasley, for such pastime, planned the place !  
Do any thing !—Thy fame, thy fortune, nourish !  
Laugh and grow fat ! be eloquent, and flourish !  
Go on—and but in this reverse the thing,  
*Walk backward* with wax lights before the King—  
Go on ! Spring ever in thine eye ! Go on !  
Hope's favorite child ! ethereal Elliston !

## ADDRESS TO MARIA DARLINGTON,

## ON HER RETURN TO THE STAGE.

"It was Maria!—

And better fate did Maria deserve than to have her banns  
forbid——

She had, since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome,  
and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back——"

*See the whole Story, in Sterne and the Newspapers.*

THOU art come back again to the stage,

Quite as blooming as when thou didst leave it;  
And 'tis well for this fortunate age

That thou didst not, by going off, grieve it!  
It is pleasant to see thee again——

Right pleasant to see thee, by Herclé,  
Unmolested by pea-colored Hayne!

And free from that thou-and-thee Berkeley!

Thy sweet foot, my Foote, is as light

(Not *my* Foote—I speak by correction)

As the snow on some mountain at night,

Or the snow that has long on thy neck shone.  
The pit is in raptures to free thee,

The Boxes impatient to greet thee,  
The Galleries quite clam'rous to see thee,  
And thy scenic relations to meet thee !

Ah, where was thy sacred retreat ?  
Maria ! ah, where hast thou been,  
With thy two little wandering feet,  
Far away from all peace and pea-green !  
Far away from Fitzhardinge the bold,  
Far away from himself and his lot !  
I envy the place thou hast strolled,  
If a stroller thou art—which thou 'rt not !

Sterne met thee, poor wandering thing,  
Methinks, at the close of the day—  
When thy Billy had just slipped his string,  
And thy little dog quite gone astray—  
He bade thee to sorrow no more—  
He wished thee to lull thy distress  
In his bosom—he could n't do more,  
And a Christian could hardly do less !

Ah, me ! for thy small plaintive pipe,  
I fear we must look at thine eye—  
I would it were my task to wipe  
That hazel orb thoroughly dry !  
Oh sure 'tis a barbarous deed  
To give pain to the feminine mind—  
But the wooer that left thee to bleed  
Was a creature more killing than kind !

The man that could tread on a worm  
Is a brute—and inhuman to boot ;  
But he merits a much harsher term  
That can wantonly tread on a Foote !  
Soft mercy and gentleness blend  
To make up a Quaker—but he  
That spurned thee could scarce be a *Friend*,  
Tho' he dealt in that Thou-ing of thee !

They that loved thee, Maria, have flown !  
The friends of the midsummer hour !  
But those friends now in anguish atone,  
And mourn o'er thy desolate bower.  
Friend Hayne, the Green Man, is quite out,  
Yea, utterly out of his bias ;  
And the faithful Fitzhardinge, no doubt,  
Is counting his Ave Marias !

Ah, where wast thou driven away,  
To feast on thy desolate woe ?  
We have witnessed thy weeping in play,  
But none saw the earnest tears flow—  
Perchance thou wert truly forlorn—  
Tho' none but the fairies could mark  
Where they hung upon some Berkeley thorn,  
Or the thistles in Burderop Park !

Ah, perhaps, when old age's white snow  
Has silvered the crown of Hayne's nob—  
For even the greenest will grow

As hoary as "Whiteheaded Bob"—  
 He'll wish, in the days of his prime,  
 He had been rather kinder to one  
 He hath left to the malice of Time—  
 A woman—so weak and undone !

ODE TO W. KITCHENER, M.D.

AUTHOR OF THE COOK'S ORACLE—OBSERVATIONS  
 ON VOCAL MUSIC—THE ART OF INVIGORATING  
 AND PROLONGING LIFE—PRACTICAL OBSERVA-  
 TIONS ON TELESCOPES, OPERA GLASSES, AND  
 SPECTACLES—THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LEDGER—  
 AND THE PLEASURE OF MAKING A WILL.

"I rule the roast, as Milton says!"—CALEB QUOTEM.

Hail ! multifarious man !  
 Thou Wondrous, Admirable Kitchen Crichton !  
 Born to enlighten  
 The laws of Optics, Peptics, Music, Cooking—  
 Master of the Piano—and the Pan—  
 As busy with the kitchen as the skies !  
 Now looking  
 At some rich stew thro' Galileo's eyes—  
 Or boiling eggs—timed to a metronome—  
 As much at home

In spectacles as in mere isinglass—  
 In the art of frying brown—as a digression  
 On music and poetical expression—  
 Whereas, how few of all our cooks, alas!  
 Could tell Calliope from “Callipee!”  
     How few there be  
 Could cleave the lowest for the highest stories,  
     (Observatories.)  
 And turn, like thee, Diana’s calculator,  
 However *cook*’s synonymous with *Kater*! <sup>1</sup>  
     Alas! still let me say,  
     How few could lay  
 The carving knife beside the tuning-fork,  
 Like the proverbial *Jack* ready for any work!

Oh, to behold thy features in thy book!  
 Thy proper head and shoulders in a plate,  
     How it would look!  
 With one raised eye watching the dial’s date,  
 And one upon the roast, gently cast down—  
     Thy chops—done nicely brown—  
 The garnished brow—with “a few leaves of  
     bay”—  
     The hair—“done Wiggy’s way!”  
 And still one studious finger near thy brains,  
     As if thou wert just come  
     From editing of some  
 New soup—or hashing Dibdin’s cold remains!

Captain Kater, the Moon’s Surveyor.

Or, Orpheus-like—fresh from thy dying strains  
 Of music—Epping luxuries of sound,  
     As Milton says, “in many a bout  
     Of linked sweetness long drawn out,”  
 While all thy tame stuffed leopards listened round!

Oh, rather thy whole proper length reveal,  
 Standing like Fortune—on the jack—thy wheel.  
 (Thou art, like Fortune, full of chops and changes,  
 Thou hast a fillet too before thine eye!)  
 Scanning our kitchen and our vocal ranges,  
 As tho’ it were the same to sing or fry—  
 Nay, so it is—hear how Miss Paton’s throat  
     Makes “fritters” of a note!

And how Tom Cook (Fryer and Singer born  
     By name and nature) oh! how night and morn  
     He for the nicest public taste doth dish  
     up

The good things from that *Pan* of music, Bishop!  
 And is not reading near akin to feeding,  
     Or why should *Oxford Sausages* be fit  
     Receptacles for wit?

Or why should Cambridge put its little, smart,  
     Minced brains into a *Tart*?

Nay, then, thou wert but wise to frame receipts,  
     Book-treats,

Equally to instruct the Cook and cram her—  
     Receipts to be devoured, as well as read,  
     The Culinary Art in gingerbread—  
     The Kitchen’s *Eaten* Grammar!

Oh, very pleasant is thy motley page—  
 Ay, very pleasant in its chatty vein—  
 So—in a kitchen—would have talked Mon-  
 taigne,

That merry Gascon—humorist, and sage!  
 Let slender minds with single themes engage,  
 Like Mr. Bowles with his eternal Pope—  
 Or Haydon on perpetual Haydon—or  
 Hume on “Twice three make four,”

Or Lovelass upon Wills—Thou goest on  
 Plaiting ten topics, like Tate Wilkinson!

Thy brain is like a rich Kaleidoscope,  
 Stuffed with a brilliant medley of odd bits,  
 And ever shifting on from change to change,  
 Saucepans—old Songs—Pills—Spectacles—and  
 Spits!

Thy range is wider than a Rumford Range!  
 Thy grasp a miracle!—till I recall  
 Th’ indubitable cause of thy variety—  
 Thou art, of course, th’ Epitome of all  
 That spying—frying—singing—mixed Society  
 Of Scientific Friends, who used to meet  
 Welch Rabbits—and thyself—in Warren Street!

Oh, hast thou still those *Conversazioni*,  
 Where learned visitors discoursed—and fed?

There came Belzoni,  
 Fresh from the ashes of Egyptian dead—  
 And gentle Poki—and that Royal Pair,  
 Of whom thou didst declare—

"Thanks to the greatest *Cooks* we ever read—  
They were—what *Sandwiches* should be—half  
*bred!*"

There famed M'Adam from his manual toil  
Relaxed—and freely owned he took thy hints

On "making *Broth* with *Flints*"—

There Parry came, and showed thee polar oil  
For melted butter—Combe with his medullary

Notions about the *Skullery*,

And Mr. Poole, too partial to a broil—

There witty Rogers came, that punning elf!

Who used to swear thy book

Would really look

A *Delphic* "Oracle," if laid on *Delf*—

There, once a month, came Campbell and dis-  
cussed

His own—and thy own—" *Magazine of Taste* "—

There Wilberforce the Just

Came, in his old black suit, till once he traced

Thy sly advice to *Poachers* of Black Folks,

That "do not break their *yolks*,"—

Which huffed him home, in grave disgust and  
haste!

There came John Clare, the poet, nor forbore  
Thy *Patties*—thou wert hand-and-glove with  
Moore,

Who called thee "*Kitchen Addison*"—for why?

Thou givest rules for Health and Peptic Pills,

Forms for made dishes, and receipts for Wills,

*"Teaching us how to live and how to die!"*

There came thy Cousin-Cook, good Mrs. Fry—  
There Trench, the Thames Projector, first brought  
on

His sine *Quay* non—

There Martin would drop in on Monday eves,  
Or Fridays, from the pens, and raise his breath  
'Gainst cattle days and death—

Answered by Mellish, feeder of fat beeves,  
Who swore that Frenchmen never could be  
eager

For fighting on soup meagre—

"And yet (as thou would'st add,) the French have  
seen

*A Marshal Tureen!"*

Great was thy Evening Cluster!—often graced  
With Dollond—Burgess—and Sir Humphrey  
Davy!

'T was there M'Dermot first inclined to Taste—  
There Colburn learned the art of making paste  
For puffs—and Accum analyzed a gravy,  
Colman—the Cutter of Coleman Street, 'tis said  
Came there—and Parkins with his Ex-wise-head,  
(His claim to letters)—Kater, too, the Moon's  
Crony—and Graham, lofty on balloons—  
There Croly stalked with holy humor heated,  
Who wrote a light horse play, which Yates com-  
pleted—

And Lady Morgan, that grinding organ,

And Brasbridge telling anecdotes of spoons—  
Madame Valbrèque thrice honored thee, and  
came

With great Rossini, his own bow and fiddle—  
The Dibdins—Tom, Charles, Frognall—came  
with tuns

Of poor old books, old puns !  
And even Irving spared a night from fame—  
And talked—till thou didst stop him in the mid-  
dle,

To serve round *Tewah-diddle !*<sup>1</sup>

Then all the guests rose up, and sighed good-bye !  
So let them :—thou thyself art still a *Host !*

Dibdin—Cornaro—Newton—Mrs. Fry !

Mrs. Glasse, Mr. Spec!—Lovelass—and Weber,  
Matthews in Quot'em—Moore's fire-worshipping  
Gheber—

Thrice-worthy Worthy, seem by thee engrossed !  
Howbeit the Peptic Cook still rules the roast,  
Potent to hush all ventriloquial snarling—  
And ease the bosom pangs of indigestion !

Thou art, sans question,

The Corporation's love—its Doctor *Darling !*

Look at the Civic Palate—nay, the bed

Which set dear Mrs. Opie on supplying

“ Illustrations of *Lying !* ”

Ninety square feet of down from heel to head

<sup>1</sup> The Doctor's composition for a *night-cap*.

It measured, and I dread  
Was haunted by that terrible night *Mare*,  
A monstrous burthen on the corporation !  
Look at the Bill of Fare, for one day's share,  
Sea-turtles by the score—Oxen by droves,  
Geese, turkeys, by the flock—fishes and loaves  
Countless, as when the Lilliputian nation  
Was making up the huge man-mountain's ration !

Oh ! worthy Doctor ! surely thou hast driven  
The squatting Demon from great Garratt's breast—

(His honor seemed to rest !—)

And what is thy reward ?—Hath London given  
Thee public thanks for thy important service ?

Alas ! not even

The tokens it bestowed on Howe and Jervis !—  
Yet could I speak as Orators should speak  
Before the worshipful the Common Council,  
(Utter my bold bad grammar and pronounce ill,)  
Thou should'st not miss thy Freedom, for a week,  
Richly engrossed on vellum :—Reason urges  
That he who rules our cookery—that he  
Who edits soups and gravies, ought to be  
A *Citizen*, where sauce can make a *Burgess* !

AN ADDRESS TO THE VERY REVEREND  
JOHN IRELAND, D.D.

CHARLES FYNES CLINTON, LL.D.	WM. H. EDWARD BERTINCK, M.A.
THOMAS CAUSTON, D.D.	JAMES WEBBER, B.D.
HOWEL HOLLAND EDWARDS, M.A.	WILLIAM SHORT, D.D.
JOSEPH ALLEN, M.A.	JAMES TOURNAY, D.D.
LORD HENRY FITZROY, M.A.	ANDREW BELL, D.D.
THE BISHOP OF EXETER.	GEORGE HOLCOMBE, D.D.

THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF WESTMINSTER.

"Sure the Guardians of the Temple can never think they  
get enough."  
CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

Oh, very reverend Dean and Chapter,  
Exhibitors of giant men,  
Hail to each surplice-backed Adapter  
Of England's dead, in her Stone den !  
Ye teach us properly to prize  
Two-shilling Grays, and Gays, and Handels,  
And, to throw light upon our eyes,  
Deal in Wax Queens like old wax candles.

Oh, reverend showmen, rank and file,  
Call in your shillings, two and two ;

Oh, very pleasant is thy motley page—  
Ay, very pleasant in its chatty vein—  
So—in a kitchen—would have talked Montaigne,

That merry Gascon—humorist, and sage!  
Let slender minds with single themes engage,  
Like Mr. Bowles with his eternal Pope—  
Or Haydon on perpetual Haydon—or  
Hume on “Twice three make four,”

Or Lovelass upon Wills—Thou goest on  
Plaiting ten topics, like Tate Wilkinson!

Thy brain is like a rich Kaleidoscope,  
Stuffed with a brilliant medley of odd bits,  
And ever shifting on from change to change,  
Saucepans—old Songs—Pills—Spectacles—and  
Spits!

Thy range is wider than a Rumford Range!  
Thy grasp a miracle!—till I recall  
Th’ indubitable cause of thy variety—  
Thou art, of course, th’ Epitome of all  
That spying—frying—singing—mixed Society  
Of Scientific Friends, who used to meet  
Welch Rabbits—and thyself—in Warren Street!

Oh, hast thou still those Conversazioni,  
Where learned visitors discoursed—and fed?

There came Belzoni,  
Fresh from the ashes of Egyptian dead—  
And gentle Poki—and that Royal Pair,  
Of whom thou didst declare—

"Thanks to the greatest *Cooke* we ever read—  
They were—what *Sandwiches* should be—half  
bred!"

There famed M'Adam from his manual toil  
Relaxed—and freely owned he took thy hints

On "making *Broth* with *Flints*"—

There Parry came, and showed thee polar oil  
For melted butter—Combe with his medullary

Notions about the *Skullery*,

And Mr. Poole, too partial to a broil—

There witty Rogers came, that punning elf!

Who used to swear thy book

Would really look

A *Delphic* "Oracle," if laid on *Delf*—

There, once a month, came Campbell and dis-  
cussed

His own—and thy own—"Magazine of *Taste*"—

There Wilberforce the Just

Came, in his old black suit, till once he traced

Thy sly advice to *Poachers* of Black Folks,

That "do not break their *yolks*,"—

Which huffed him home, in grave disgust and  
haste!

There came John Clare, the poet, nor forbore

Thy *Patties*—thou wert hand-and-glove with

Moore,

Who called thee "*Kitchen Addison*"—for why?

Thou givest rules for Health and Peptic Pills,

Forms for made dishes, and receipts for Wills,

*"Teaching us how to live and how to die!"*

There came thy Cousin-Cook, good Mrs. Fry—  
There Trench, the Thames Projector, first brought  
on

His sine *Quay* non—

There Martin would drop in on Monday eves,  
Or Fridays, from the pens, and raise his breath  
'Gainst cattle days and death—

Answered by Mellish, feeder of fat bees,  
Who swore that Frenchmen never could be  
eager

For fighting on soup meagre—

"And yet (as thou would'st add,) the French have  
seen

*A Marshal Tureen!"*

Great was thy Evening Cluster!—often graced  
With Dollond—Burgess—and Sir Humphrey  
Davy!

'T was there M'Dermot first inclined to Taste—  
There Colburn learned the art of making paste  
For puffs—and Accum analyzed a gravy,  
Colman—the Cutter of Coleman Street, 'tis said  
Came there—and Parkins with his Ex-wise-head,  
(His claim to letters)—Kater, too, the Moon's  
Crony—and Graham, lofty on balloons—  
There Croly stalked with holy humor heated,  
Who wrote a light horse play, which Yates com-  
pleted—

And Lady Morgan, that grinding organ,

And Brasbridge telling anecdotes of spoons—  
Madame Valbrèque thrice honored thee, and  
came

With great Rossini, his own bow and fiddle—  
The Dibdins—Tom, Charles, Frognall—came  
with tuns

Of poor old books, old puns !  
And even Irving spared a night from fame—  
And talked—till thou didst stop him in the mid-  
dle,

To serve round *Tewah-diddle* ! <sup>1</sup>

Then all the guests rose up, and sighed good-bye !  
So let them :—thou thyself art still a *Host* !

Dibdin—Cornaro—Newton—Mrs. Fry !

Mrs. Glasse, Mr. Spec!—Lovelass—and Weber,  
Matthews in Quot'em—Moore's fire-worshipping  
Gheber—

Thrice-worthy Worthy, seem by thee engrossed !  
Howbeit the Peptic Cook still rules the roast,  
Potent to hush all ventriloquial snarling—  
And ease the bosom pangs of indigestion !

Thou art, sans question,

The Corporation's love—its Doctor *Darling* !  
Look at the Civic Palate—nay, the bed

Which set dear Mrs. Opie on supplying

“ Illustrations of *Lying* ! ”

Ninety square feet of down from heel to head

<sup>1</sup> The Doctor's composition for a *night-cap*.

It measured, and I dread  
Was haunted by that terrible night *Mare*,  
A monstrous burthen on the corporation !  
Look at the Bill of Fare, for one day's share,  
Sea-turtles by the score—Oxen by droves,  
Geese, turkeys, by the flock—fishes and loaves  
Countless, as when the Lilliputian nation  
Was making up the huge man-mountain's ration !

Oh ! worthy Doctor ! surely thou hast driven  
The squatting Demon from great Garratt's breast—

(His honor seemed to rest !—)

And what is thy reward ?—Hath London given  
Thee public thanks for thy important service ?

Alas ! not even

The tokens it bestowed on Howe and Jervis !—  
Yet could I speak as Orators should speak  
Before the worshipful the Common Council,  
(Utter my bold bad grammar and pronounce ill,)   
Thou should'st not miss thy Freedom, for a week,  
Richly engrossed on vellum :—Reason urges  
That he who rules our cookery—that he  
Who edits soups and gravies, ought to be  
A *Citizen*, where sauce can make a *Burgess* !

AN ADDRESS TO THE VERY REVEREND  
JOHN IRELAND, D.D.

CHARLES FYNES CLINTON, LL.D.  
THOMAS CAUSTON, D.D.  
HOWEL HOLLAND EDWARDS, M.A.  
JOSEPH ALLEN, M.A.  
LORD HENRY FITZROY, M.A.  
THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

WM. H. EDWARD BERTHINE, M.A.  
JAMES WEBBER, D.D.  
WILLIAM SHORT, D.D.  
JAMES TOURNAY, D.D.  
ANDREW BELL, D.D.  
GEORGE HOLCOMBE, D.D.

THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF WESTMINSTER.

"Sure the Guardians of the Temple can never think they  
get enough."  
CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

Oh, very reverend Dean and Chapter,  
Exhibitors of giant men,  
Hail to each surplice-backed Adapter  
Of England's dead, in her Stone den !  
Ye teach us properly to prize  
Two-shilling Grays, and Gays, and Handels,  
And, to throw light upon our eyes,  
Deal in Wax Queens like old wax candles.

Oh, reverend showmen, rank and file,  
Call in your shillings, two and two ;

March with them up the middle aisle,  
And cloister them from public view.  
Yours surely are the dusty dead,  
Gladly ye look from bust to bust,  
Setting a price on each great head,  
To make it come down with the dust.

Oh, as I see you walk along  
In ample sleeves and ample back  
A pursy and well-ordered throng,  
Thoroughly fed, thoroughly black !  
In vain I strive me to be dumb—  
You keep each bard like fatted kid,  
Grind bones for bread like Fee faw fum !  
And drink from skulls as Byron did !

The profitable Abbey is  
A sacred 'Change for stony stock,  
Not that a speculation 'tis—  
The profit's founded on a rock.  
Death, and the Doctors, in each nave  
Bony investments have incurred !  
And hard 't would be to find a grave  
From which "no money is returned !"

Here many a pensive pilgrim, brought  
By reverence for those learned bones,  
Shall often come and walk your short  
Two-shilling<sup>1</sup> fare upon the stones.—

<sup>1</sup> Since this poem was written, Doctor Ireland and those in

Ye have that talisman of Wealth,  
 Which puddling chemists sought of old,  
 Till ruined out of hope and health ;—  
 The Tomb's the stone that turns to gold !

Oh, licensed cannibals, ye eat  
 Your dinners from your own dead race,  
 Think Gray, preserved, a "funeral meat,"  
 And Dryden, deviled, after grace,  
 A relish ;—and you take your meal  
 From Rare Ben Jonson underdone,  
 Or, whet your holy knives on Steele,  
 To cut away at Addison !

O say, of all this famous age,  
 Whose learned bones your hopes expect,  
 Oh have ye numbered Rydal's sage,  
 Or Moore among your Ghosts elect ?  
 Lord Byron was not doomed to make  
 You richer by his final sleep—  
 Why don't ye warn the Great to take  
 Their ashes to no other heap ?

Southey's reversion have ye got ?  
 With Coleridge, for his body, made  
 A bargain ?—has Sir Walter Scott,  
 Like Peter Schlemihl, sold his shade ?

authority under him have reduced the fares. It is gratifying  
 to the English People to know, that while butchers' meat is  
 rising, tombs are falling.

Has Rogers haggled hard, or sold  
His features for your marble shows,  
Or Campbell bartered, ere he's cold,  
All interest in his "*bone* repose?"

Rare is your show, ye righteous men!  
Priestly Politos—rare, I ween;  
But should ye not *outside* the Den  
Paint up what *in* it may be seen?  
A long green Shakespeare, with a deer  
Grasped in the many folds it died in—  
A Butler stuffed from ear to ear,  
Wet White Bears weeping o'er a Dry-den!

Paint Garrick up like Mr. Paap,  
A Giant of some inches high;  
Paint Handel up, that organ chap,  
With you, as grinders, in his eye;  
Depict some plaintive antique thing,  
And say th' original may be seen;—  
Blind Milton with a dog and string  
May be the Beggar o' Bethnal Green!

Put up in Poet's Corner, near  
The little door, a platform small;  
Get there a monkey—never fear,  
You'll catch the gapers one and all!  
Stand each of ye a Body Guard,  
A Trumpet under either fin,  
And yell away in Palace Yard  
"All dead! All dead! Walk in! Walk in!"

(But when the people are inside,  
 Their money paid—I pray you, bid  
 The keepers not to mount and ride  
 A race around each coffin lid.—  
 Poor Mrs. Bodkin thought last year,  
 That it was hard—the woman clacks—  
 To have so little in her ear—  
 And be so hurried through the Wax !—)

“ Walk in ! two shillings only ! come !  
 Be not by country grumblers funk’d !—  
 Walk in, and see th’ illustrious dumb !  
 The Cheapest House for the defunct !”  
 Write up, ’t will breed some just reflection,  
 And every rude surmise ’t will stop—  
 Write up, that you have no connection  
 (In large)—with any other shop !

And still, to catch the Clowns the more,  
 With samples of your shows in Wax,  
 Set some old Harry near the door  
 To answer queries with his *axe*.—  
 Put up some general begging-trunk—  
 Since the last broke by some mishap,  
 You ’ve all a bit of General Monk,  
 From the respect you bore his Cap !

## ODE TO H. BODKIN, ESQ.,

SECRETARY TO THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF MENDICITY.

"This is your charge—you shall comprehend all vagrom men."—  
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

HAIL, King of Shreds and Patches, hail,  
Disperser of the Poor !  
Thou Dog in office, set to bark  
All beggars from the door !

Great overseer of overseers,  
And Dealer in old rags !  
Thy public duty never fails,  
Thy ardor never flags !

Oh, when I take my walks abroad,  
How many Poor I *miss* !  
Had Doctor Watts walked now-a-days  
He would have written this !

So well thy Vagrant catchers prowl,  
So clear thy caution keeps

The path—O, Bodkin, sure thou hast  
The eye that never sleeps !

No Belisarius pleads for alms,  
No Benbow lacketh legs ;  
The pious man in black is now  
The only man that begs !

Street-Handels are disorganized,  
Disbanded every band !—  
The silent *scraper* at the door  
Is scarce allowed to stand !

The Sweeper brushes with his broom,  
The Carstairs with his chalk  
Retires—the Cripple leaves his stand,  
But cannot sell his walk.

The old Wall-blind resigns the wall,  
The Camels hide their humps,  
The Witherington without a leg  
May n't beg upon his stumps !

Poor Jack is gone, that used to doff  
His battered tattered hat,  
And show his dangling sleeve, alas !  
There seemed no arm in that !

Oh ! it was such a sin to air  
His true blue naval rags,

Glory's own trophy, like St. Paul,  
Hung round with holy flags !

Thou knowest best. I meditate,  
My Bodkin, no offence !  
Let us, henceforth, but guard our pounds,  
Thou dost protect our pence !

Well art thou pointed 'gainst the Poor,  
For, when the Beggar Crew  
Bring their petitions, thou art paid,  
Of course, to "run them through."

Doubtless thou art what Hamlet meant  
To wretches the last friend :  
What ills can mortals have, they can't  
"With a bare *Bodkin*" end ?

## NOTES

### TO THE ODES AND ADDRESSES.

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#### ODE TO RICHARD MARTIN, ESQUIRE.

Mr. Martin was originally a gentleman of fortune, and was elected to represent the County of Galway in the first Parliament after the union of Great Britain and Ireland. He distinguished himself by his exertions for the passage of a bill to prevent cruelty to animals, and finally obtained an act of Parliament, which is known by his name. Whilst he continued in London, he was indefatigable in bringing before the magistrates cases in which it might be put into execution. He represented Galway in six Parliaments, but lost his election in 1826. He died at Boulogne, in France, in 1834, at the age of eighty years.

#### ADDRESS TO MR. DYMOKE, THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

In the *London Magazine* for August, 1821, there is an account of the Coronation of George IV., in a "Letter from a Gentleman in Town to a Lady in the Country," of which the following is an extract.

"At the end of this course the gates of the Hall were again thrown open, and a noble flourish of trumpets announced to all eager hearts that the CHAMPION was about to enter. He advanced under the gateway, on a fine piebald charger, (an ill color,) and clad in complete steel. The plumes on his head were tri-colored, and extremely magnificent; and he bore in his

hand the loose steel gauntlet, ready for challenge. The Duke of Wellington was on his right hand, the Marquis 'of Anglesea on his left. When he had come within the limits of the Hall, he was about to throw down his glove at once, so eager was he for the fray, but the Herald distinctly said, 'Wait till I have read the challenge,' and read it accordingly, the Champion husbanding his valor for a few minutes :

" ' If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord King George the Fourth of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, son and next heir to our Sovereign Lord King George the Third, the last King deceased, to be right heir to the Imperial crown of the United Kingdom, or that he ought not to enjoy the same, here is his Champion who saith that he lieth, and is a false traitor ; being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall be appointed.'

" At the conclusion of this awful challenge, the Champion hurled down his gauntlet, which fell with a solemn clash upon the floor. It rang in most hearts ! He then stuck his wrist against his steeled side, as though to show how indifferent he was to the consequence of his challenge. This certainly had a very pleasing and gallant effect. The Herald, in a few seconds, took up the glove, delivered it to the squire, who kissed it and handed it to the Champion. In the middle of the Hall the same ceremony was performed ; and at the foot of the royal platform, it was a third time gone through. The King then drank his health, and methinks with real pleasure, for the Champion had

right gallantly conducted himself. His Majesty then sent the cup to him; and he, taking it, drank to the King, but in so low a tone that I could only catch the meaning by the tumultuous shouts of the people. The noise seemed to awaken the courage of his horse, but he mastered his steed admirably. The ceremony of backing out of the Hall was then again performed, and successfully, with the exception of the Marquis of Anglesea's Arabian, whose doubts were not yet satisfied, and he was literally shown out by the pages."

In Hall's Account of the Coronation of Henry VIII. there is a passage, quoted by the writer in the *London Magazine*, describing the appearance in that ceremony of "Sir Robert Dimmoke, champion to the kyng by tenour of his enheritaunce." The office seems to have remained in the Dimmoke family till the time of George IV. At the Coronations of William IV. and Victoria, the Great Banquet, in the course of which it was usual for the Champion to appear, was omitted.

The following verses originally appeared in the *London Magazine* of September, 1821, p. 236.

#### THE CHAMPION'S FAREWELL.

##### *Otium cum Dignitate.*

Here! bring me my breeches, my armor is over;  
Farewell for some time to my tin pantaloons;  
Double-milled kerseymere is a kind of leg clover,  
Good luck to broad cloth for a score or two moons!

Here! hang up my helmet, and reach me my beaver,  
This avoirdupois weight of glory must fall;  
I think on my life that again I shall never  
Take my head in a sauce-pan to Westminster Hall.

Oh, why was my family born to be martial?  
 'Tis a mercy this grand show-off-fight-day is up!  
 I do not think Cato was much over-partial  
 To back through the dishes, with me and my cup.

By the blood of the Dymokes, I'll sit in my lodgings,  
 And the gauntlet resign for "neat gentleman's doe;"  
 If I ride I *will* ride, and no longer be dodging  
 My horse's own tail 'twixt Duke, Marquis & Co.

No more at my horsemanship folks shall make merry,  
 For I'll ship man and horse, and "show off" not on shore,  
 No funnies for me! I will ride in a wherry;  
 They feathered my skull, but I'll feather my oar.

So, Thomas, take Cato and put on his halter,  
 And give him some beans, since I now am at peace;  
 If a Champion is wanted, pray go to Sir Walter,  
 And he'll let you out Marmions at sovereigns apiece.

The ladies admired the piebald nag vastly,  
 And clapped his old sober-sides into the street;  
 Here's a cheque upon Child, so, my man, go to Astley,  
 Pay the charge of a charger, and take a receipt.

#### ODE TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, SENIOR.

Grimaldi, the celebrated clown, took his final leave  
 of the public at Drury Lane, in July, 1828. He was  
 born in 1779, and died in 1837.

#### ODE TO CAPTAIN PARRY.

Sir William Edward Parry, a captain in the British  
 navy, was born at Bath, December 19, 1790. He en-  
 tered the navy in 1803, and distinguished himself in  
 the blockade of Brest and in the Baltic during the war

with Denmark. In 1811, he was sent to the Greenland seas for the protection of the British whale fishermen, and penetrated as far as the 76th degree of north latitude. In 1818, he commanded *The Alexander*, the second discovery ship in Captain Ross's northwest expedition. In 1819, he began a series of expeditions of discovery in the polar regions, which, under his command, were conducted with admirable skill. A complete account of these was published in 1833, under the title of "*Four Voyages to the North Pole.*" The ode in the text was written on the occasion of Parry's third voyage.

ADDRESS TO MARIA DARLINGTON.

In December, 1824, an action was brought by the celebrated actress, Miss Foote, against Mr. Hayne, a gentleman of fortune, for a breach of promise of marriage. The Attorney-General stated that Miss Foote, while performing at the Cheltenham theatre, became acquainted with Colonel Berkeley, who, under a promise of marriage, seduced her, and she lived under his protection for five years. Two children were born; after the birth of the last, Miss Foote, finding that Colonel Berkeley did not fulfil his promise, resolved that the connection should cease. This was in June, 1824. Subsequently, she became engaged to Mr. Hayne. Colonel Berkeley, on learning of this engagement, communicated to Mr. Hayne the history of his connection with Miss Foote. Upon this, with Miss Foote's consent, Mr. Hayne withdrew from his engagement to marry her. He, afterwards, however, renewed his suit, and again was accepted. His second engagement he refused to fulfil. Upon which Miss Foote brought an action against him for breach of

promise, and obtained three thousand pounds damages. Miss Foote married April 7, 1831, the Earl of Harrington, who died in 1851.

#### ODE TO W. KITCHENER, M. D.

The *London Magazine* for October, 1821, contains a review of Dr. Kitchener's *Cook's Oracle*, evidently written by Hood; and in the November number of the same journal is the following ode.

#### ODE TO DR. KITCHENER.

Ye Muses nine inspire,  
And stir up my poetic fire;  
Teach my burning soul to speak  
With a bubble and a squeak!  
Of Dr. Kitchener I fain would sing,  
Till pots, and pans, and mighty kettles ring.

O culinary Sage!  
(I do not mean the herb in use,  
That always goes along with goose,)  
How have I feasted on thy page!  
"When like a lobster boiled, the morn  
From black to red began to turn,"  
Till midnight, when I went to bed,  
And clapped my *tewah-diddle*<sup>1</sup> on my head.

Who is there cannot tell  
Thou lead'st a life of living well?  
"What baron, or squire, or knight of the shire,  
Lives half so well as a holy Fry-er?"

In doing well thou must be reckon'd  
 The first, and Mrs. Fry the second;  
 And twice a Job—for in thy feverish toils,  
 Thou wast all over roasts, as well as boils.

Thou wast indeed no dunce,  
 To treat thy subjects and thyself at once.  
 Many a hungry poet eats  
 His brains like thee,  
 But few there be  
 Could live so long on their receipts.  
 What living soul or sinner  
 Would slight thy invitation to a dinner,  
 Ought with the Danaïdes to dwell,  
 Draw gravy in a cullender, and hear  
 For ever in his ear  
 The pleasant tinkling of thy dinner bell.

Immortal Kitchener! thy fame  
 Shall keep itself when Time makes game  
 Of other men's. Yea, it shall keep all weathers,  
 And thou shalt be upheld by thy pen-feathers.  
 Yea, by the sauce of Michael Kelly,  
 Thy name shall perish never,  
 But be magnified for ever,  
 By all whose eyes are bigger than their belly!

Yea, till the world is done  
 To a turn, and Time puts out the Sun,  
 Shall live the endless echo of thy name.  
 But as for thy more fleshy frame,  
 Oh, Death's carnivorous teeth will tittle  
 Thee out of breath, and eat it for cold victual.  
 But still thy fame shall be among the nations  
 Preserved to the last course of generations.

Ah, me! my soul is touched with sorrow  
To think how flesh must pass away;  
So mutton that is warm to-day  
Is cold and turned to hashes on the morrow!  
Farewell! I would say more, but I  
Have other fish to fry.

ODE TO H. BODKIN, ESQ.

The Society for the Suppression of Mendicity was instituted in 1813. Mr. Bodkin, for many years its secretary, was very active in prosecution of beggars and vagabonds, and was, in consequence, severely lampooned by the press of London.

THE FORLORN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM FROM SIDNEY.

“ VELL ! Here I am, — no Matter how it suits, —  
A-keeping company vith them dumb Brutes !  
Old Park vos no bad Judge, — confound his vig !  
Of vot vood break the Sperrit of a Prig !

“ The Like of Me, to come to New Sow Wales  
To go a-tagging arter Vethers' Tails,  
And valk in Herbage as delights the Flock,  
But stinks of Sweet Herbs vorser nor the Dock !

“ To go to set this solitary Job  
To Von whose Vork vos always in a Mob !  
It 's out of all our Lines, for sure I am  
Jack Shepherd even never kep a Lamb !

“ I arn't ashamed to say I sit and veep  
To think of Seven Year of keepin Sheep,  
The spooniest Beasts in Nater, all to Sticks,  
And not a Votch to take for all their Ticks !

“ If I 'd fore-seed how Transports vould turn out  
To only Baa ! and Botanize about,  
I 'd quite as leaf have had the t'other Pull,  
And come to Cotton as to all this Vool !

270 THE FORLORN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

“ Von only happy moment I have had  
Since here I come to be a Farmer's Cad,  
And then I cotched a vild Beast in a Snooze,  
And picked her Pouch of three young Kangaroos !

“ Vot chance have I to go to Race or Mill?  
Or show a sneaking Kindness for a Till?  
And as for Vashings, on a hedge to dry,  
I'd put the Natives' Linen in my Eye !

“ If this whole Lot of Mutton I could scrag,  
And find a Fence to turn it into Swag,  
I'd give it all in Lonnon Streets to stand,  
And if I had my pick, I'd say the Strand !

“ But ven I goes, as maybe vonce I shall,  
• To my old Crib, to meet vith Jack and Sal,  
I've been so gallows honest in this Place,  
I sha'n't not like to show my sheepish Face.

“ It's wery hard for nothing but a Box  
Of Irish Blackguard to be keepin' Flocks  
'Mong naked Blacks, sich Savages to hus,  
They've nayther got a Pocket nor a Pus.

“ But folks may tell their Troubles till they're sick  
To dumb brute Beasts,—and so I'll cut my Stick !  
And vot's the Use a Feller's Eyes to pipe  
Vere von can't borrow any Gemman's Vipe ?”

## CLUBS,

## TURNED UP BY A FEMALE HAND.

"Clubs ! Clubs ! part 'em ! part 'em ! Clubs ! Clubs !" — ANCIENT  
CRIES OF LONDON.

OF all the modern schemes of Man  
That time has brought to bear,  
A plague upon the wicked plan  
That parts the wedded pair !  
My female friends they all agree  
They hardly know their hubs ;  
And heart and voice unite with me,  
" We hate the name of Clubs ! "

One selfish course the Wretches keep ;  
They come at morning chimes,  
To snatch a few short hours of sleep, —  
Rise — breakfast — read the Times, —  
Then take their hats, and post away,  
Like Clerks or City scrubs,  
And no one sees them all the day, —  
They live, eat, drink, at Clubs !

On what they say, and what they do,  
They close the Club-House gates ;  
But one may guess a speech or two,  
Though shut from their debates ;  
" The Cook 's a *hasher* — nothing more, —  
The Children noisy grubs, —

270 THE FORLORN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

"Von only happy moment I have had  
Since here I come to be a Farmer's Cad,  
And then I cotched a vild Beast in a Snooze,  
And picked her Pouch of three young Kangaroos !

"Vot chance have I to go to Race or Mill?  
Or show a sneaking Kindness for a Till?  
And as for Vashings, on a hedge to dry,  
I 'd put the Natives' Linen in my Eye !

"If this whole Lot of Mutton I could scrag,  
And find a Fence to turn it into Swag,  
I 'd give it all in Lonnon Streets to stand,  
And if I had my pick, I 'd say the Strand !

"But ven I goes, as maybe vonce I shall,  
To my old Crib, to meet with Jack and Sal,  
I 've been so gallows honest in this Place,  
I sha'n't not like to show my sheepish Face.

"It 's wery hard for nothing but a Box  
Of Irish Blackguard to be keepin' Flocks  
'Mong naked Blacks, sich Savages to hus,  
They 've nayther got a Pocket nor a Pus.

"But folks may tell their Troubles till they 're sick  
To dumb brute Beasts,—and so I 'll cut my Stick !  
And vot 's the Use a Feller's Eyes to pipe  
Vere von can't borrow any Gemman's Vipe ?"

## CLUBS,

## TURNED UP BY A FEMALE HAND.

"Clubs ! Clubs ! part 'em ! part 'em ! Clubs ! Clubs !" — ANCIENT  
CRIMS OF LONDON.

OF all the modern schemes of Man  
That time has brought to bear,  
A plague upon the wicked plan  
That parts the wedded pair !  
My female friends they all agree  
They hardly know their hubs ;  
And heart and voice unite with me,  
" We hate the name of Clubs ! "

One selfish course the Wretches keep ;  
They come at morning chimes,  
To snatch a few short hours of sleep, —  
Rise — breakfast — read the Times, —  
Then take their hats, and post away,  
Like Clerks or City scrubs,  
And no one sees them all the day, —  
They live, eat, drink, at Clubs !

On what they say, and what they do,  
They close the Club-House gates ;  
But one may guess a speech or two,  
Though shut from their debates ;  
" The Cook 's a *hasher* — nothing more, —  
The Children noisy grubs, —

A Wife's a quiz, and home's a bore" —  
Yes, — that's the style at Clubs !

With Rundle, Doctor K, or Glasse,  
And such Domestic Books,  
They once put up, — but now, alas !  
It's hey ! for foreign cooks !  
"When *will* you dine at home, my Dove ?"  
I say to Mister Stubbs, —  
"When Cook can make an omelette, love, —  
An omelette like the Club's !"

Time was, their hearts were only placed  
On sung domestic schemes,  
The book for two, — united taste, —  
And such connubial dreams, —  
Friends dropping in at close of day,  
To singles, doubles, rubs,  
A little music — then the tray, —  
And not a word of Clubs !

But former comforts they condemn ;  
French kickshaws they discuss,  
They take their wine, the wine takes them,  
And then they favor us : —  
From some offence they can't digest,  
As cross as bears with cubs,  
Or sleepy, dull, and queer, at best, —  
That's how they come from Clubs !

It's very fine to say "Subscribe  
 To Andrews' — can't you read?"  
 When wives — the poor neglected tribe —  
 Complain how they proceed!  
 They'd better recommend at once  
 Philosophy and tubs;  
 A woman need not be a dunce  
 To feel the wrong of Clubs.

A set of savage Goths and Picts,  
 Would seek us now and then;  
 They're pretty pattern-Benedicts  
 To guide our single men!  
 Indeed my daughters both declare  
 "Their Beaux shall not be subs  
 To White's, or Black's, or anywhere, —  
 They've seen enough of Clubs!"

They say, "*without* the marriage ties,  
 They can devote their hours  
 To catechise, or botanize, —  
 Shells, Sunday-schools, and flowers, —  
 Or teach a Pretty Poll new words,  
 Tend Covent-Garden shrubs,  
 Nurse dogs and chirp to little birds, —  
 As Wives do since the Clubs."

Alas! for those departed days  
 Of social wedded life,  
 When married folks had married ways,  
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And lived like Man and Wife!  
O, Wedlock then was picked by none, —  
As safe a lock as Chubb's!  
But couples, that should be as one,  
Are now the Two of Clubs!

Of all the modern schemes of man  
That time has brought to bear,  
A plague upon the wicked plan  
That parts the wedded pair!  
My female friends they all allow  
They meet with slights and snubs,  
And say, "they have no husbands now, —  
They're married to their Clubs!"

A NEW SONG FROM THE POLISH.

THE OLD POLE'S WARNING.

COME, messmates, attend to a warning,  
From one who has gone through the whole;  
And you'll never set sail, some fine morning,  
To seek any sort of a Pole.  
It's not for the icebergs and freezing,  
Or dangers you'll have for to court,  
It's the shocks very hard and displeasing  
You'll meet on returning to port.

It's joyful to sail up the Channel,  
And think of your girls and your wives,

Of the warming-pans, Wallsend, and flannel,  
To comfort the rest of your lives !  
But Lord ! you will look like a ninny  
To find, when to shore you have got,  
That Old England is turned into Guinea,  
It feels so confoundedly hot !

The next thing is coming, in Wapping,  
The houses you lived at before,  
And you find there is no sort of stopping  
Without open windows and door !  
Then Poll, if disposed to be cruel,  
Or has got some one else in her grace,  
She just chucks on a shovel of fuel,  
And drives you smack out of the place !

There's Tomkins, that took for to grapple  
With Methody Tracks at the Pole,  
Is half crazy, he can't go to chapel,  
It's so like Calcutta's Black Hole !  
And Block, though he's not a deceiver,  
But knows what to marriage belongs,  
His own wife, he's obleeged for to leave her,  
Because of her pokers and tongs !

Myself, though I'm able at present  
To bear with one friend at a time,  
And my wife, if she makes herself pleasant,  
At first I was plagued with the clime.  
Like powder I flew from hot cinders,

And whistled for winds fore and aft,  
While I set between two open winders  
A-courting a cold thorough-draft!

The first time in bed I was shoven,  
The moment I pillowed my head,  
O I thought I had crept in an oven,  
A-baking with all of the bread!  
I soon left the blankets behind me,  
And ran for a cooler retreat;  
But next morning the Justices fined me  
For taking a snooze in the street!

Now, there was a chance for a feller!  
No roof I could sleep under twice;  
Till a fishmonger let me his cellar,  
Of course with the use of the ice.  
But still, like old hermits in stories,  
I found it a dullish concern;  
With no creature, but maids and John Dories,  
To listen to spinning a yarn!

Then wanting to see Black-eyed Susan,  
I went to the Surrey with Sal;  
And what next? — in the part most amusin'  
I fainted away like a gal!  
Well, there I was, stretched without motion,  
No smells and no fans would suffice,  
Till my natur at last gave a notion  
To grab at a gentleman's ice!

Then, Messmates, attend to a warning  
 From one who has gone through the whole;  
 And you 'll never set sail, some fine morning,  
 To seek any sort of a Pole.  
 It 's not for the icebergs and freezing,  
 Or dangers you 'll have for to court,  
 It 's the shocks, very hard and unpleasing,  
 You 'll meet on returning to port!

## S T A N Z A S .

## COMPOSED IN A SHOWER-BATH.

"Drip, drip, drip — there 's nothing here but dripping." — REMORSE,  
 BY COLERIDGE.

TREMBLING, as Father Adam stood  
 To pull the stalk before the Fall,  
 So stand I here, before the Flood,  
 On my own head the shock to call:  
 How like our predecessor's luck!  
 'Tis but to pluck, — but needs some pluck!

Still, thoughts of gasping like a pup,  
 Will paralyze the nervous power;  
 Now hoping it will yet hold up,  
 Invoking now the tumbling shower; —  
 But, ah! the shrinking body loathes,  
 Without a parapluié or clothes!

“Expect some rain about this time!”  
 My eyes are sealed, my teeth are set, —  
 But where 's the Stoic so sublime  
 Can ring, unmoved, for wringing wet?  
 Of going hogs some folks talk big —  
 Just let them go *the whole cold pig!*

## THE UNITED FAMILY.

“We stick at nine.” — MRS. BATTLE.

“Thrice to thine,  
 And thrice to mine,  
 And thrice again,  
 To make up nine.”

THE WEIRD SISTERS IN MACONNEL.

How oft in families intrudes  
 The demon of domestic feuds;  
 One liking this, one hating that,  
 Each snapping each, like dog and cat,  
 With divers bents, and tastes perverse,  
 One's bliss, in fact, another's curse;  
 How seldom anything we see  
 Like our united family!

Miss Brown of chapels goes in search,  
 Her sister Susan likes the church;  
 One plays at cards, the other don't;  
 One will be gay, the other won't;  
 In prayer and preaching one persists,

The other sneers at Methodists ;  
On Sundays even they can't agree,  
Like our united family.

There 's Mr. Bell, a Whig at heart,  
His lady takes the Tories' part,  
While William, junior, nothing loath,  
Spouts Radical against them both.  
One likes the News, one takes the Age,  
Another buys the unstamped page ;  
They all say *I*, and never *we*,  
Like our united family.

Not so with us ; — with equal zeal  
We all support Sir Robert Peel ;  
Of Wellington our mouths are full,  
We dote on Sundays on John Bull ;  
Wish Pa and Ma on self-same side,  
*Our* house has never to divide ;  
No opposition members be  
In our united family.

Miss Pope her " Light Guitar " enjoys,  
Her father " cannot bear the noise,"  
Her mother 's charmed with all her songs,  
Her brother jangles with the tongs :  
Thus discord out of music springs,  
The most unnatural of things,  
Unlike the genuine harmony  
In our united family !

We *all* on vocal music dote,  
To each belongs a tuneful throat,  
And all prefer that Irish boon  
Of Melody — “The Young May Moon”;  
By choice we all select the harp,  
Nor is the voice of one too sharp,  
Another flat, — all in one key  
Is our united family.

Miss Powell likes to draw and paint,  
But then — it would proyoke a saint —  
Her brother takes her sheep for pigs,  
And says her trees are periwigs.  
Pa praises all, black, blue, or brown;  
And so does Ma, — but upside down!  
They cannot with the same eyes see,  
Like our united family.

Miss Patterson has been to France,  
Her heart’s delight is in a dance;  
The thing her brother cannot bear,  
So she must practise with a chair.  
Then at a waltz her mother winks;  
But Pa says roundly what he thinks,  
All dos-à-dos, not vis-à-vis,  
Like our united family.

We none of us that whirling love,  
Which both our parents disapprove;  
A hornpipe we delight in more,

Or graceful Minuet de la Cour,  
A special favorite with Mamma,  
Who used to dance it with Papa ;  
In this we still keep step, you see,  
In our united family.

Then books, — to hear the Cobbs' debates !  
One worships Scott, — another hates ;  
Monk Lewis, Ann fights stoutly for,  
And Jane likes " Bunyan's Holy War."  
The father on MacCulloch pores,  
The mother says *all* books are bores ;  
But blue serene as heaven are we,  
In our united family.

We never wrangle to exalt  
Scott, Banim, Bulwer, Hope, or Galt,  
We care not whether Smith or Hook,  
So that a novel be the book ;  
And in one point we all are fast,  
Of novels we prefer the last, —  
In that the very Heads agree  
In our united family !

To turn to graver matters still,  
How much we see of sad self-will !  
Miss Scrope, with brilliant views in life,  
Would be a poor lieutenant's wife ;  
A lawyer has her pa's good word,  
Her ma has looked her out a lord ;

What would they not all give to be  
Like our united family !

By one congenial taste allied,  
Our dreams of bliss all coincide ;  
We 're all for solitudes and cots,  
And love, if we may choose our lots, —  
As partner in the rural plan,  
Each paints the same dear sort of man ;  
One heart alone there seems to be  
In our united family.

One heart, one hope, one wish, one mind, —  
One voice, one choice, all of a kind ;  
And can there be a greater bliss —  
A little heaven on earth — than this ?  
The truth to whisper in your ear,  
It must be told ! — we are not near  
The happiness that ought to be  
In our united family !

Alas ! 't is our congenial taste  
That lays our little pleasures waste ; —  
We all delight, no doubt, to sing,  
We all delight to touch the string,  
But where 's the harp that nine may touch ?  
And nine " May Moons " are eight too much ;  
Just fancy nine, all in one key,  
Of our united family !

The play, — O how we love a play !  
But half the bliss is shorn away ;  
On winter nights we venture nigh,  
But think of houses in July !  
Nine crowded in a private box,  
Is apt to pick the stiffest locks ;  
Our curls would all fall out, though we  
Are one united family !

In art the self-same line we walk,  
We all are fond of heads in chalk,  
We one and all our talent strain  
Adelphi prizes to obtain ;  
Nine turbaned Turks are duly sent,  
But can the Royal Duke present  
Nine silver palettes — no, not he —  
To our united family ?

Our eating shows the very thing,  
We all prefer the liver-wing,  
Asparagus when scarce and thin,  
And peas directly they come in ;  
The marrow-bone — if there be one —  
The ears of hare when crisply done,  
The rabbit's brain, — we all agree  
In our united family.

In dress the same result is seen,  
We all so doat on apple-green ;  
But nine in green would seem a school

Of charity to quizzing fool ;  
We cannot all indulge our will  
With "that sweet silk on Ludgate Hill,"  
No *remnant* can sufficient be  
For our united family.

In reading hard is still our fate ;  
One cannot read o'erlooked by eight,  
And nine "Disowned" — nine "Pioneers,"  
Nine "Chaperons," nine "Buccaneers,"  
Nine "Maxwells," nine "Tremaines," and such,  
Would dip into our means too much ;  
Three months are spent o'er volumes three,  
In our united family.

Unhappy Muses ! if the Nine  
Above in doom with us combine ;  
In vain we breathe the tender flame,  
Our sentiments are all the same,  
And nine complaints addressed to Hope  
Exceed the editorial scope ;  
One in, and eight *put out*, must be  
Of our united family !

But this is naught, — of deadlier kind  
A ninefold woe remains behind.  
O why were we so art and part ?  
So like in taste, so one in heart ?  
Nine cottages may be to let,  
But here 's the thought to make us fret,  
We cannot each add Frederic B.  
To our united family.

## POETRY, PROSE, AND WORSE.

"Esad Kınprılı solicited in verse permission to resign the government of Candia. The Grand Vizier, Hafız Pasha, addressed a *Ghazel* to the Sultan to urge the necessity of greater activity in military preparations; and Murad, himself a poet, answered likewise in rhyme. Ghazi Gherai clothed in *Ghazels* his official complaint to the Sultan's preceptor. The Grand Vizier, Mustafa Pasha Bahir, made his reports to the Sultan in verse." — *Vide* VON HAMMER, on *Othoman Literature*, in the *Athenæum* for November 14, 1836.

O TURKEY! how mild are thy manners,  
Whose greatest and highest of men  
Are all proud to be rhymers and scanners,  
And wield the poetical pen!

Thy Sultan rejects, — he refuses, —  
Gives orders to bowstring his man;  
But he still will coquet with the Muses,  
And make it a song if he can.

The victim cut shorter for treason,  
Though conscious himself of no crime,  
Must submit, and believe there is reason  
Whose sentence is turned into rhyme!

He bows to the metrical firman,  
As dulcet as song of the South,  
And his head, like self-satisfied German,  
Rolls off with its pipe in its mouth.

A tax would the Lord of the Crescent?  
He levies it still in a lay,

And is perhaps the sole Bard at this present  
Whose Poems are certain to pay.

State edicts unpleasant to swallow  
He soothes with the charms of the *Muse*,  
And begs rays of his brother Apollo  
To gild bitter pills for the Jews.

When Jealousy sets him in motion,  
The fair one on whom he looks black,  
He sews up with a sonnet to Ocean,  
And sends her to drown in her sack.

His gifts, they are poesies latent  
With sequins rolled up in a purse,  
And in making Bashaws, by the patent  
Their tails are all "done into verse."

He sprinkles with lilies and roses  
The path of each politic plan,  
And, with eyes of Gazelles, discomposes  
The beards of the solemn Divan.

The Czar he defies in a sonnet,  
And then a fit nag to endorse  
With his Pegasus, jingling upon it,  
Reviews all his Mussulman horse.

He sends a short verse, ere he slumbers,  
Express unto Meer Ali Beg,  
Who returns in poetical numbers  
The thousands that die of the plague.

He writes to the Bey of a city  
 In tropes of heroical sound,  
 And is told in a pastoral ditty  
 The place is burnt down to the ground.

He sends a stern summons, but flowery,  
 To Melek Pasha, for some wrong,  
 Who describes the dark eyes of his Houri,  
 And throws off his yoke with a song.

His Vizier presents him a trophy,  
 Still, Mars to Calliope weds, —  
 With an amorous hymn to St. Sophy,  
 A hundred of pickled Greek heads.

Each skull with a turban upon it  
 By Royal example is led :  
 Even Mesrour the Mute has a Sonnet  
 To Silence composed in his head.

E'en Hassan, while plying his hammer  
 To punish short weight to the poor,  
 With a stanza attempts to enamor  
 The ear that he nails to a door.

O, would that we copied from Turkey  
 In this little Isle of our own ;  
 Where the times are so muddy and murky,  
 We want a poetical tone !

Suppose that the Throne in addresses, —  
 For verse there is plenty of scope, —  
 In alluding to native distresses,  
 Just quoted the "Pleasures of Hope."

Methinks 't would enliven and chirp us,  
 So dreary and dull is the time,  
 Just to keep a State Poet on purpose  
 To put the King's speeches in rhyme.

When bringing new measures before us,  
 As bills for the Sabbath or poor,  
 Let both Houses just chant them in chorus,  
 And perhaps they would get an encore !

No stanzas invite to pay taxes  
 In notes like the notes of the south ;  
 But we're dunned by a fellow what axes  
 With prose and a pen in his mouth.

Suppose — as no payers are eager —  
 Hard times and a struggle to live, —  
 That he sung at our doors like a beggar  
 For what one thought proper to give ?

Our Law is of all things the dryest  
 That earth in its compass can show !  
 Of poetical efforts its highest  
 The rhyming its Doe with its Roe.

No documents tender and silky  
Are writ such as poets would pen,  
When a beadle is sent after Wilkie,\*  
Or bailiffs to very shy men.

The warrants that put in distresses  
When rates have been owing too long,  
Should appear in poetical dresses,  
Ere goods be sold of for a song.

Suppose that — Law making its choices  
Of Bishop, Hawes, Rodwell, or Cooke —  
They were all set as gleees for four voices,  
To sing all offenders to book ?

Our criminal code 's as untender,  
All prose in its legal despatch,  
And no constables seize an offender  
While pleasantly singing a *catch*.

They haul him along like a heifer,  
And tell him, " My covey, you 'll swing !"  
Not a hint that the wanton young zephyr  
Will fan his shoe-soles with her wing.

The trial has nothing that 's rosy  
To soften the prisoner's pap,  
And Judge Park appears dreadfully prosy  
While dooming to death in his cap.

\* *Vide* the advertisement of "The Parish Beadle after Wilkie," issued by Moon & Co.

Would culprits go into hysterics,  
Their spirits more likely elope,  
If the jury consulted in lyrics,  
The judge made a line of the rope?

When men must be hung for a warning,  
How sweet if the Law would incline  
In the place of the "Eight in the Morning,"  
To let them indulge in the Nine!

How pleasant if asked upon juries  
By Muses, thus mild as the doves,  
In the place of the Fates and the Furies  
That call us from home and our loves!

Our warfare is deadly and horrid,  
Its bald bulletins are in prose,  
And with gore made revoltingly florid,  
Not tinted with couleur de rose.

How pleasant in army despatches,  
In reading of red battle-plain,  
To alight on some pastoral snatches,  
To sweeten the blood and the brains!

How sweet to be drawn for the Locals  
By songs setting valor a-gog!  
Or be pressed to turn tar by sea-vocals  
Inviting — with "Nothing like Grog!"

To tenants but shortish at present,  
When Michaelmas comes with its day,  
O, a landlord's effusion were pleasant  
That talked of the flowers in May!

How sweet if the bill that rehearses  
The debt we've incurred in the year,  
But enriched, as a copy of verses,  
The Gem, or a new Souvenir!

O, would that we copied from Turkey  
In this little Isle of our own!  
For the times are so moody and murky,  
We want a poetical tone!

## THE DEAD ROBBERY.

"Here 's that will sack a city." — HENRY IV.

Of all the causes that induce mankind  
To strike against themselves a mortal docket,  
Two eminent above the rest we find, —  
To be in love, or to be out of pocket:  
Both have made many melancholy martyrs,  
But, p'rhaps, of all the felonies de se,  
By ponds, and pistols, razors, ropes, and garters,  
Two thirds have been through want of £. s. d.

Thus happened it with Peter Bunce ;  
Both in the *dumps* and out of them at once,  
From always drawing blanks in Fortune's lottery,  
At last, impatient of the light of day,  
He made his mind up to return his clay  
Back to the pottery.

Feigning a raging tooth that drove him mad,  
From twenty divers druggists' shops  
He begged enough of laudanum drops  
T' effect the fatal purpose that he had ;  
He drank them, died, and while old Charon fer-  
ried him,  
The Coroner convened a dozen men,  
Who found his death was *phial*-ent — and then  
The parish buried him !

Unwatched, unwept,  
As commonly a pauper sleeps, he slept ;  
There could not be a better opportunity  
For bodies to steal a body so ill kept,  
With all impunity :  
In fact when night o'er human vice and folly  
Had drawn her very necessary curtains,  
Down came a fellow with a sack and spade,  
Accustomed many years to drive a trade  
With that Anatomy more Melancholy  
Than Burton's !

The watchman in his box was dozing ;  
The Sexton drinking at the Cheshire Cheese ;

No fear of any creature interposing,  
The human jackal worked away at ease :  
    He tossed the mould to left and right,  
    The shabby coffin came in sight,  
And soon it opened to his double knocks, —  
When lo! the stiff 'un that he thought to meet,  
Starts sudden up, like Jacky-in-a-box,  
    Upon his seat !

Awakened from his trance,  
For so the laudanum had wrought by chance,  
Bunce stares up at the moon, next looking level,  
He spies a shady figure, tall and bony,  
Then shudders out these words, "Are — you —  
    the — Devil?"  
"The Devil a bit of him," says Mike Mahony,  
"I'm only com'd here, hoping no affront,  
To pick up honestly a little blunt —"  
"Blunt!" echoes Bunce, with a hoarse croak of  
    laughter,  
"Why, man, I turned life's candle in the socket,  
    Without a rap in either pocket,  
For want of that same blunt you're looking after!"  
"That's true," says Mike, "and many a pretty  
    man  
Has cut his stick upon your very plan,  
Not worth a copper, him and all his trumps,  
And yet he's fetched a dacent lot of stuff,  
Provided he was sound and fresh enough,  
    And dead as dumps."

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Not worth a copper, him and all his trumps,  
And yet he's fetched a dacent lot of stuff,  
Provided he was sound and fresh enough,  
    And dead as dumps."

"I take," quoth Bunce, with a hard wink, "the  
fact is,

You mean a subject for a surgeon's practice, —  
I hope the question is not out of reason,  
But just suppose a lot of flesh and bone,

For instance, like my own,  
What might it chance to fetch now at this season?"  
"Fetch is it?" answers Mike, "why prices differ, —  
But taking this same small bad job of ours,

I reckon, by the powers!  
I've lost ten pounds by your not being stiffer!"

"Ten pounds!" Bunch echoes in a sort of flurry,

"Odd zounds!

Ten pounds,

How sweet it sounds,

Ten pounds!"

And on his feet upspringing in a hurry, —  
It seemed the operation of a minute, —

A little scuffle, — then a whack, —  
And then he took the body-snatcher's sack  
And poked him in it!

Such is this life!

A very pantomime for tricks and strife!  
See Bunce, so lately in Death's passive stock,  
Invested, now as active as a griffin,  
Walking — no ghost — in velveteens and smock,  
To sell a stiff 'un!

A flash of red, then one of blue,  
At last, like light-house, came in view ;  
Bunce rang the night-bell ; wiped his highlows  
muddy ;

His errand told ; the sack produced :  
And by a sleepy boy was introduced  
To Dr. Oddy, writing in his study.  
The bargain did not take long time to settle,

“Ten pounds,

Odd zounds !

How sweet it sounds,

Ten pounds,”

Chinked into Bunce's palm in solid metal.

With joy half-crazed,  
It seemed some trick of sense, some airy gam-  
mon,—

He gazed and gazed,

At last, possessed with the old lust of Mammon,

Thought he, “with what a very little trouble

This little capital I now might double,”—

Another scuffle of its usual brevity,

And Doctor Oddy, in his suit of black,

Was finishing, within the sack,

His “Thoughts upon Longevity !”

The trick was done. Without a doubt,  
The sleepy boy let Bunce and burden out ;  
Who, coming to a lone convenient place,  
The body stripped, hid all the clothes, and then,

Still favored by the luck of evil men,  
Found a new customer in Dr. Case.  
All more minute particulars to smother,  
Let it suffice,  
Nine guineas was the price  
For which one doctor bought the other ;  
As once I heard a preacher say in Guinea,  
" You see how one black sin bring on anudder,  
Like little nigger pickaninny,  
A-riding pick-a-back upon him mudder ! "  
" Humph ! said the Doctor, with a smile sarcastic,  
Seeming to trace  
Some likeness in the face,  
" So Death at last has taken old Bombastic ! "  
But in the very middle of his joking,  
The *subject* still unconscious of the scoff,  
Seized all at once with a bad fit of choking,  
He too was *taken off* !  
Leaving a fragment " On the Hooping Cough."

Satan still sending luck,  
Another body found another buyer :  
For ten pounds ten the bargain next was struck,  
Dead doctors going higher.  
" Here," said the purchaser, with smile quite pleasant,  
Taking a glimpse at his departed brother,  
" Here 's half a guinea in the way of present ;  
Subjects are scarce, and when you get another,  
Let *me* be first." Bunce took him at his word,

And suddenly his old atrocious trick did,  
Sacking M. D. the third,  
Ere he could furnish "Hints to the Afflicted."

Flushed with success,  
Beyond all hope or guess,  
His new dead-robbery upon his back,  
Bunce plotted — such high flights ambition takes —  
To treat the Faculty like ducks and drakes,  
And sell them all ere they could utter, "Quack !"  
But Fate opposed. According to the schools,  
When men become insufferably bad,  
The gods confer to drive them mad :  
March hairs upon the heads of April fools !

Tempted by the old demon avaricious,  
Bunce traded on too far into the morning ;  
Till nods, and winks, and looks, and signs suspicious,  
Even words malicious,  
Forced on him rather an unpleasant warning.  
Glad was he to perceive, beside a wicket,  
A porter, ornamented with a ticket,  
Who did not seem to be at all too busy :  
" Here, my good man,  
Just show me, if you can,  
A doctor's, — if you want to earn a tizzy ! "

Away the porter marches,  
And with grave face, obsequious, precedes him,  
Down crooked lanes, round corners, under arches ;

At last, up an old-fashioned staircase leads him,  
Almost impervious to the morning ray,  
Then shows a door — "There, that's a doctor's  
reckoned,  
A rare Top-Sawyer, let who will come second —  
Good-day."

"I'm right," thought Bunce, "as any trivet;  
 Another venture, — and then up I give it!"  
 He rings; — the door, just like a fairy portal,  
           Opens untouched by mortal:  
 He gropes his way into a dingy room,  
 And hears a voice come growling through the gloom,  
 "Well, — eh? — Who? What? — Speak out at  
           once!"

"I will," says Bunce;  
 "I've got a sort of article to sell;  
 Medical gemmen knows me very well —"  
 But think, Imagination, how it shocked her  
 To hear the voice roar out, — "Death! Devil!  
                                     d—n!

Confound the vagabond! he thinks I am  
A rhubarb-and-magnesia Doctor!"

"No Doctor!" exclaimed Bunce, and dropped his  
jaw,  
But louder still the voice began to bellow, —  
"Yes, — yes, — od zounds! — I *am* a Doctor, fellow,  
At law!"

The word sufficed. Of things Bunce feared the most  
(Next to a ghost)

Was law — or any of the legal corps : —  
He dropped at once his load of flesh and bone,  
And, caring for no body, save his own,  
Bolted ; — and lived securely till fourscore,  
From never troubling Doctors any more !

## JOHN JONES.

## A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"I saw the iron enter into his soul." — STERNE.

JOHN JONES he was a builder's clerk,  
On ninety pounds a year,  
Before his head was engine-turned  
To be an engineer !

For, finding that the iron roads  
Were quite the public tale,  
Like Robin Redbreast, all his heart  
Was set upon a rail.

But O, his schemes all ended ill,  
As schemes must come to naught,  
With men who try to make short cuts,  
When cut with something short.

His altitudes he did not take,  
Like any other elf ;  
But first a spirit-level took  
That levelled him himself.

Then, getting up from left to right,  
So many tacks he made,  
The ground he meant to go upon  
Got very well surveyed.

How crows may fly he did not care  
A single fig to know ;  
He wished to make an iron road,  
And not an iron crow.

So, going to the Rose and Crown,  
To cut his studies short,  
The nearest way from *pint* to *pint*,  
He found was through a quart.

According to this rule he planned  
His railroad o'er a cup ;  
But when he came to lay it down,  
No soul would take it up !

Alas ! not his the wily arts  
Of men as shrewd as rats,  
Who out of one sole *level* make  
A precious lot of *flats* !

In vain from Z to crooked S,  
His devious line he showed ;  
Directors even seemed to wish  
For some directer road.

The writers of the public press  
All sneered at his design ;  
And penny-a-liners would n't give  
A penny for his line.

Yet still he urged his darling scheme,  
In spite of all the fates ;  
Until at last his zigzag ways  
Quite brought him into *straits*.

His money gone, of course he sank  
In debt from day to day, —  
His way would not pay *him*, — and so  
He could not pay his way.

Said he, "All parties run me down, —  
How bitter is my cup !  
My landlord is the only man  
That ever runs me up !

"And he begins to talk of scores,  
And will not draw a cork" ; —  
And then he railed at Fortune, since  
He could not rail at York !

The morrow, in a fatal noose  
They found him hanging fast ;  
This sentence scribbled on the wall, —  
"I've got my line at last !"

Twelve men upon the body sat,  
And thus, on oath, did say,  
"We find he got his *gruel*, 'cause  
He could n't have his *way*!"

## INCENDIARY SONG.

COME, all conflagrating fellows  
Let us have a glorious rig:  
Sing old Rose, and burn the bellows!  
Burn me, but I'll burn my wig!

Christmas time is all before us:  
Burn all puddings, north and south.  
Burn the Turkey, — burn the Devil!  
Burn snap-dragon! burn your mouth!

Burn the coals! they're up at sixty!  
Burn Burn's Justice, — burn old Coke!  
Burn the chestnuts! burn the shovel!  
Burn a fire, and burn the smoke!

Burn burnt almonds! burn burnt brandy!  
Let all burnings have a turn.  
Burn Chabert, the Salamander, —  
Burn the man that would n't burn!

Burn the old year out; don't ring it;  
Burn the one that must begin.  
Burn Lang Syne; and, while you 're burning.  
Burn the burn he paidled in.

Burn the boxing! Burn the beadle!  
Burn the baker! Burn his man!  
Burn the butcher, — burn the dustman!  
Burn the sweeper, if you can!

Burn the postman! burn the postage!  
Burn the knocker, — burn the bell!  
Burn the folks that come for money!  
Burn the bills, — and burn 'em well.

Burn the parish! Burn the rating!  
Burn all taxes in a mass.  
Burn the paving! Burn the lighting!  
Burn the burners! Burn the gas!

Burn all candles, white or yellow!  
Burn for war, and not for peace!  
Burn the Czar of all the Tallow!  
Burn the King of all the Greece!

Burn all canters, — burn in Smithfield!  
Burn Tea-Total hum and bug;  
Burn his kettle, burn his water,  
Burn his muffin, burn his mug!

Burn the breeks of meddling vicars,  
Picking holes in Anna's urns!

Burn all Steers's Opodeldoc,  
Just for being good for burns.

Burn all swindlers! Burn Asphaltum!  
Burn the money-lenders down, —  
Burn all schemes that burn one's fingers!  
Burn the cheapest house in town!

Burn all bores and boring topics;  
Burn Brunel, — ay, in his hole!  
Burn all *subjects* that are Irish!  
Burn the niggers black as coal!

Burn all Boz's imitators!  
Burn all tales without a head!  
Burn a candle near the curtain,  
Burn your Burns, and burn your bed!

Burn all wrongs that won't be righted,  
Poor poor soup, and Spanish claims;  
Burn that Bell, and burn his Vixen!  
Burn all sorts of burning shames!

Burn the Whigs! and burn the Tories!  
Burn all parties, great and small!  
Burn that everlasting Poynder, —  
Burn his Suttees once for all!

Burn the fop that burns tobacco;  
Burn a critic that condemns;  
Burn Lucifer and all his matches!  
Burn the fool that burns the Thames!

Burn all burning agitators !  
 Burn all torch-parading elves !  
 And O, burn Parson Stephen's speeches,  
 If they have n't burnt themselves !

LORD DURHAM'S RETURN.

"On revient toujours." — FRENCH SONG.

"And will I see his face again,  
 And will I hear him speak ?"

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

"THE Inconstant is come!" it's in every man's  
 mouth;  
 From the East to the West, from the North to the  
 South;  
 With a flag at her head, and a flag at her stern;  
 While the Telegraph hints at Lord Durham's  
 return.

Turn wherever you will, it's the great talk and  
 small;  
 Going up to Cornhill, going down to Whitehall;  
 If you ask for the news, it's the first you will learn,  
 And the last you will lose, my Lord Durham's  
 return.

The fat pig in the sty, and the ox in the stall,  
 The old dog at the door, and the cat on the wall;

The wild bird in the bush, and the hare in the fern,  
All appear to have heard of Lord Durham's return.

It has flown all abroad, it is known to goose-pens,  
It is brayed by the ass, it is cackled by hens :  
The Pintadas, indeed, make it quite their concern,  
All exclaiming, "Come back !" at Lord Durham's  
return.

It's the text over wine, and the talk after tea ;  
All are singing one tune, though not set in one key.  
E'en the Barbers unite, other gossip to spurn,  
While they lather away at Lord Durham's return.

All the Painters leave off, and the Carpenters go,  
And the Tailor above joins the Cobbler below,  
In whole gallons of beer to expend what they earn,  
While discussing one pint, — my Lord Durham's  
return.

It is timed in the Times, with the News has a run,  
Goes the round of the Globe, and is writ in the Sun.  
Like the Warren on walls, fancy seems to discern,  
In great letters of chalk, "Try Lord Durham's  
return !"

Not a murder comes out ; the reporters repine ;  
And a hanging is scarce worth a penny a line.  
If a Ghost reappeared with his funeral urn,  
He'd be thrown in the shade by Lord Durham's  
return.

No arrival could raise such a fever in town ;  
There 's talk about 'Change, of the Stocks going  
down ;  
But the Butter gets up just as if in the churn,  
It forgot it should come in Lord Durham's return.

The most silent are loud ; the most sleepy awake ;  
Very odd that one man such a bustle can make !  
But the schools all break up, and both Houses  
adjourn,  
To debate more at ease on Lord Durham's return.

Is he well ? is he ill ? is he cheerful or sad ?  
Has he spoken his mind of the breeze that he had ?  
It was rather too soon with home-sickness to yearn ;  
There will come something yet of Lord Durham's  
return.

There 's a sound in the wind since that ship is come  
home ;  
There are signs in the air like the omens of Rome ;  
And the lamps in the street, and the stars as they  
burn,  
Seem to give a flare-up at Lord Durham's return.

## SONNETS.

### I.

#### LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

TIME was, I sat upon a lofty stool,  
At lofty desk, and with a clerkly pen  
Began each morning, at the stroke of ten,  
To write in Bell and Co.'s commercial school ;  
In Warnford Court, a shady nook and cool,  
The favourite retreat of merchant men ;  
Yet would my quill turn vagrant even then,  
And take stray dips in the Castalian pool.  
Now double entry — now a flowery trope —  
Mingling poetic honey with trade wax —  
Blogg, Brothers — Milton — Grote and Prescott —  
Pope —  
Bristles — and Hogg — Glyn Mills and Halifax —  
Rogers — and Towgood — Hemp — the Bard of  
Hope —  
Barilla — Byron — Tallow — Burns — and Flax !

## II.

## TO A DECAYED SEAMAN.

HAIL! seventy-four cut down! Hail, Top and  
Lop!

Unless I'm much mistaken in my notion,  
Thou wast a stirring Tar, before that hop  
Became so fatal to thy locomotion;—  
Now, thrown on shore, like a mere weed of ocean,  
Thou readest still to men a lesson good,  
To King and Country showing thy devotion,  
By kneeling thus upon a stump of wood!  
Still is thy spirit strong as alcohol;  
Spite of that limb, begot of acorn-egg,—  
Methinks,— thou Naval History in one Vol.—  
A virtue shines, e'en in that timber leg,  
For unlike others that desert their Poll,  
Thou walkest ever with thy "Constant Peg!"

## III.

## ON STEAM.

BY AN UNDER-OSTLER.

I WISH I livd a Thowsen year Ago  
Wurking for Sober six and Seven milers  
And dubble Stages runnen safe and slo  
The Orsis cum in Them days to the Bilers  
But Now by meens of Powers of Steem forces  
A-turning Coches into Smoakey Kettels  
The Bilers seam a Cumming to the Orses  
And Helps and naggs Will sune be out of Vittels  
Poor Bruits I wunder How we bee to Liv  
When sutch a change of Orses is our Faits  
No nothink need Be sifted in a Siv  
May them Blowd ingins all Blow up their Grates  
And Theaves of Oslers crib the Coles and Giv  
Their blackgard Hannimuls a Feed of Slaits !

## IV.

TO A SCOTCH GIRL, WASHING LINEN  
AFTER HER COUNTRY FASHION.

WELL done and wetly, thou Fair Maid of Perth :  
Thou mak'st a washing picture well deserving  
The pen and pencilling of Washington Irving :  
Like dripping Naiad, pearly from her birth,  
Dashing about the water of the Firth,  
To cleanse the calico of Mrs. Skirving,  
And never from thy dance of duty swerving  
As there were nothing else than dirt on earth !  
Yet what is thy reward? Nay, do not start !  
I do not mean to give thee a new damper,  
But while thou fillest this industrious part  
Of washer, wearer, mangler, presser, stamper,  
Deserving better character — thou art  
What Bodkin would but call — “ a common  
tramper.”

## V.

TO LORD WHARNCLIFFE, ON HIS GAME-  
BILL.

I'm fond of partridges, I'm fond of snipes,  
I'm fond of black cocks, for they're very good  
    cocks —  
I'm fond of wild ducks, and I'm fond of wood-  
    cocks,  
And grouse that set up such strange moorish pipes.  
I'm fond of pheasants with their splendid stripes —  
I'm fond of hares, whether from Whig or Tory —  
I'm fond of capercaillies in their glory,—  
Teal, widgeons, plovers, birds in all their types :  
All these are in your care, Law-giving Peer,  
And when you next address your Lordly Babel,  
Some clause put in your Bill, precise and clear,  
With due and fit provision to enable  
A man that holds all kinds of game so dear  
To keep, like Crockford, a good Gaming Table.

## VL

BY R. M.

How sweet thus clad, in Autumn's mellow Tone,  
With serious Eye, the russet Scene to view !  
No Verdure decks the Forest, save alone  
The sad green Holly, and the olive Yew.  
The Skies, no longer of a garish Blue,  
Subdued to Dove-like Tints, and soft as Wool,  
Reflected show their slaty Shades anew  
In the drab Waters of the clayey Pool.  
Meanwhile yon Cottage Maiden wends to School,  
In Garb of Chocolate so neatly drest,  
And Bonnet puce, fit object for the Tool,  
And chastened Pigments, of our Brother West ;  
Yea, all is silent, sober, calm, and cool,  
Save gaudy Robin with his crimson Breast.

## VII.

Allegory — A moral vehicle.— DICTIONARY.

I HAD a Gig-Horse, and I called him Pleasure,  
Because on Sundays, for a little jaunt,  
He was so fast and showy, quite a treasure ;  
Although he sometimes kicked, and shied aslant.  
I had a Chaise, and christened it Enjoyment,  
With yellow body, and the wheels of red,  
Because 'twas only used for one employment,  
Namely, to go wherever Pleasure led.  
I had a wife, her nickname was Delight ;  
A son called Frolic, who was never still :  
Alas ! how often dark succeeds to bright !  
Delight was thrown, and Frolic had a spill,  
Enjoyment was upset and shattered quite,  
And Pleasure fell a splitter on *Paine's Hill* !

## VIII.

ALONG the Woodford road there comes a noise  
Of wheels, and Mr. Rounding's neat postchaise  
Struggles along, drawn by a pair of bays,  
With Rev. Mr. Crow and six small Boys ;  
Who ever and anon declare their joys,  
With trumping horns and juvenile huzzas,  
At going home to spend their Christmas days,  
And changing Learning's pains for Pleasure's toys.  
Six weeks elapse, and down the Woodford way,  
A heavy coach drags six more heavy souls,  
But no glad urchins shout, no trumpets bray ;  
The carriage makes a halt, the gate-bell tolls,  
And little Boys walk in as dull and mum  
As six new scholars to the Deaf and Dumb.

## IX.

## WRITTEN IN A WORKHOUSE.

OH, blessed ease ! no more of heaven I ask :  
The overseer is gone — that vandal elf —  
And hemp, unpicked, may go and hang itself,  
While I, untasked, except with Cowper's Task,  
In blessed literary leisure bask,  
And lose the workhouse, saving in the works  
Of Goldsmiths, Johnsons, Sheridans, and  
Burkes ;  
Eat prose and drink of the Castalian flask ;  
The themes of Locke, the anecdotes of Spence,  
The humorous of Gay, the Grave of Blair —  
Unlearned toil, unlettered labours hence !  
But, hark ! I hear the master on the stair  
And Thomson's Castle, that of Indolence,  
Must be to me a castle in the air.

## X.

## A SOMNAMBULIST.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." — BYRON.

METHOUGHT — for Fancy is the strangest gadder  
When sleep all homely mundane ties hath  
riven —

Methought that I ascended Jacob's ladder,  
With heartfelt hope of getting up to heaven :  
Some bell, I knew not whence, was sounding  
seven

When I set foot upon that long one-pair ;  
And still I climbed when it had chimed eleven  
Nor yet of landing-place became aware ;  
Step after step in endless flight seemed there ;  
But on, with steadfast hope, I struggled still,  
To gain that blessed haven from all care,  
Where tears are wiped, and hearts forget their  
ill,

When, lo ! I wakened on a sadder stair —  
Tramp — tramp — tramp — tramp — upon the  
Brixton Mill !

## XI.

## TO VAUXHALL.

"The English Garden." — MASON.

THE cold transparent ham is on my fork —  
It hardly rains — and hark the bell! — ding-  
dingle —  
Away! Three thousand feet at gravel work,  
Mocking a Vauxhall shower! — Married and  
Single  
Crush — rush; — Soaked Silks with wet white  
Satin mingle.  
Hengler! Madame! round whom all bright  
sparks lurk,  
Calls audibly on Mr. and Mrs. Pringle  
To study the Sublime, &c. — (*vide* Burke)  
All Noses are upturned! — Whish — ish! — On  
high  
The rocket rushes — trails — just steals in  
sight —  
Then droops and melts in bubbles of blue light —  
And Darkness reigns — Then balls flare up and  
die —  
Wheels whiz — smack crackers — serpents twist  
— and then  
Back to the cold transparent ham again!

## XII.

THE sky is glowing in one ruddy sheet ;—  
A cry of fire ! resounds from door to door ;  
And westward still the thronging people pour ;—  
The turncock hastens to F. P. 6 feet,  
And quick unlocks the fountains of the street ;  
While rumbling engines, with increasing roar,  
Thunder along to luckless Number Four,  
Where Mr. Dough makes bread for folks to eat.  
And now through blazing frames, and fiery beams,  
The Globe, the Sun, the Phoenix, and what not,  
With gushing pipes throw up abundant streams,  
On burning bricks, and twists, on rolls — too  
hot —  
And scorching loaves,—as if there were no shorter  
And cheaper way of making toast-and-water !

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hot —  
And scorching loaves, — as if there were no shorter  
And cheaper way of making toast-and-water !

## TO A CRITIC.

O CRUEL ONE ! How littel dost thou knowe  
How many poetes with Unhappyenesse  
Thou mayest have slaine ; are they beganne to blowe  
Like to yonge Buddes in theyre firste sappyenesse !  
Even as Pinkes from littel Pipinges growe  
Great Poetes yet maye come of singinges smalle,  
Which, if an hungrede Worme doth gnawe belowe,  
Fold up theyre stryped leaves, and dye withalle.  
Alake, that pleasaunt Flowre must fayde and falle  
Because a Grubbe hath ete into yts Hede,—  
That else had growne soe fayre and eke soe talle  
To-wardes the Heaven, and opened forthe and  
sprede  
Its blossomes to the Sunne for Menne to rede  
In soe brighte hues of Loveliness indeede !

## MIDNIGHT.

UNFATHOMABLE Night! how dost thou sweep  
Over the flooded earth, and darkly hide  
The mighty city under thy full tide;  
Making a silent palace for old Sleep,  
Like his own temple under the hushed deep,  
Where all the busy day he doth abide,  
And forth at the late dark, outspreadeth wide  
His dusky wings, whence the cold water sweep!  
How peacefully the living millions lie!  
Lulled unto death beneath his poppy spells;  
There is no breath,—no living stir,—no cry,—  
No tread of foot,—no song,—no music-call,—  
Only the sound of melancholy bells,—  
The voice of Time—survivor of them all!

## SONNET

WRITTEN IN KEATS'S ENDYMION.

I saw pale Dian, sitting by the brink  
Of silver falls — the overflow of fountains  
From cloudy steeps; and I grew sad to think  
Endymion's foot was silent on those mountains;  
And he but a hushed name, that Silence keeps  
In dear remembrance — lonely and forlorn, —  
Singing it to herself until she weeps  
Tears that perchance still glisten in the morn;  
And as I mused, in dull imaginings,  
There came a flash of garments, and I knew  
The awful Muse by her harmonious wings,  
Charming the air to music as she flew, —  
Anon there rose an echo through the vale,  
Gave back Endymion in a dream-like tale.

## SONNET.

Love, I am jealous of a worthless man  
Whom — for his merits — thou dost hold too dear:  
No better than myself, he lies as near  
And precious to thy bosom. He may span  
Thy sacred waist and with thy sweet breath fan  
His happy cheek, and thy most willing ear  
Invade with words and call his love sincere  
And true as mine, and prove it — if he can: —  
Not that I hate him for such deeds as this, —  
He were a devil to adore thee less,  
Who wears thy favor, — I am ill at ease  
Rather lest he should e'er too coldly press  
Thy gentle hand: — This is my jealousy  
Making myself suspect but never thee!

## SONNET

Love, see thy lover humbled at thy feet,  
Not in servility, but homage sweet,  
Gladly inclined: — and with my bended knee  
Think that my inward spirit bows to thee, —  
More proud indeed than when I stand or climb  
Elsewhere: — there is no statue so sublime  
As Love's in all the world, and e'en to kiss  
The pedestal is still a better bliss  
Than all ambitions. O, Love's lowest base  
Is far above the reaching of disgrace  
To shame this posture. Let me then draw nigh  
Feet that have fared so nearly to the sky,  
And when this duteous homage has been given  
I will rise up and clasp the heart in Heaven.

## FALSE POETS AND TRUE.

## TO WORDSWORTH.

Look how the lark soars upward and is gone,  
Turning a spirit as he nears the sky!  
His voice is heard, but body there is none  
To fix the vague excursions of the eye.  
So, poets' songs are with us, tho' they die  
Obscured, and hid by death's oblivious shroud,  
And Earth inherits the rich melody  
Like raining music from the morning cloud.  
Yet, few there be who pipe so sweet and loud  
Their voices reach us through the lapse of space;  
The noisy day is deafened by a crowd  
Of undistinguished birds, a twittering race;  
But only lark and nightingale forlorn  
Fill up the silences of night and morn.

## SONNET

ON MISTRESS NICELY, A PATTERN FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Written after seeing Mrs. Davenport in the character at  
Covent Garden.

SHE was a woman peerless in her station,  
With household virtues wedded to her name ;  
Spotless in linen, grass-bleached in her fame,  
And pure and clear-starched in her reputation ; —  
Thence in my Castle of Imagination  
She dwells forevermore, the dainty dame,  
To keep all airy draperies from shame,  
And all dream furnitures in preservation :  
There walketh she with keys quite silver bright,  
In perfect hose, and shoes of seemly black,  
Apron and stomacher of lily-white,  
And decent order follows in her track :  
The burnished plate grows lustrous in her sight,  
And polished floors and tables shine her back.

## SONNET.

THINK, sweetest, if my lids are not now wet,  
The tenderest tears lie ready at the brim,  
To see thine own dear eyes — so pale and dim —  
Touching my soul with full and fond regret,  
For on thy ease my heart's whole care is set;  
Seeing I love thee in no passionate whim,  
Whose summer dates but with the rose's trim,  
Which one hot June can perish and beget, —  
Ah, no! I chose thee for affection's pet,  
For unwon love, and constant cherishing, —  
To smile but to thy smile, — or else to fret  
When thou art fretted, — rather than to sing  
Elsewhere. Alas! I ought to soothe and kiss  
Thy dear pale cheek while I assure thee this!

## EPIGRAMS.

## I.

ON THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE STATUES IN  
TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

If Nelson looks down on a couple of Kings,  
However it pleases the Loyals;  
'T is after the fashion of nautical things,  
A sky-scraper over the Royals.

## II.

ON HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE CITY, 1844.

We 've heard of comets, blazing things,  
With "fear of change" perplexing Kings;  
But, lo! a novel sight and strange,  
A Queen who does not fear a 'Change!

## III.

ON THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE CITY.

BY A TRADESMAN IN CORNHILL.

SURE the measure is strange  
That all Commerce so stops,  
And, to open a 'Change,  
Make us shut up our shops.

## IV.

ON A PICTURE (407) IN THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, 1843.

SIR, let me just your tasteful eye inveigle  
To yonder Painting, of the Madman Eagle.  
Which, *that* by Poole? Excuse me, sir, I beg,  
I really have no wish to catch "The Plague."

## V.

ON A PICTURE IN THE ACADEMY.

THE Doubtful Sneeze! a failure quite, —  
A winker half, and half a gaper; —  
Alas! to paint on canvas here  
What should have been on tissue paper.

## VI.

WHEN would-be Suicides in purpose fail,  
Who could not find a morsel though they needed, —  
If Peter sends them, for attempts, to jail,  
What would he do to them if they succeeded?

## VII.

MY heart's wound up just like a watch,  
As far as springs will take, —  
It wants but one more evil turn,  
And then the cords will break!

## VIII.

A LORD bought of late an outlandish estate,  
 At its wild boars to chevy and dig ;  
 So some people purchase a pig in a poke,  
 And others, a poke in a pig.

## IX.

## ON THE NEW HALF-FARTHINGS.

"Too small for any marketable shift,  
 What purpose can there be for coins like these ?"  
 Hush, hush, good Sir ! — Thus charitable Thrift  
 May give a *mite* to him who wants a cheese !

## X.

## ON THE CHINESE TREATY.

OUR wars are ended, — foreign battles cease, —  
 Great Britain owns an universal peace :  
 And Queen Victoria triumphs over all,  
 Still "*Mistress of herself though China fall !*"

## XI.

CHARMED with a drink which Highlanders compose,  
 A German Traveller exclaimed with glee, —  
 "*Potztausend !* sare, if dis is Athol Brose,  
 How goot dere Athol Boetry must be !"

## XII.

THREE traitors — Oxford, Francis, Bean —  
 Have missed their wicked aim ;  
 And may all shots against the Queen,  
 In future do the same :

For why, I mean no turn of wit,  
 But seriously insist,  
 That if Her Majesty were *hit*,  
 No one would be so *miss'd*.

## XIII.

As human fashions change about,  
 The reign of fools should now begin ;  
 For when the *Wigs* are going out,  
 The Naturals are coming in !

## XIV.

'T is said of Lord B., none is keener than he  
 To spit a Wild Boar with éclât ;  
 But he never gets near to the brute with his spear,  
 He gives it so very much *law*.

## XV.

AFTER such years of dissension and strife,  
 Some wonder that Peter should weep for his wife :  
 But his tears on her grave are nothing surprising,—  
 He's laying her dust, for fear of its rising.

## XVI.

ON DR. ROBERT ELLIOTT, OF CAMBERWELL.

WHATEVER Doctor Robert's skill be worth,  
 One hope within me still is stout and hearty,  
 He would not *kill* me till the 24th,  
 For fear of my *appearing* at his party !

## XVII.

## ON A RECENT IMMERSION.

LONG life and hard frosts to the fortunate Prince!  
And for many a skating may Providence spare  
him;  
For surely his accident served to evince  
That the Queen dearly loved, *though the ice*  
*could not bear him.*

## XVIII.

ON LIEUTENANT EYRE'S NARRATIVE OF THE  
DISASTERS AT CABUL.

A SORRY tale, of sorry plans,  
Which this conclusion grants, —  
That Affghan clans had all the *Khans*,  
And we had all the *can'ts*.

## XIX.

## ON A ROYAL DEMISE.

How Monarchs die is easily explained,  
And thus it might upon the tomb be chiselled;  
"As long as George the Fourth could *reign* he  
*reigned*,  
And then he *mizzled*."

## XX.

## A REFLECTION.

WHEN Eve upon the first of Men  
 The apple pressed with specious cant,  
 O, what a thousand pities then  
 That Adam was not Adamant.

## XXI.

## THE PURSUIT OF LETTERS.

THE Germans for Learning enjoy great repute,  
 But the English make *Letters* still more a pursuit;  
 For a Cockney will go from the banks of the Thames  
 To Cologne for an *O*, and to Nassau for *M's*.

## XXII.

## ON A CERTAIN LOCALITY.

OF public changes, good or ill,  
 I seldom lead the mooters,  
 But really Constitution Hill  
 Should change its name with Shooters!

## XXIII.

## PARTY SPIRIT.

"WHY did you not dine," said a Lord to a Wit,  
 "With the Whigs, you political sinner?"  
 "Why, really, I meant, but had doubts how the *Pit*  
 Of my stomach would bear a Fox dinner."

## EX-POST-FACTO EPIGRAMS.

## I.

## ON THE DEATH OF THE GIRAFFE.

THEY say, God wot !  
She died upon the spot :  
But then in spots she was so rich, —  
I wonder which ?

## II.

## ON THE REMOVAL OF A MENAGERIE.

LET Exeter Change lament its change,  
Its beasts and other losses ; —  
Another place thrives by its case,  
Now Charing has two *Crosses*.









Ref



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